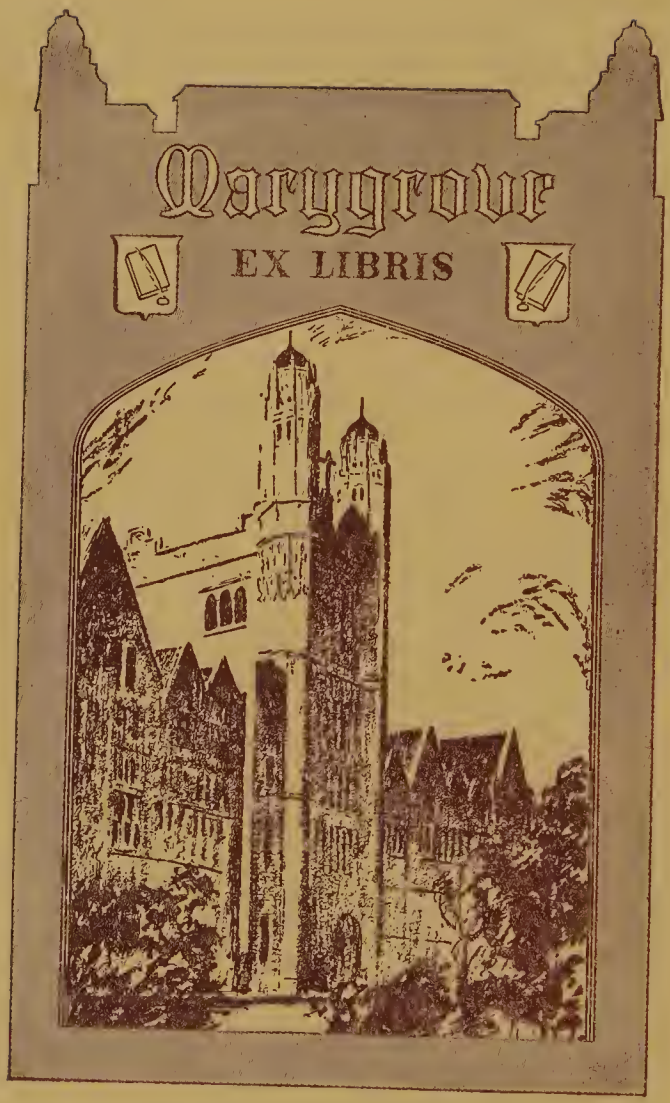
THE APOLLO SONG BOOK



CHAPMAN · WHITING


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THE APOLLO SONG BOOK

FOR MALE VOICES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

FREDERICK E. CHAPMAN

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

AND

CHARLES E. WHITING

FORMERLY TEACHER OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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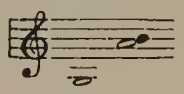
FOREWORD

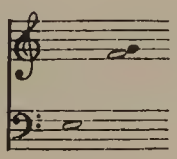
In the introduction to William Byrd's "Psalmes, Sonets and Songs," published in 1588, he said: "There is not any Musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of Men, where the voyces are good, & the same well sorted and ordered." Boys of grammar- and high-school age, however, in the effort to sing like men, only sing soprano an octave lower. Then is the opportune time for unchanged or changing boy voices to be heard to advantage in the tenor parts in four-voiced compositions as arranged in "The Apollo Song Book for Male Voices."

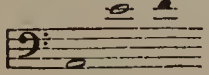
This book is intended for boys' schools, colleges, and glee clubs, and the music has been adapted or arranged to meet their needs.

In most cases it will be found that boys can sing throughout the more or less trying period of voice mutation without ill effects, if the music they sing is properly arranged and within their limitations. Providing for boys whose voices have *not* changed as well as for those who have passed the voice-mutation period, the authors have avoided the usual direction "Sing an octave lower than written" by so arranging the parts that they may be sung in the exact octave and key as written. This is one of the most important and helpful features of the book.

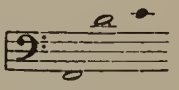
Voices should be tested individually, and each student should be assigned to a permanent seat in the chorus. If at any time the part assigned is found to be beyond the student's range, he should report to the director or teacher and have another place assigned to him in the chorus. Changes of this sort may be expected to occur frequently, especially among the tenors, and vigilance is urged upon the director.

Male-voice effects will result by assigning to the first-tenor part (Tenor I) unchanged voices whose compass will probably be found limited to 

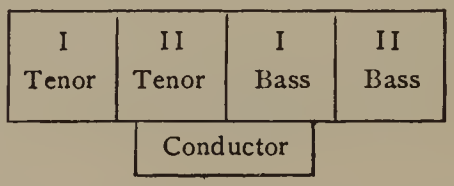
The second-tenor part (Tenor II) should be sung by those whose voices are changing but are not "settled," or by those whose voices have changed and who sing easily in the compass:  These voices are an acceptable substitute for changed tenor, and are very effective when heard with unchanged first tenor.

The majority of boys' voices after mutation are baritone, with a probable compass of  and these should sing first bass (Bass I). This part is important, singing frequently as a second part to the first tenor, and

compensating, by its more mature quality, for lack of thickness in the tenor. Because of the larger number of voices in the first-bass section, care must be exercised to provide against overbalance.

It is fortunate that relatively few voices are needed on the second bass (Bass II), for genuine bass voices among students are not common. While not only the compass but the quality of the voice  should guide in the assignment of parts, students having a compass of and lower may safely be placed in the second bass.

The following plan of seating will insure excellent ensemble.



The authors wish to acknowledge their gratitude to all who have assisted them, by suggestion and otherwise, and hope that "The Apollo Song Book" may prove as enjoyable to students in its use as it has to the authors in its preparation.

Frederick E. Chapman
Charles E. Whiting

CONTENTS

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

Page	Title	Author	Composer
52	All Through the Night	Harold Boulton	*Welsh*
84	Awake, O Earth	A. J. Foxwell	*C. E. Whiting*
49	Ave Maria	Rev. J. Troutbeck	*Franz Abt*
88	Boat Song	Edward Oxenford	*Frederic H. Cowen*
12	Chapel, The		*Léon Kreutzer*
96	Chorus of Bacchantes		*Gounod*
110	Clang of the Forge, The	Henry Vaughn	*Paul Rodney*
136	Dreamland	E. R. L.	*Mendelssohn*
68	Early Morning		*Léon Kreutzer*
47	Farewell to the Forest		*Mendelssohn*
60	Fisher Song	William H. Calwell	*Auber*
5	Forget-Me-Not	H. C. Wait	*Th. Giese*
90	Forsaken	Thomas Koschat	*Thomas Koschat*
139	From a By-Gone Day		*Folksong*
151	Funiculi, Funicula		*Luigi Denza*
9	Good Night, Thou Glorious Sun	W. L. Passmore	*Henry Smart*
77	Good Night, Farewell	E. A. G.	*George M. Garrett*
42	Hark! the Solemn Music Pealing		*Donizetti*
66	Hark to the Nightingale		*Franz Abt*
127	Hark! Hark! The Lark	Shakespeare	*Schubert*
31	Here We Rest	Charles W. Rowe	*Bellini*
106	In Dreams I 've Heard the Seraphs Fair	J. Bertrand	*Jean B. Faure*
94	It Snows, It Snows		*Karl Attenhofer*
141	Jack Frost		*John L. Hatton*
161	Last Night	Marzials	*Halfdan Kjerulf*
1	Long Day Closes, The	Henry Fothergill Chorley	*Arthur Sullivan*
53	Lovely Night		*Franz X. Chwatal*
15	March of the Toreadors		*Bizet*
130	Moon, The	Beresford	*C. E. Whiting*
32	O, My Luve's like a Red, Red Rose		*George M. Garrett*
120	Oh, How Brightly Shines the Village Forge	George Bennett	*Josiah Booth*
109	Old Year, The	Mabel Hay Barrows	*Kloss*
104	On the Lake		*T. Cottran*
176	Peaceful Night		*Robert Radeki*
54	Pilgrim's Chorus, The		*Wagner*
124	Pretty Village Maiden	C. J. Rowe	*Gounod*
59	Proudly as the Eagle	Alfred Stone	*Louis Spohr*
129	Rhine Raft Song, The	Freidrich Enoch	*Ciro Pinsuti*

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS (*Continued*)

Page	Title	Author	Composer
146	Sailing		*Godfrey Marks*
100	Song of the Triton, The	F. C. Burnand	*James L. Molloy*
44	Song of the Wood-Nymph		*John L. Hatton*
74	Song to Spring	John Swain	*Francesco Berger*
63	Stars of the Summer Night	Longfellow	*I. B. Woodbury*
158	Swallows, The	Edward Oxenford	*Alfred R. Gaul*
116	Sweetest Hour, The		*H. Ernest Nichol*
133	Sweet and Low	Tennyson	*Joseph Barnby*
37	Träumerei	German	*Schumann*
163	Two Grenadiers, The	Heinrich Heine	*Schumann*
71	Vale of Rest, The		*Mendelssohn*
178	Vocal Bolero		*English*
64	Vocal Waltz	W. F. Taylor	
85	We March Away		*C. E. Whiting*
92	Welcome, My Woods	William Osterrath	*Robert Franz*
144	When Evening's Twilight		*John L. Hatton*
119	Wild Rose, The	Goethe	*Moritz Hauptmann*

OLD FAMILIAR SONGS

196	At Evening		*Heinrich Pfeil*
204	Auld Lang Syne	Robert Burns	*Scottish*
192	Blue Bells of Scotland, The		*Scottish*
193	How Can I Leave Thee		*Thuringian Folksong*
194	Love at Home		*German*
186	Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground	Stephen C. Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
184	My Bonnie		
202	My Old Kentucky Home	Stephen C. Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
200	Old Black Joe	Stephen C. Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
190	Old Folks at Home	Stephen C. Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
197	Old Oaken Bucket, The	Woodworth	*Old Melody*
205	'T is the Last Rose of Summer		*Balfe*
188	Upidee	Longfellow	

ANTHEMS AND HYMNS

227	Alford		*John B. Dykes*
228	Ave Verum		*Mozart*
211	Choral	German	*Bach*
224	Come, O My Soul		*Fesca*
229	Confidence		*Joseph Barnby*
225	Creation Hymn, The		*Beethoven*
221	Decoration Day	Longfellow	*Frederick E. Chapman*
223	Gloria		*Frederick E. Chapman*
206	God, The Light of Life		*Schumann*
234	Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty	R. Heber	*John B. Dykes*

ANTHEMS AND HYMNS (*Continued*)

Page	Title	Author	Composer
220	Let Thine Hand Help Me	Psalter	*Handel*
222	Light of Bethlehem, The	Rev. John B. Tabb	*Franz Abt*
215	Like as the Hart Desireth the Waterbrooks	Psalm XLII	*Joseph A. Novello*
235	Palms, The		*Jean B. Faure*
231	Praise		*Mozart*
230	Raise Now on High	Christmas Oratorio	*Saint-Saëns*
217	Rejoice Greatly		*H. W. Woodward*
214	Salvation		*Arthur S. Sullivan*
207	Send Out Thy Light	Psalms XLIII and XX	*Gounod*
212	St. Edmund	Sarah F. Adams	*Arthur S. Sullivan*
213	Thanksgiving		*John Crüger*
232	Turn Thy Face from My Sins		*Arthur S. Sullivan*

PATRIOTIC SONGS

262	America	Rev. Samuel F. Smith	*Henry Cary*
254	Battle Hymn of the Republic	Julia Ward Howe	
237	Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean	David T. Shaw	*David T. Shaw*
258	God of the Nations		*Verdi*
238	Hail Columbia	Joseph Hopkins	*Fyles*
239	Marseillaise, The	Rouget De L'Isle	*Rouget De L'Isle*
263	Russian National Hymn		*Alexis G. Lvoff*
240	Soldiers' Chorus		*Gounod*
263	Soldier's Farewell		*Johanna Kinkel*
236	Star-Spangled Banner, The	Francis Scott Key	*John Stafford Smith*
256	Watch on the Rhine, The	Schneckenburger	*Carl Wilhelm*

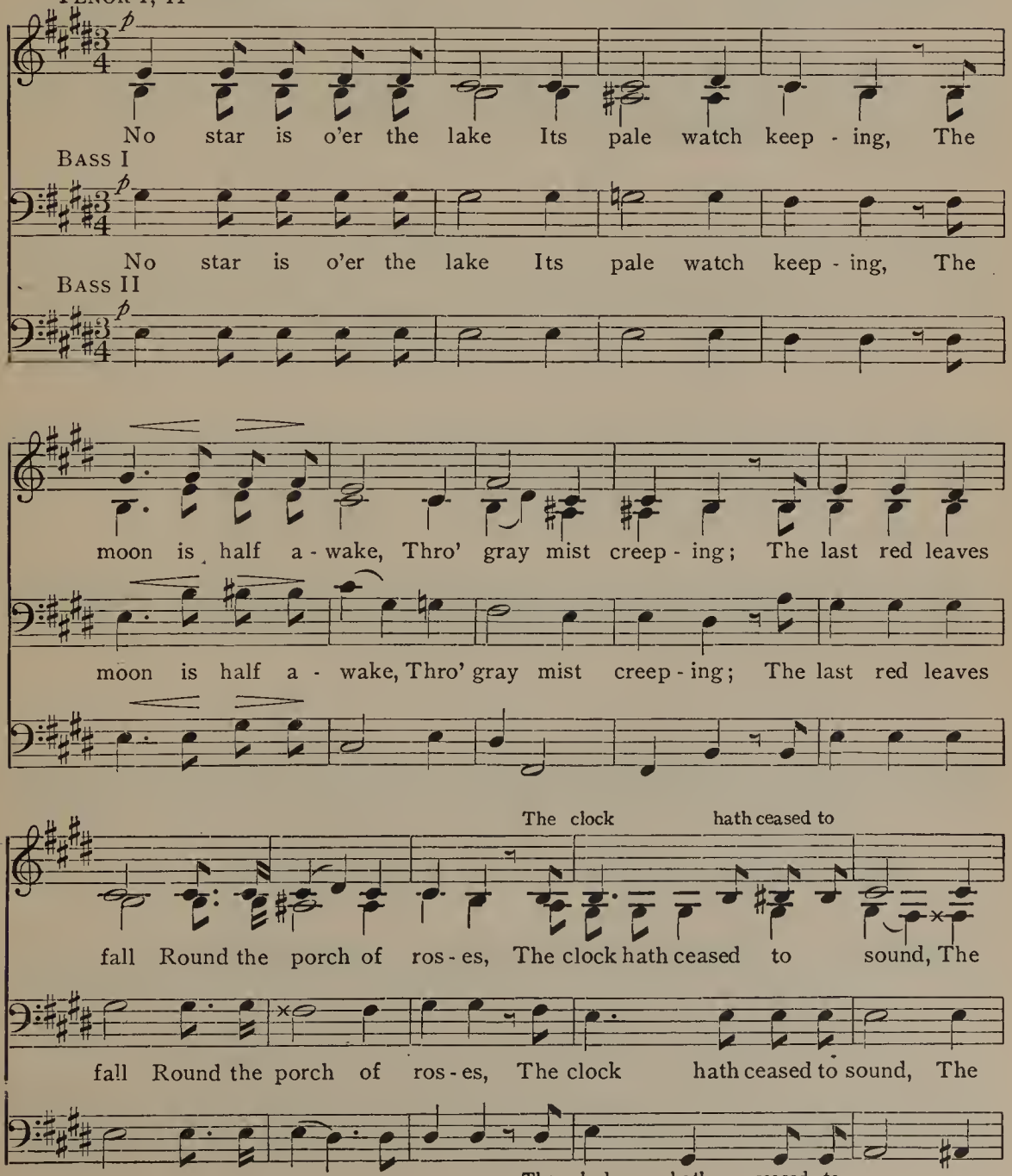
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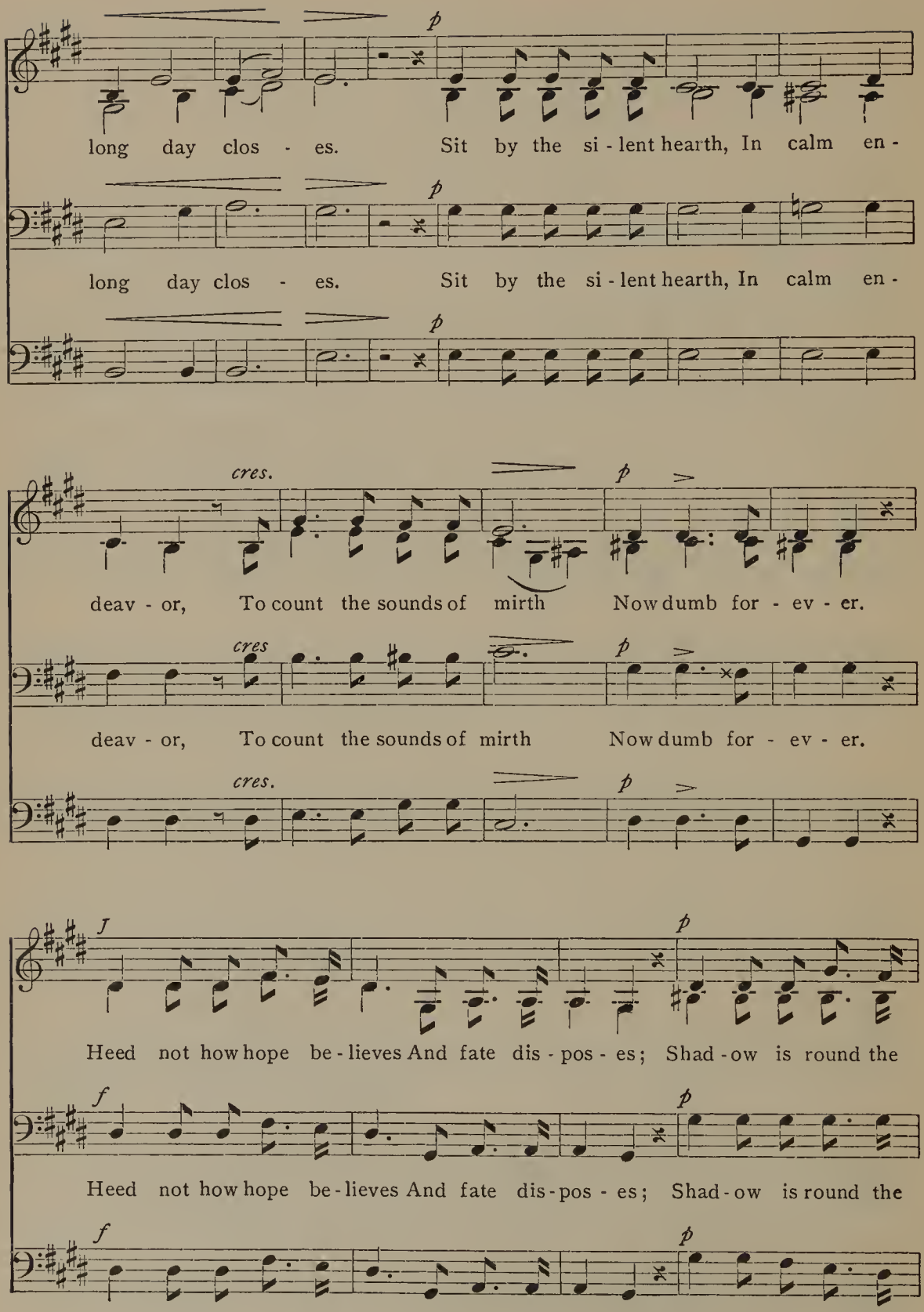
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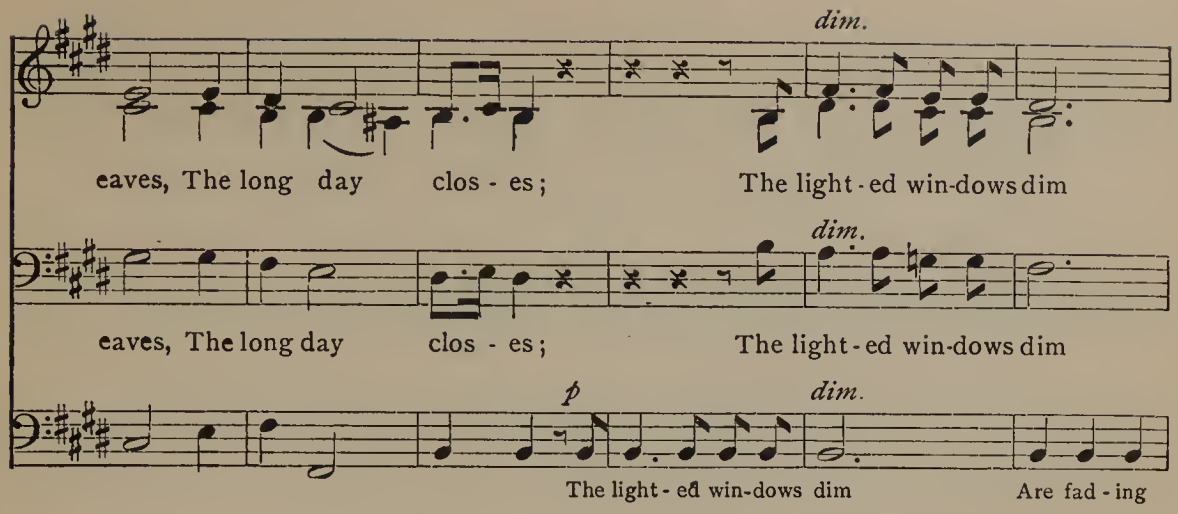
No. 1 **THE LONG DAY CLOSES**

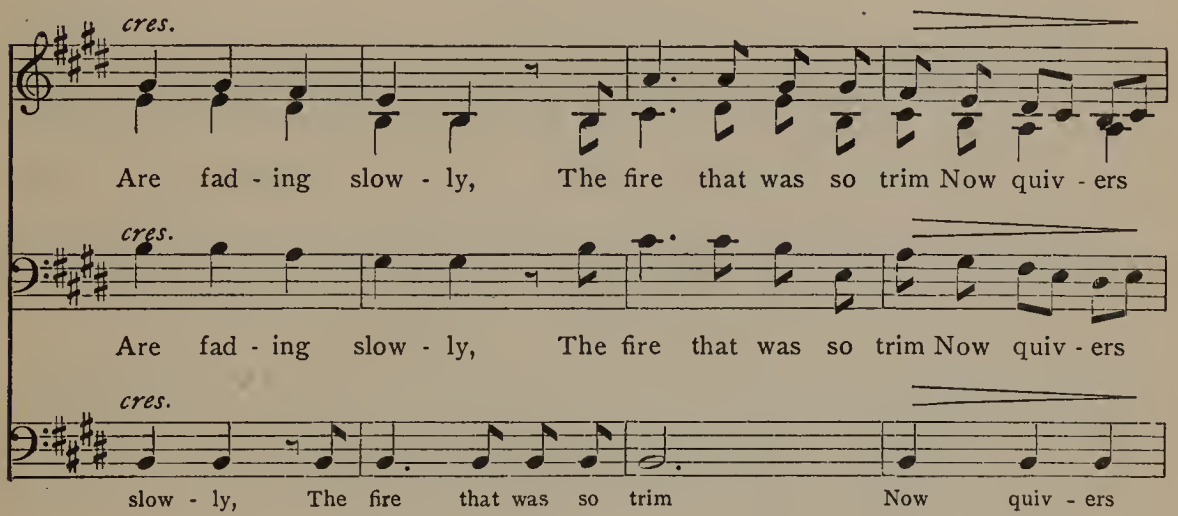
HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY
Andante, non troppo largo
TENOR I, II

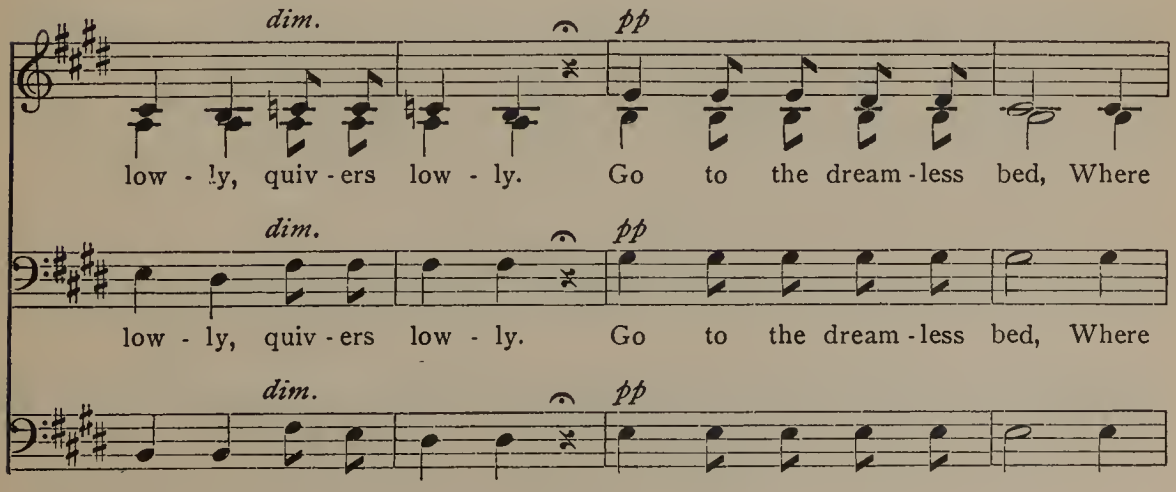
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN
Arr. by C. E. W.

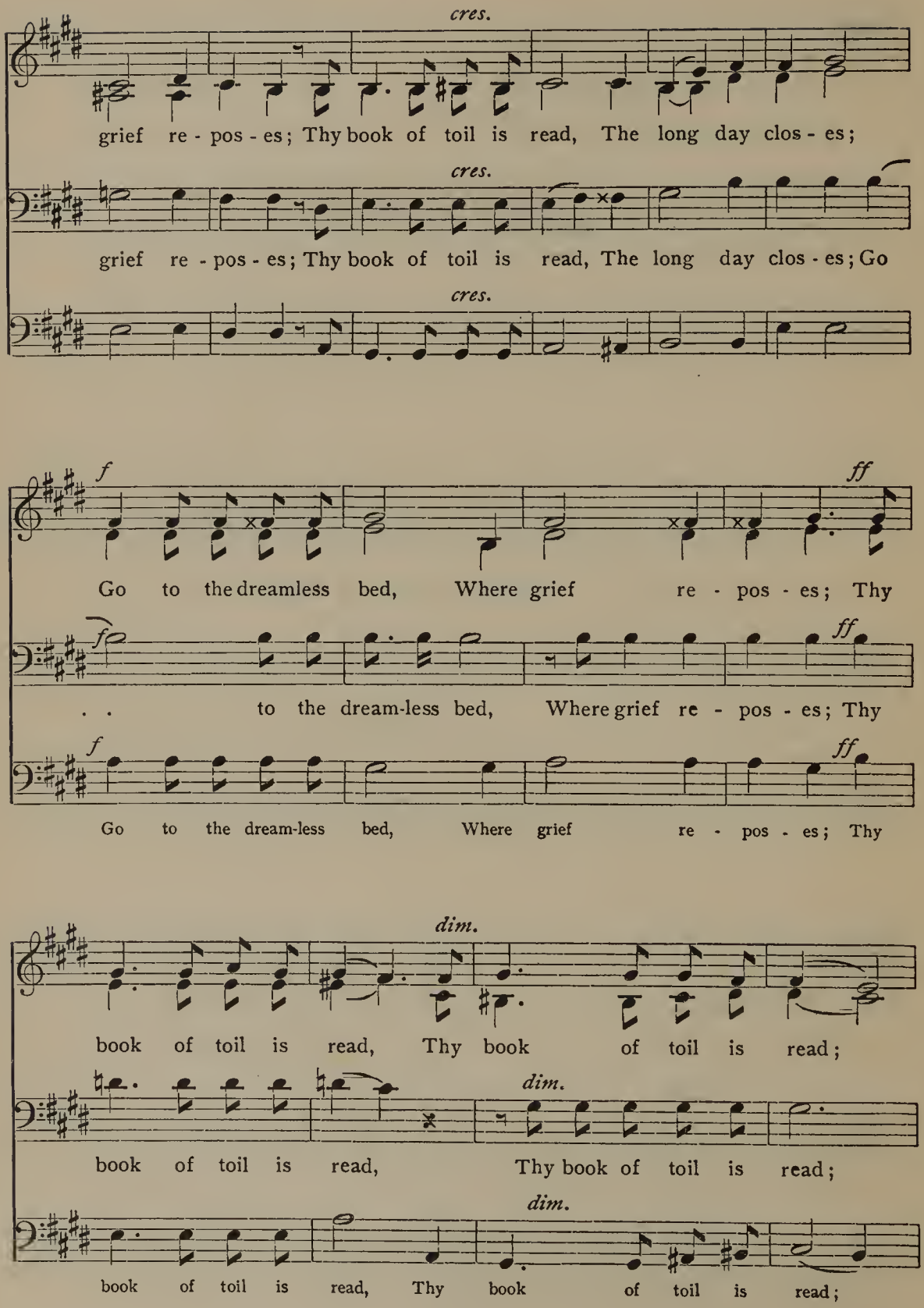


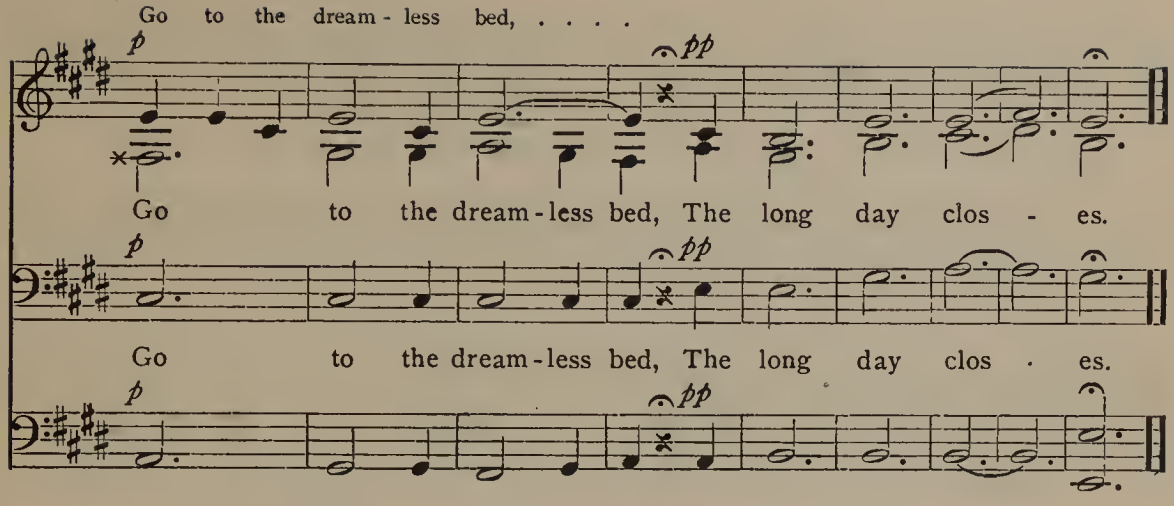

long day clos - es. Sit by the si - lent hearth, In calm en -
long day clos - es. Sit by the si - lent hearth, In calm en -
deav - or, To count the sounds of mirth Now dumb for - ev - er.
deav - or, To count the sounds of mirth Now dumb for - ev - er.
Heed not how hope be - lieves And fate dis - pos - es; Shad - ow is round the
Heed not how hope be - lieves And fate dis - pos - es; Shad - ow is round the


dim.
eaves, The long day clos - es; The light - ed win-dows dim
dim.
eaves, The long day clos - es; The light - ed win-dows dim
p
dim.
The light - ed win-dows dim Are fad - ing


cres.
Are fad - ing slow - ly, The fire that was so trim Now quiv - ers
cres.
Are fad - ing slow - ly, The fire that was so trim Now quiv - ers
cres.
slow - ly, The fire that was so trim Now quiv - ers


dim.
pp
low - ly, quiv - ers low - ly. Go to the dream - less bed, Where
dim.
pp
low - ly, quiv - ers low - ly. Go to the dream - less bed, Where
dim.
pp


cres.
grief re - pos - es; Thy book of toil is read, The long day clos - es;
cres.
grief re - pos - es; Thy book of toil is read, The long day clos - es; Go
cres.
f
ff
Go to the dreamless bed, Where grief re - pos - es; Thy
f
ff
. . to the dream-less bed, Where grief re - pos - es; Thy
f
ff
Go to the dream-less bed, Where grief re - pos - es; Thy
dim.
book of toil is read, Thy book of toil is read;
dim.
book of toil is read, Thy book of toil is read;
dim.
book of toil is read, Thy book of toil is read;

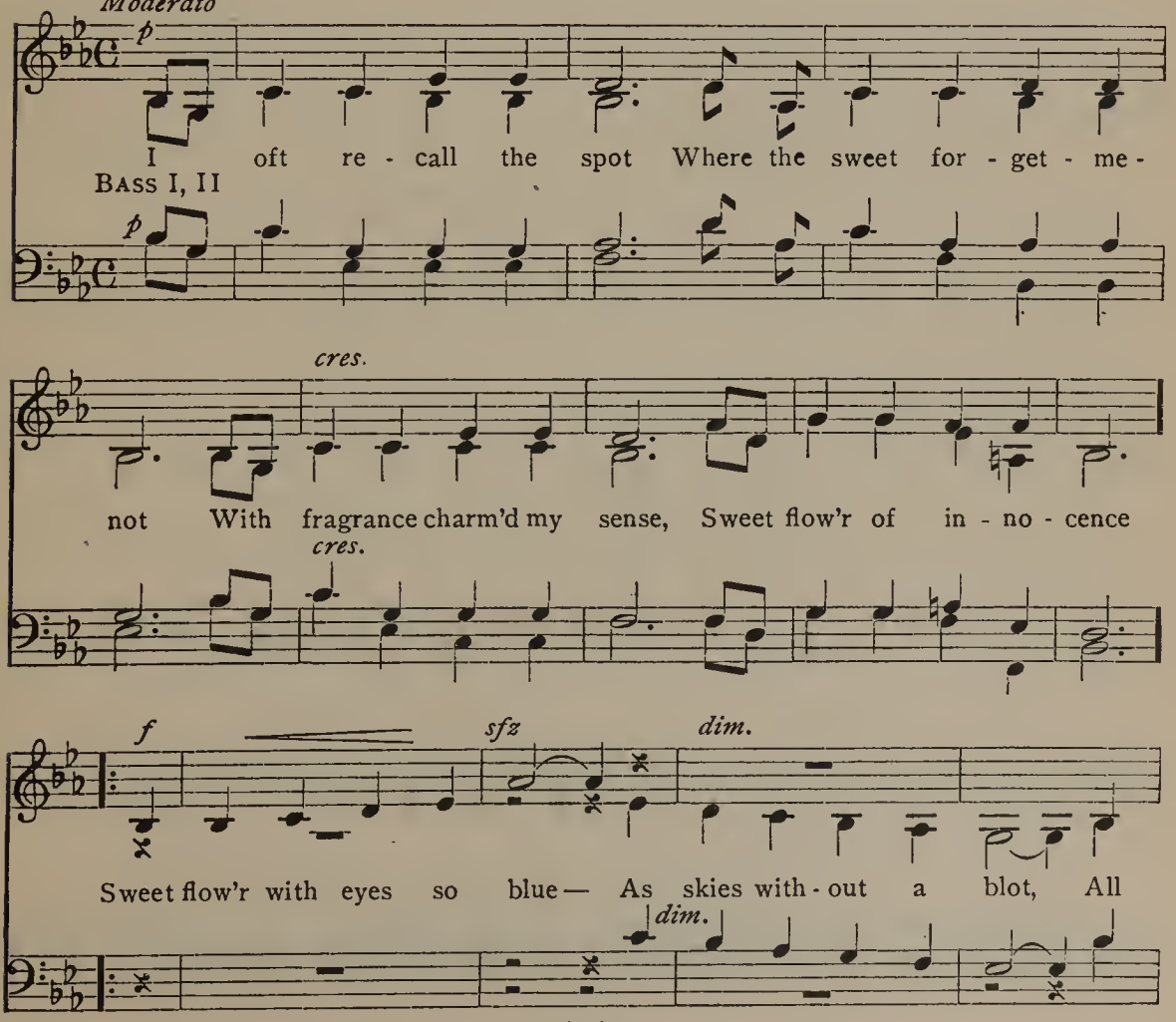


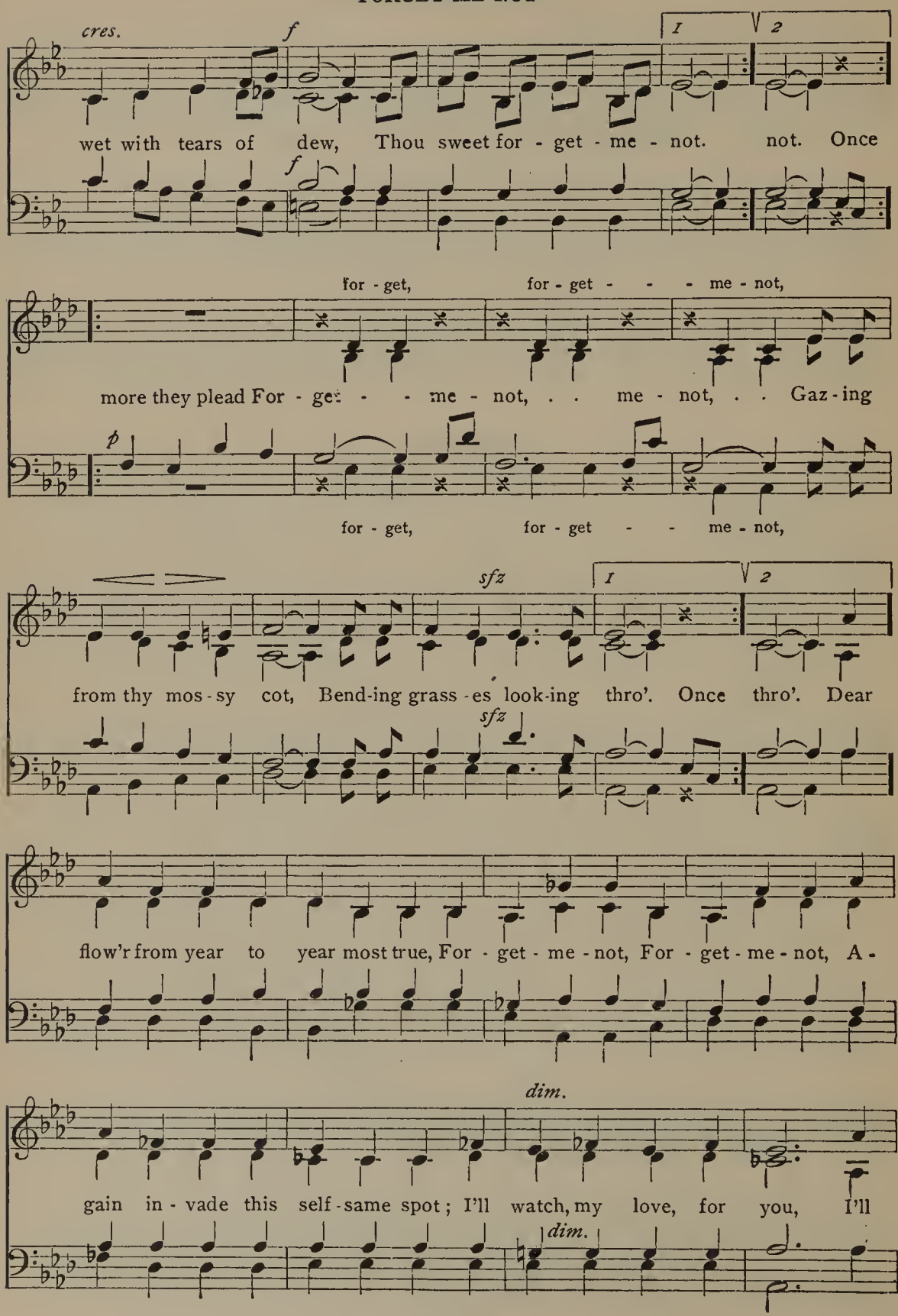
No. 2 FORGET-ME-NOT

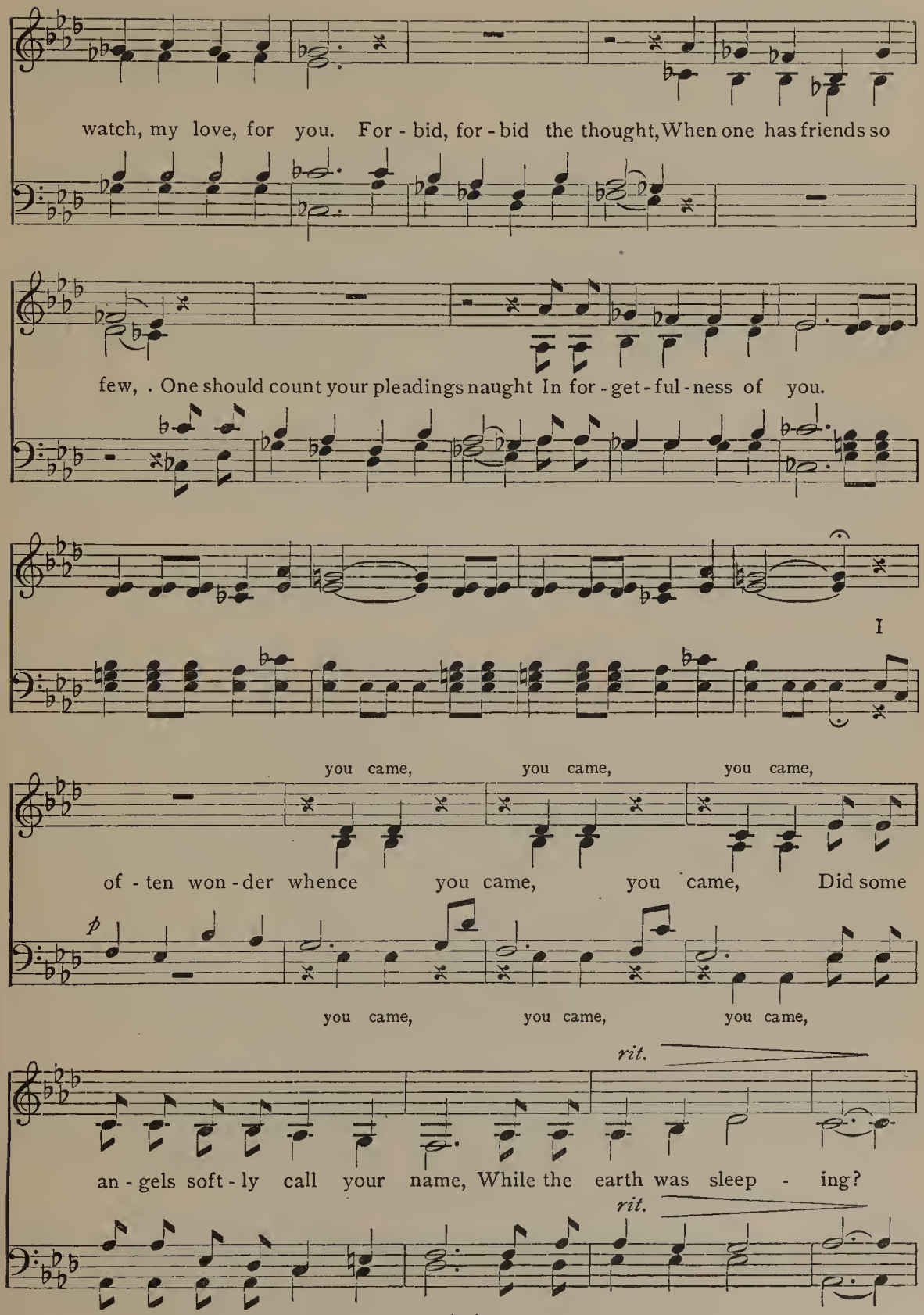
H. C. WAIT
TENOR I, II
Moderato

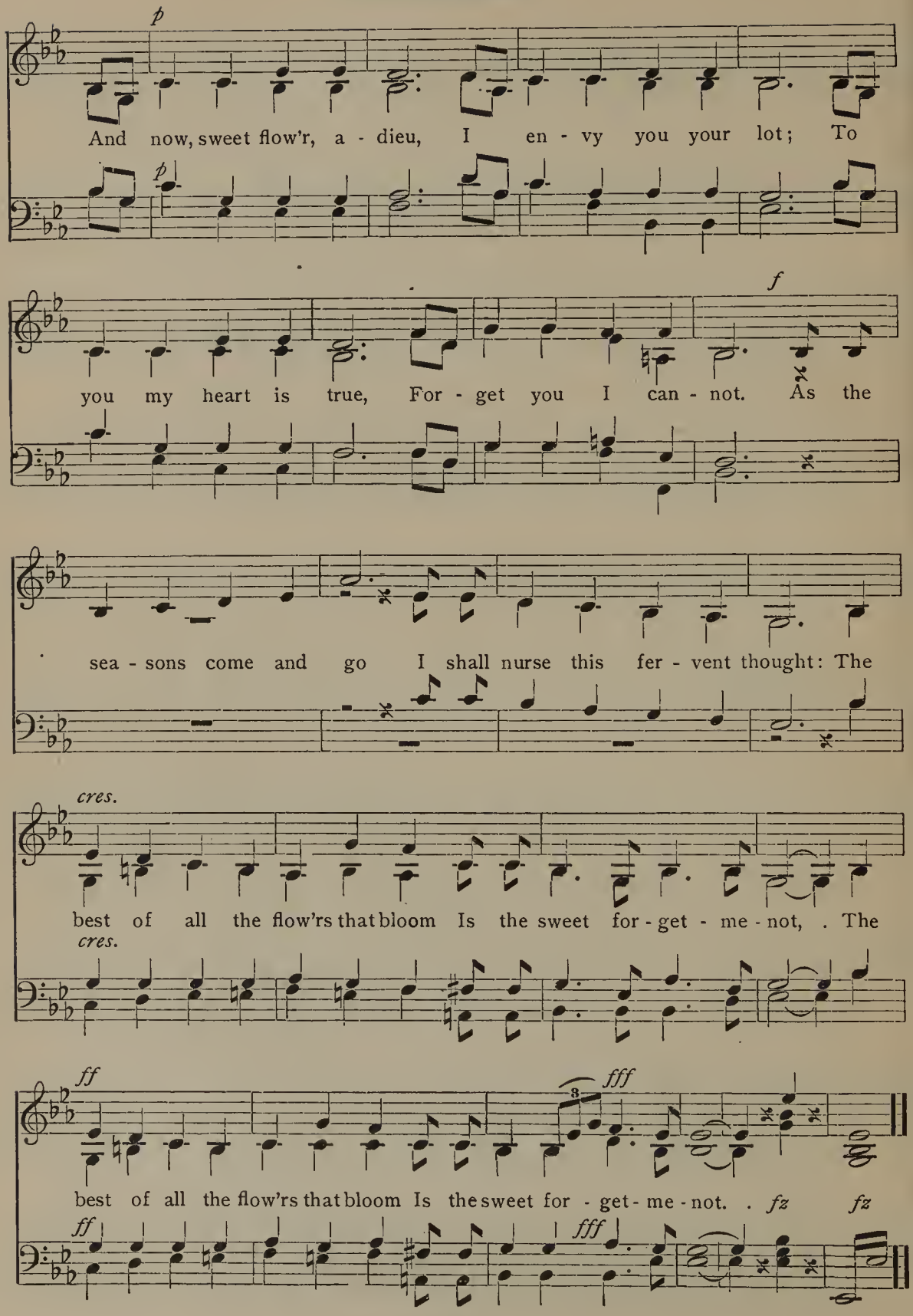
(GAVOTTE)

TH. GIESE
Arr. by C. E. W.




cres.
f
1
2
wet with tears of dew, Thou sweet for - get - me - not. not. Once
f
for - get, for - get - - - me - not,
more they plead For - get - - me - not, . . me - not, . . Gaz - ing
p
for - get, for - get - - me - not,
sfz
1
2
from thy mos - sy cot, Bend-ing grass - es look-ing thro'. Once thro'. Dear
sfz
flow'r from year to year most true, For - get - me - not, For - get - me - not, A -
dim.
gain in - vade this self - same spot; I'll watch, my love, for you, I'll
dim.

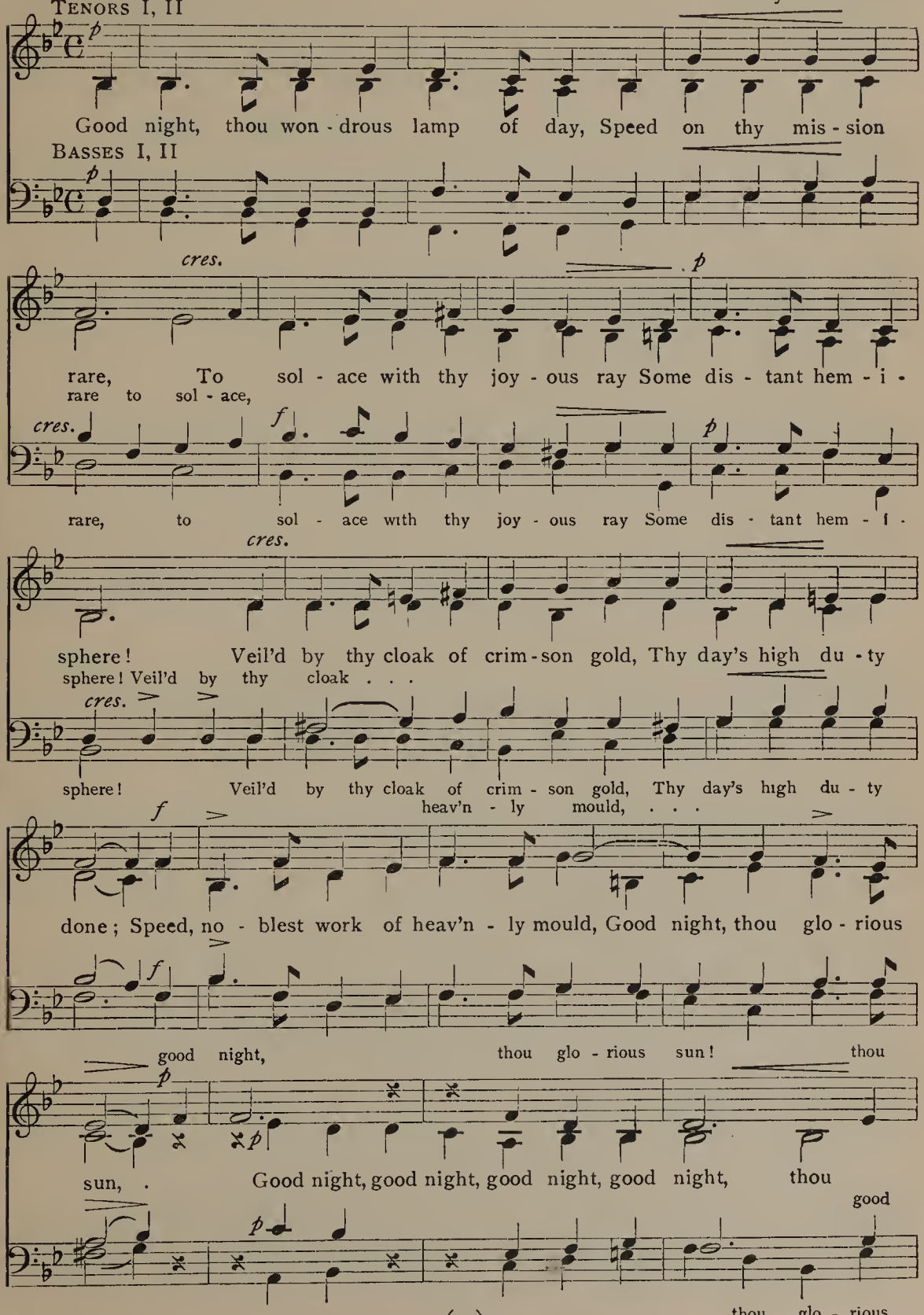

watch, my love, for you. For - bid, for - bid the thought, When one has friends so
few, . One should count your pleadings naught In for - get - ful - ness of you.
I
you came, you came, you came,
of - ten won - der whence you came, you came, Did some
p
you came, you came, you came,
rit.
an - gels soft - ly call your name, While the earth was sleep - ing?
rit.

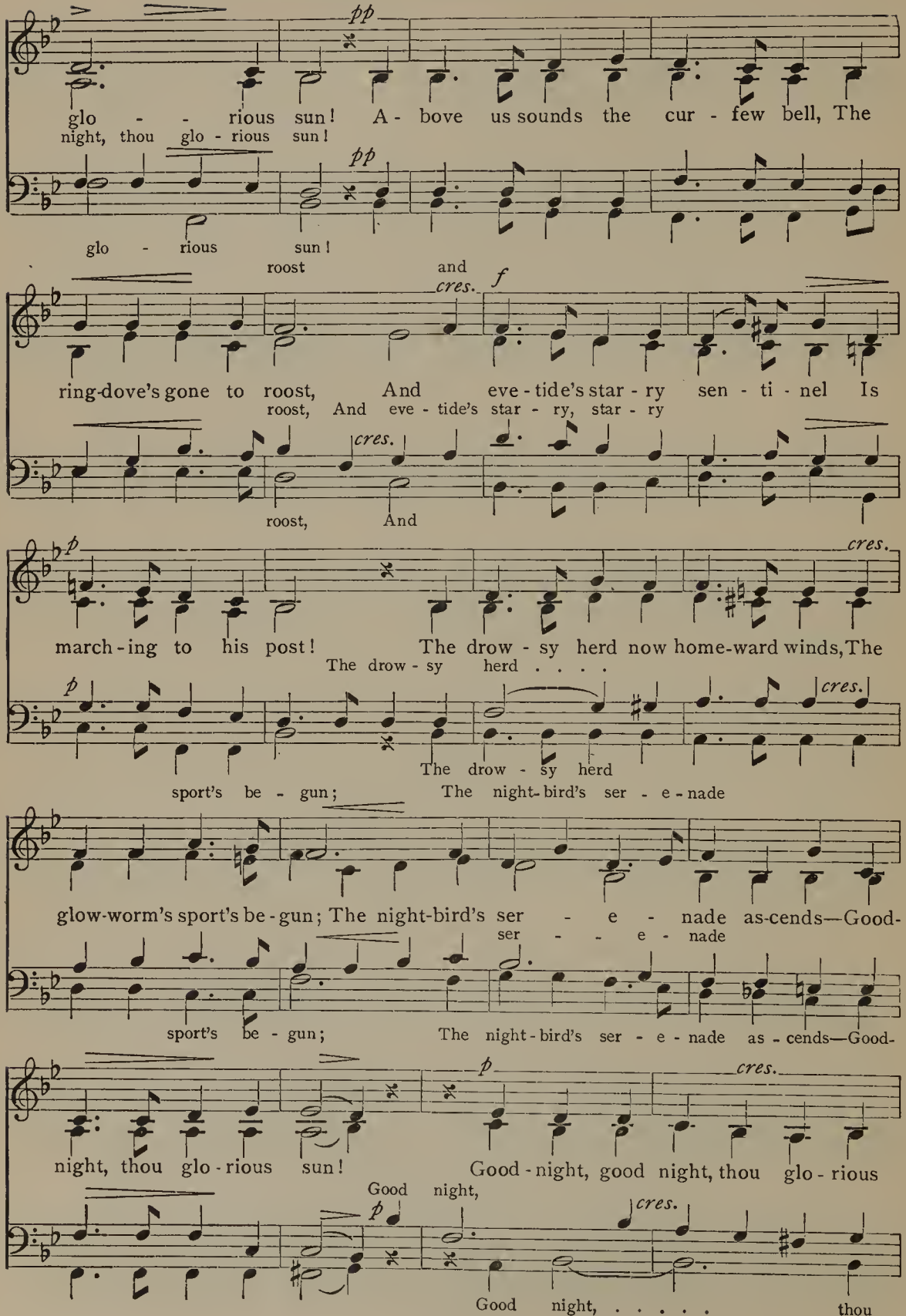

p
And now, sweet flow'r, a - dieu, I en - vy you your lot; To
p
f
you my heart is true, For - get you I can - not. As the
sea - sons come and go I shall nurse this fer - vent thought: The
cres.
best of all the flow'rs that bloom Is the sweet for - get - me - not, . The
cres.
ff
fff
3
best of all the flow'rs that bloom Is the sweet for - get - me - not. . fz fz
ff
fff

No. 3 GOOD NIGHT, THOU GLORIOUS SUN

W. L. Passmore — Henry Smart

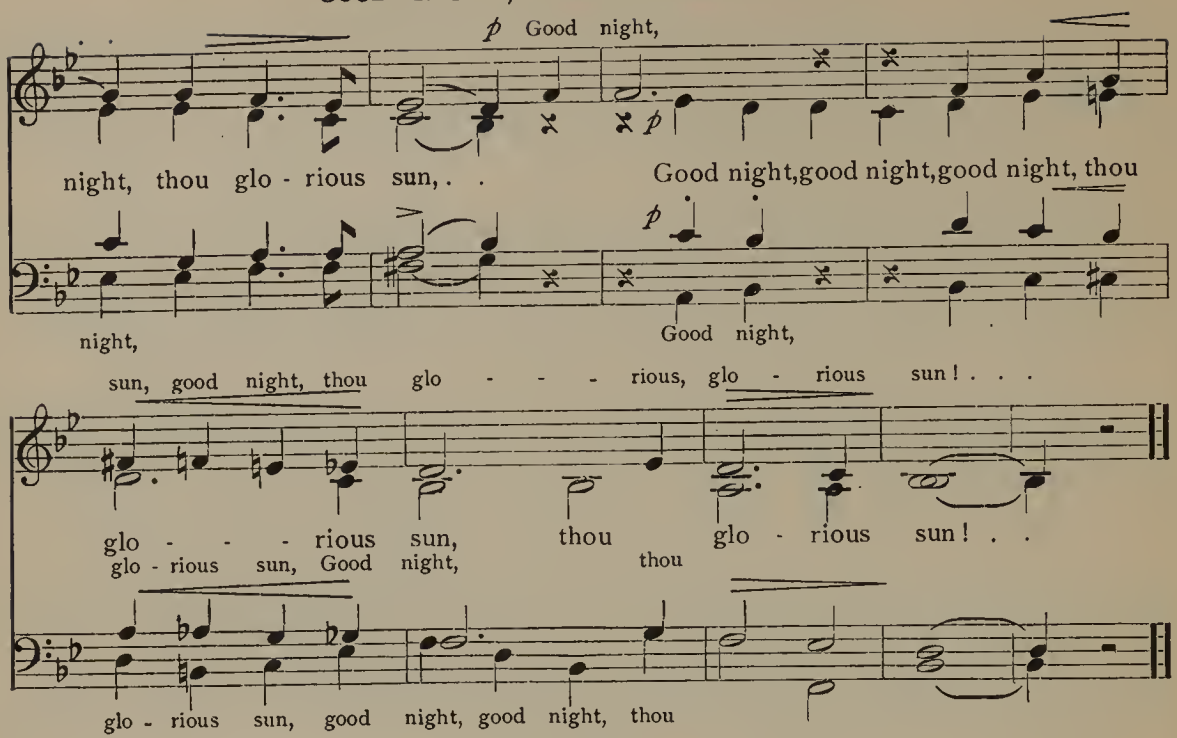
Andante con moto — Arr. by C. E. W.




pp
glo - - rious sun! A - bove us sounds the cur - few bell, The
night, thou glo - rious sun!
pp
glo - rious sun!
roost and
cres.
f
ring-dove's gone to roost, And eve - tide's star - ry sen - ti - nel Is
roost, And eve - tide's star - ry, star - ry
cres.
roost, And
p
cres.
march - ing to his post! The drow - sy herd now home-ward winds, The
The drow - sy herd . . . .
p
cres.
The drow - sy herd
sport's be - gun; The night-bird's ser - e - nade
glow-worm's sport's be - gun; The night-bird's ser - e - nade as-cends—Good-
ser - - e - nade
sport's be - gun; The night-bird's ser - e - nade as - cends—Good-
p
cres.
night, thou glo - rious sun! Good - night, good night, thou glo - rious
Good night,
p
cres.
Good night, ... thou


dim.
glo - rious sun, Good night, thou glo - - rious sun.
glo - - - rious sun, thou glo - rious sun!
glo - rious sun, good night, thou
glo - - - rious sun, good night, thou
pp
Yet seem'st thou loth to leave our sphere, For on thy fea - tures
pp
bright There cres. f
bright There mounts a glow that tells, 'tis clear, You
bright There mounts a glow
cres.
f
p
cres.
blush to say "Good night!" To Him who rules thy sump-tuous shrine, Be
To Him who rules . . . .
p
cres.
ff
lamp di - vine,—. .
cease-less hom - age done; For us He fram'd thee, lamp di-vine,—Good
ff

GOOD NIGHT, THOU GLORIOUS SUN

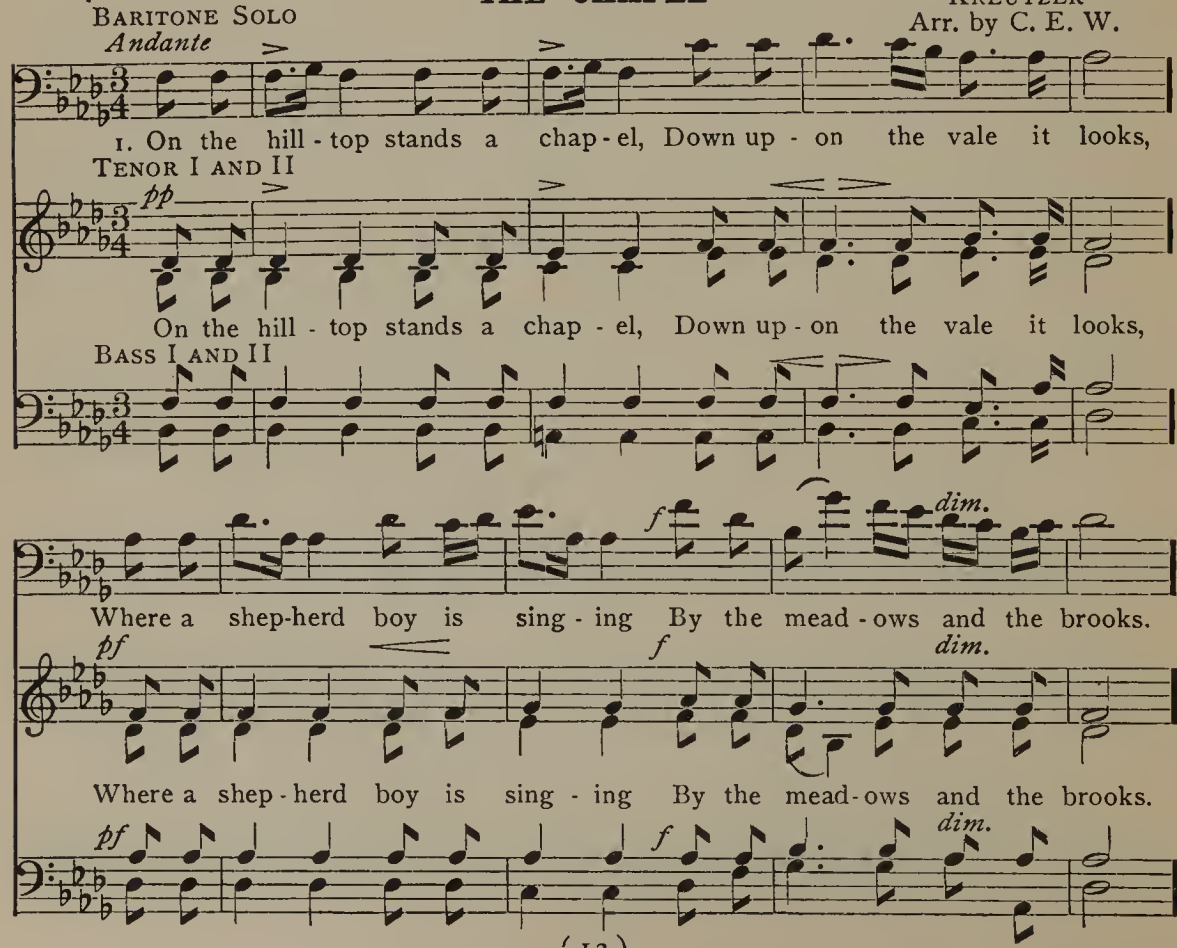


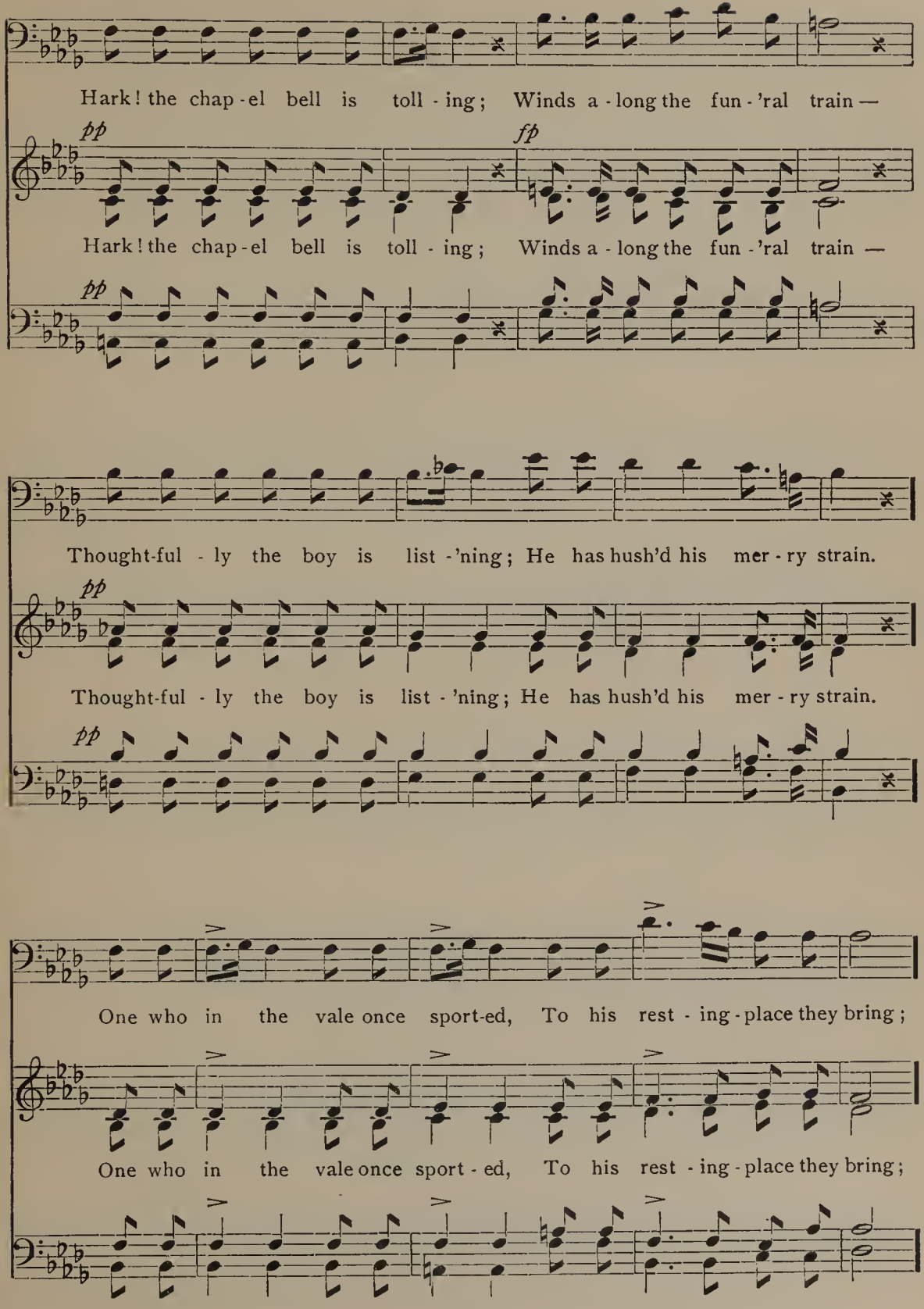
No. 4 THE CHAPEL

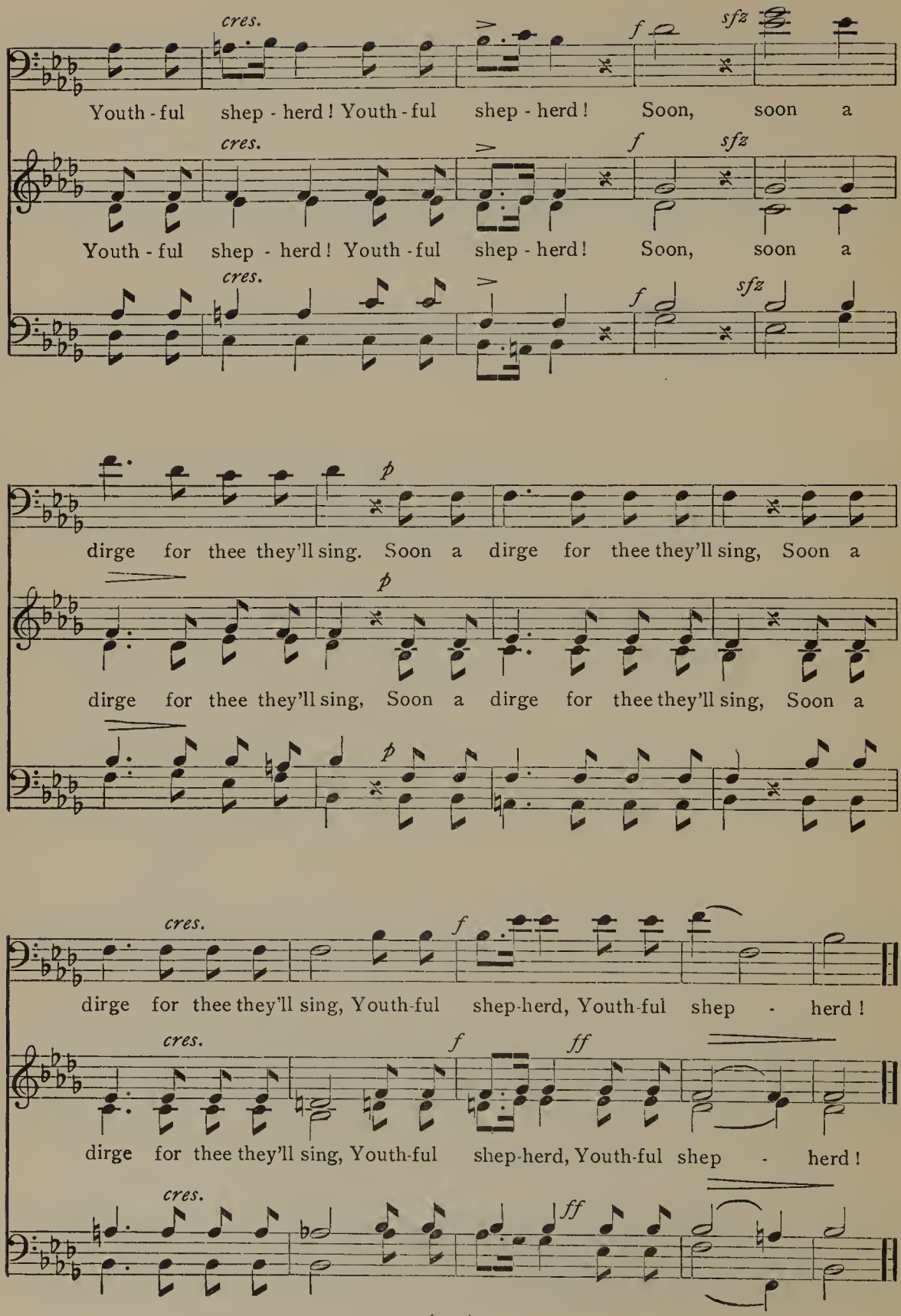
KREUTZER
Arr. by C. E. W.

BARITONE SOLO

Andante



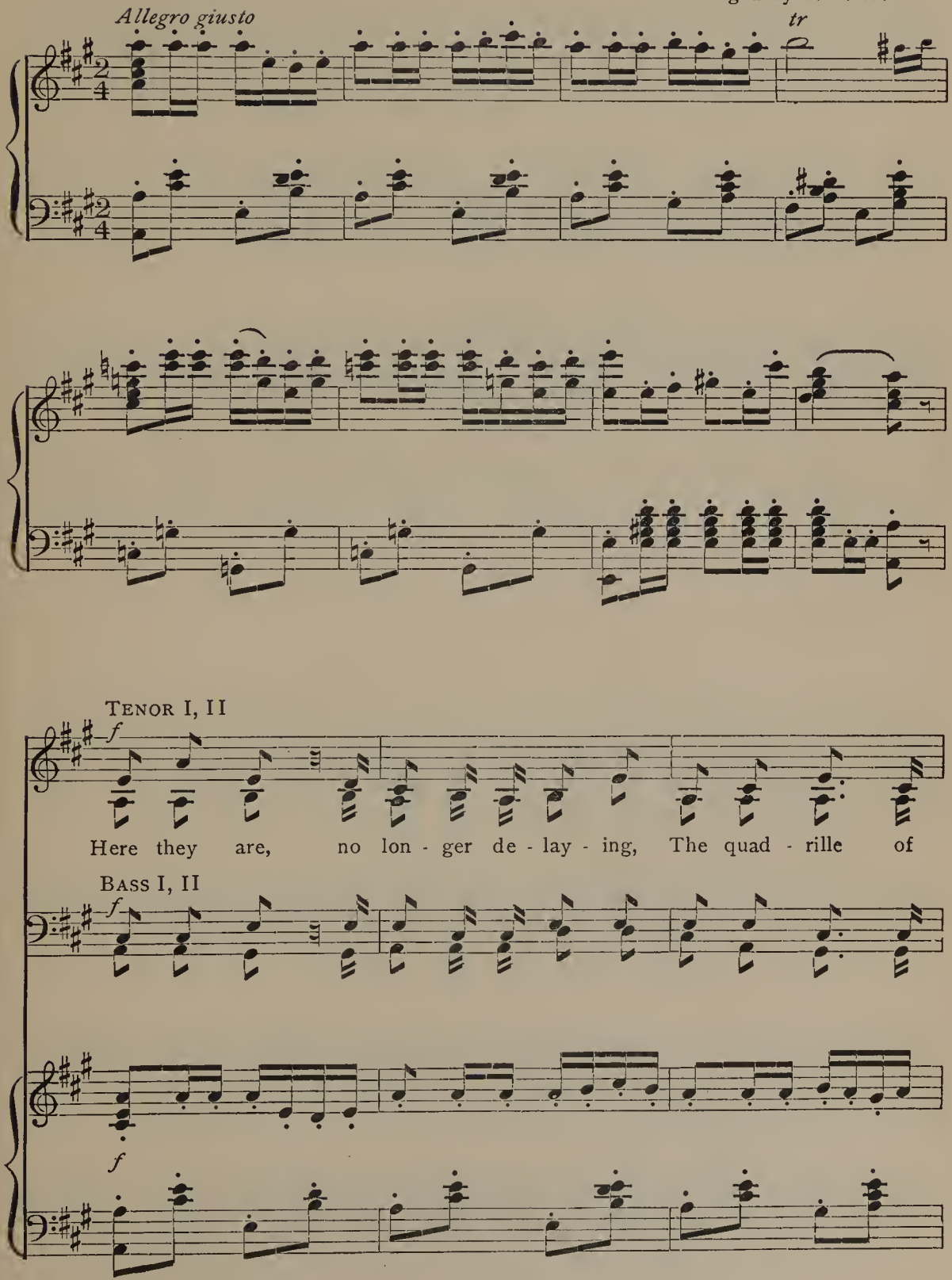

Hark! the chap-el bell is toll-ing; Winds a-long the fun-'ral train —
pp
fp
Hark! the chap-el bell is toll-ing; Winds a-long the fun-'ral train —
pp
Thought-ful-ly the boy is list-'ning; He has hush'd his mer-ry strain.
pp
Thought-ful-ly the boy is list-'ning; He has hush'd his mer-ry strain.
pp
One who in the vale once sport-ed, To his rest-ing-place they bring;
One who in the vale once sport-ed, To his rest-ing-place they bring;

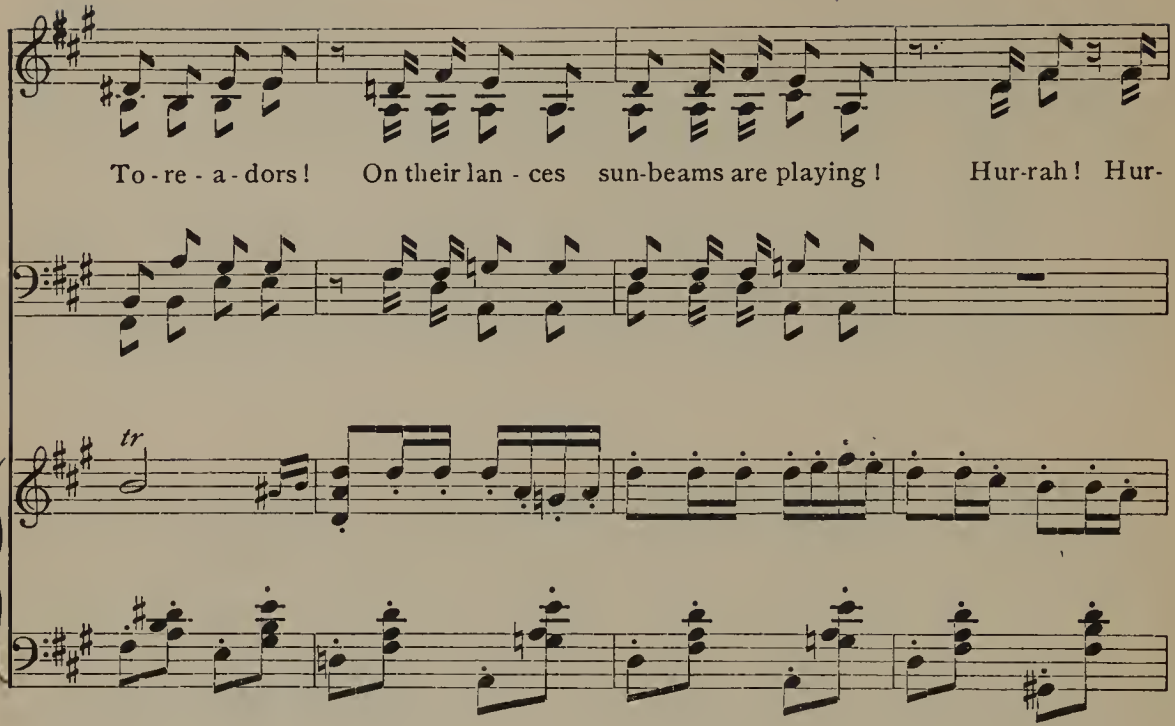

cres.
f
sfz
Youth - ful shep - herd! Youth - ful shep - herd! Soon, soon a
cres.
f
sfz
Youth - ful shep - herd! Youth - ful shep - herd! Soon, soon a
cres.
f
sfz
p
dirge for thee they'll sing. Soon a dirge for thee they'll sing, Soon a
p
dirge for thee they'll sing, Soon a dirge for thee they'll sing, Soon a
p
cres.
f
dirge for thee they'll sing, Youth-ful shep-herd, Youth-ful shep - herd!
cres.
f
ff
dirge for thee they'll sing, Youth-ful shep-herd, Youth-ful shep - herd!
cres.
ff

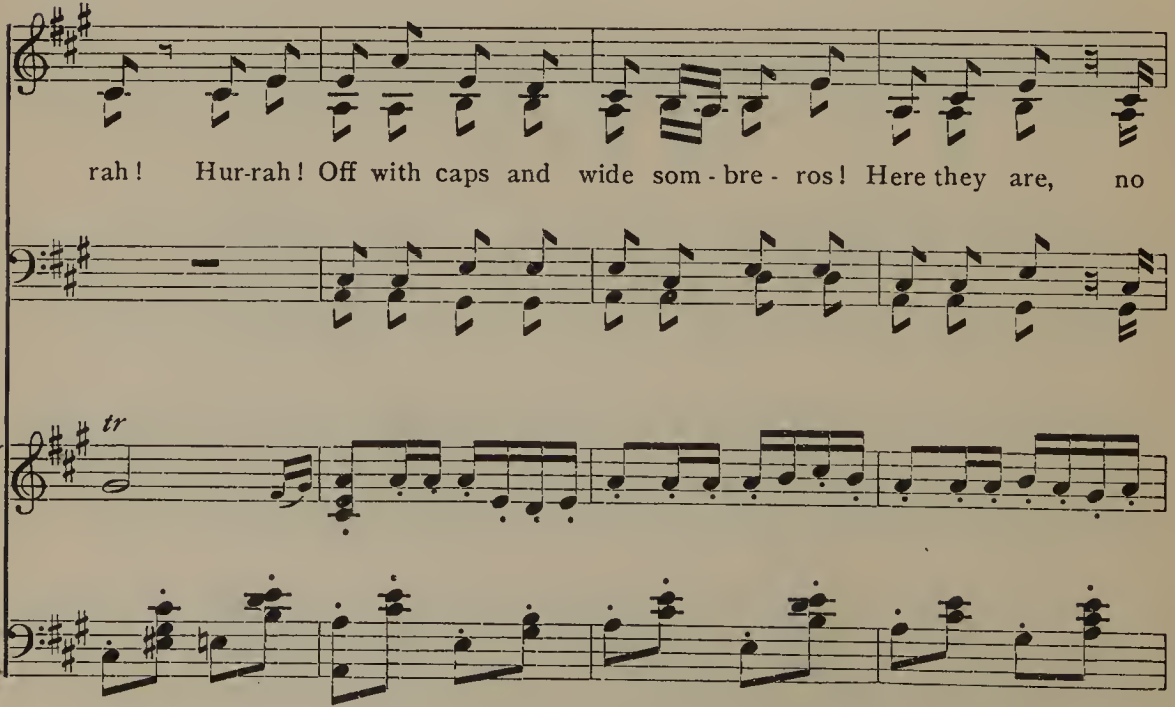
No. 5

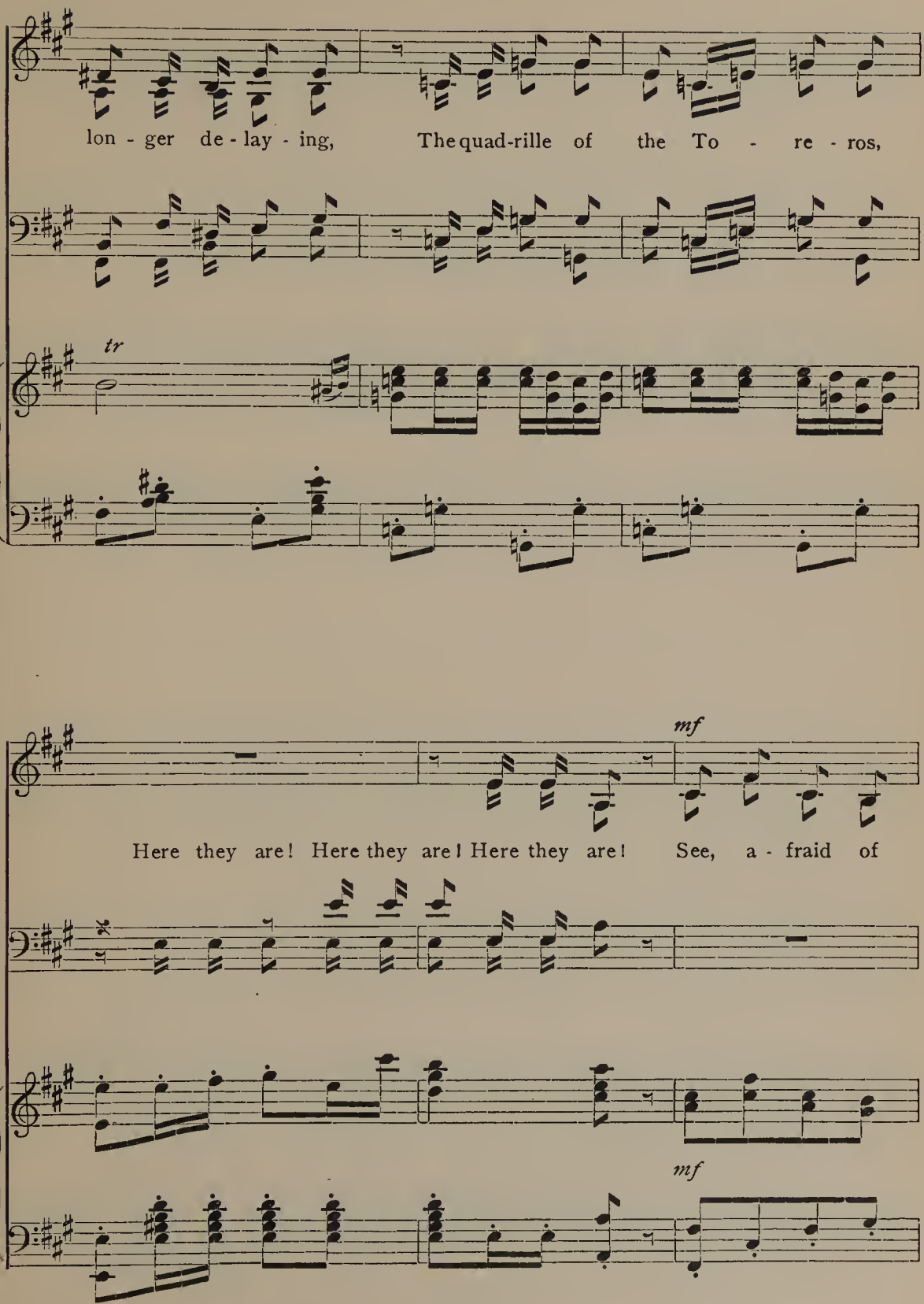
MARCH OF THE TOREADORS

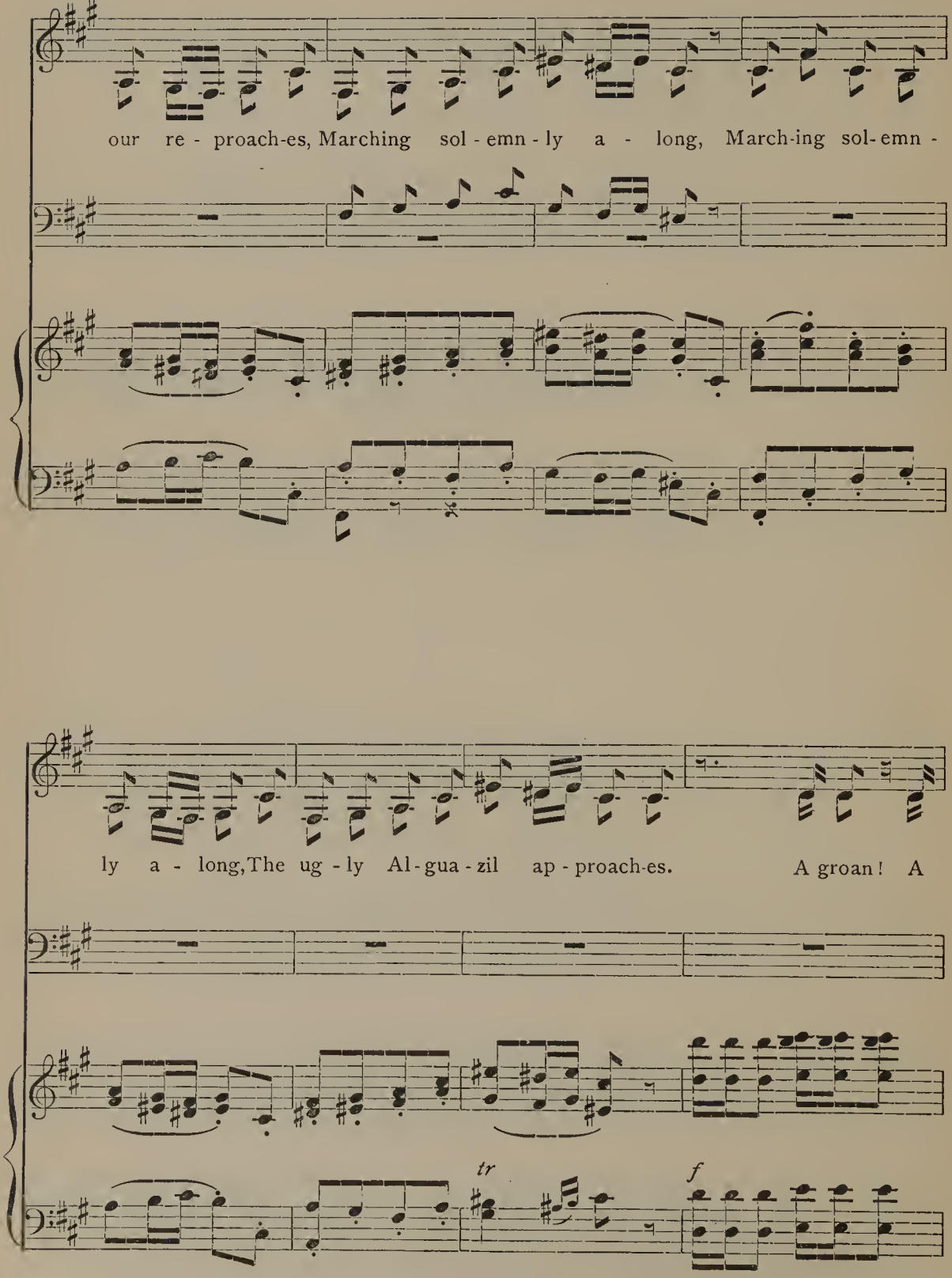
BIZET. From "Carmen"
Arranged by C. E. W.



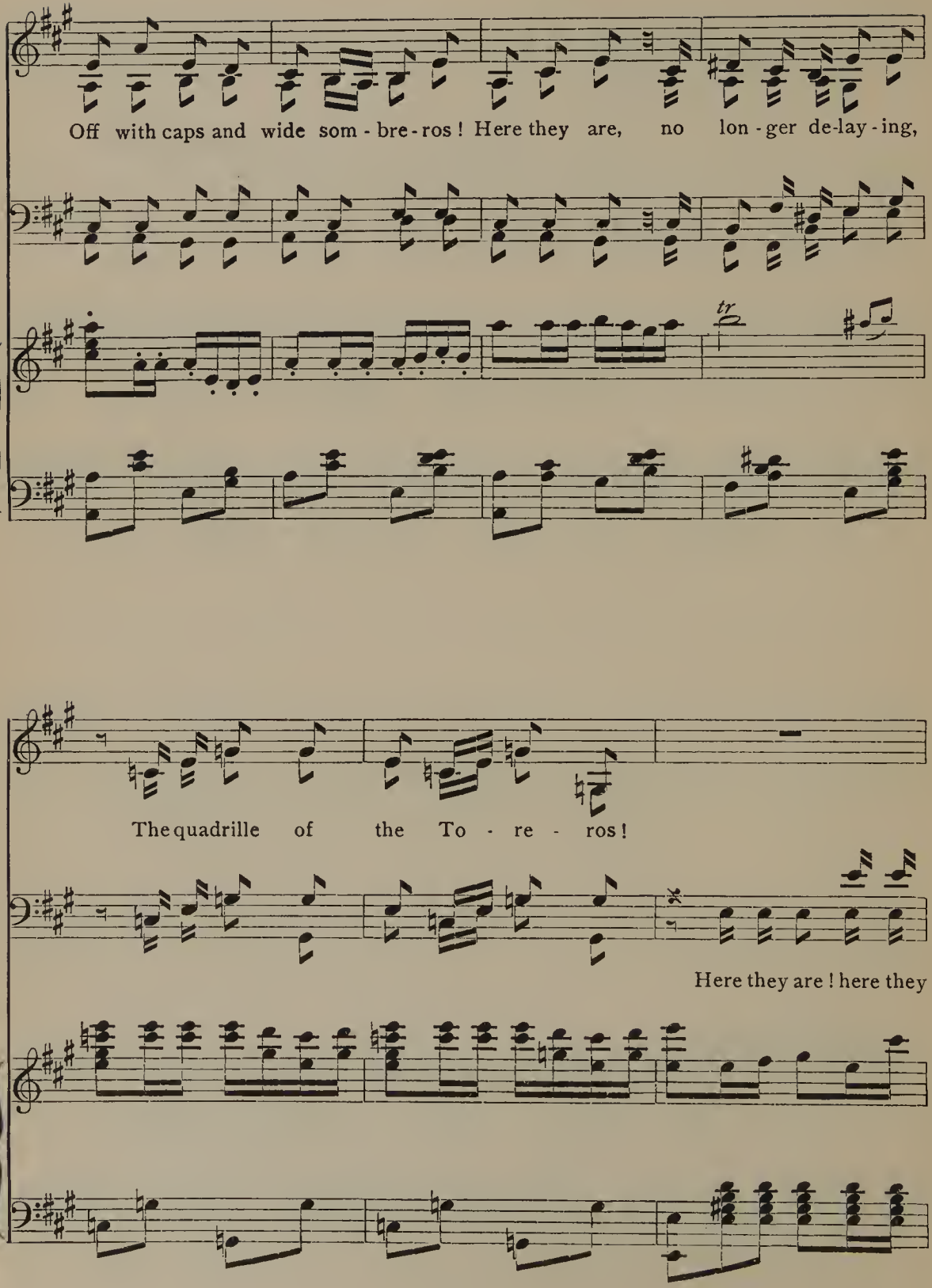

To - re - a - dors! On their lan - ces sun-beams are playing! Hur-rah! Hur-
tr

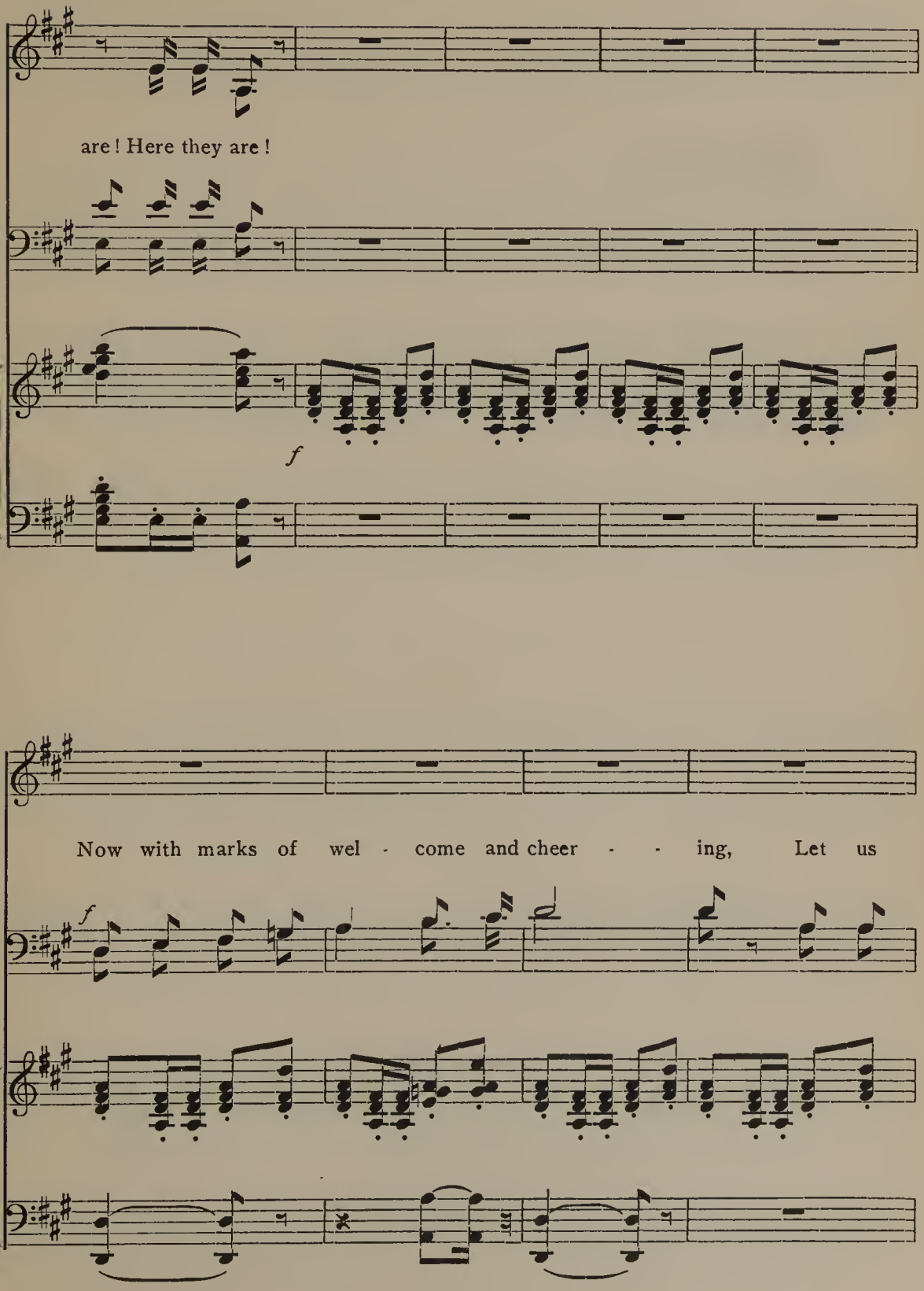

rah! Hur-rah! Off with caps and wide som - bre - ros! Here they are, no
tr

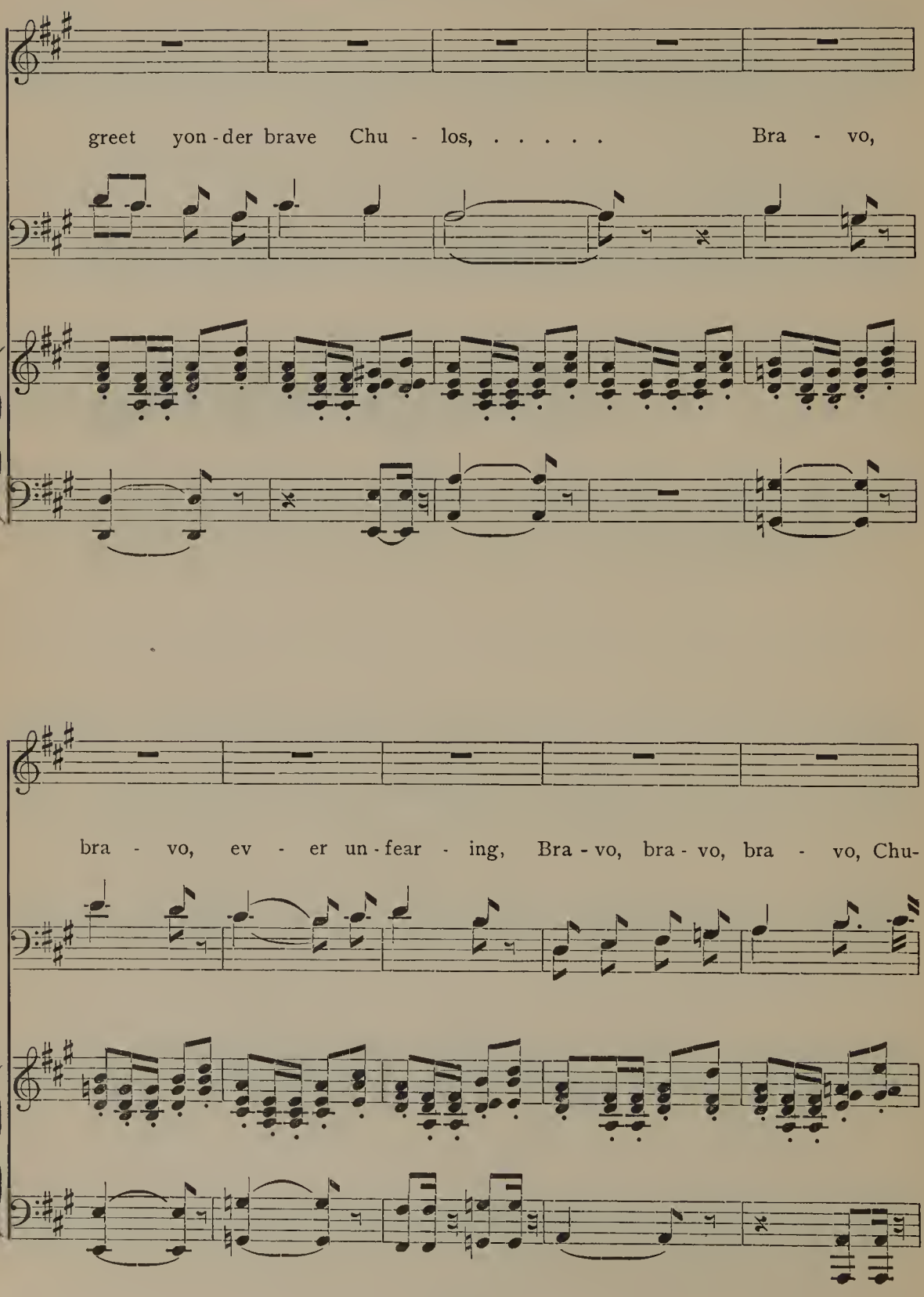

lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quad-rille of the To - re - ros,
tr
mf
Here they are! Here they are! Here they are! See, a - fraid of
mf

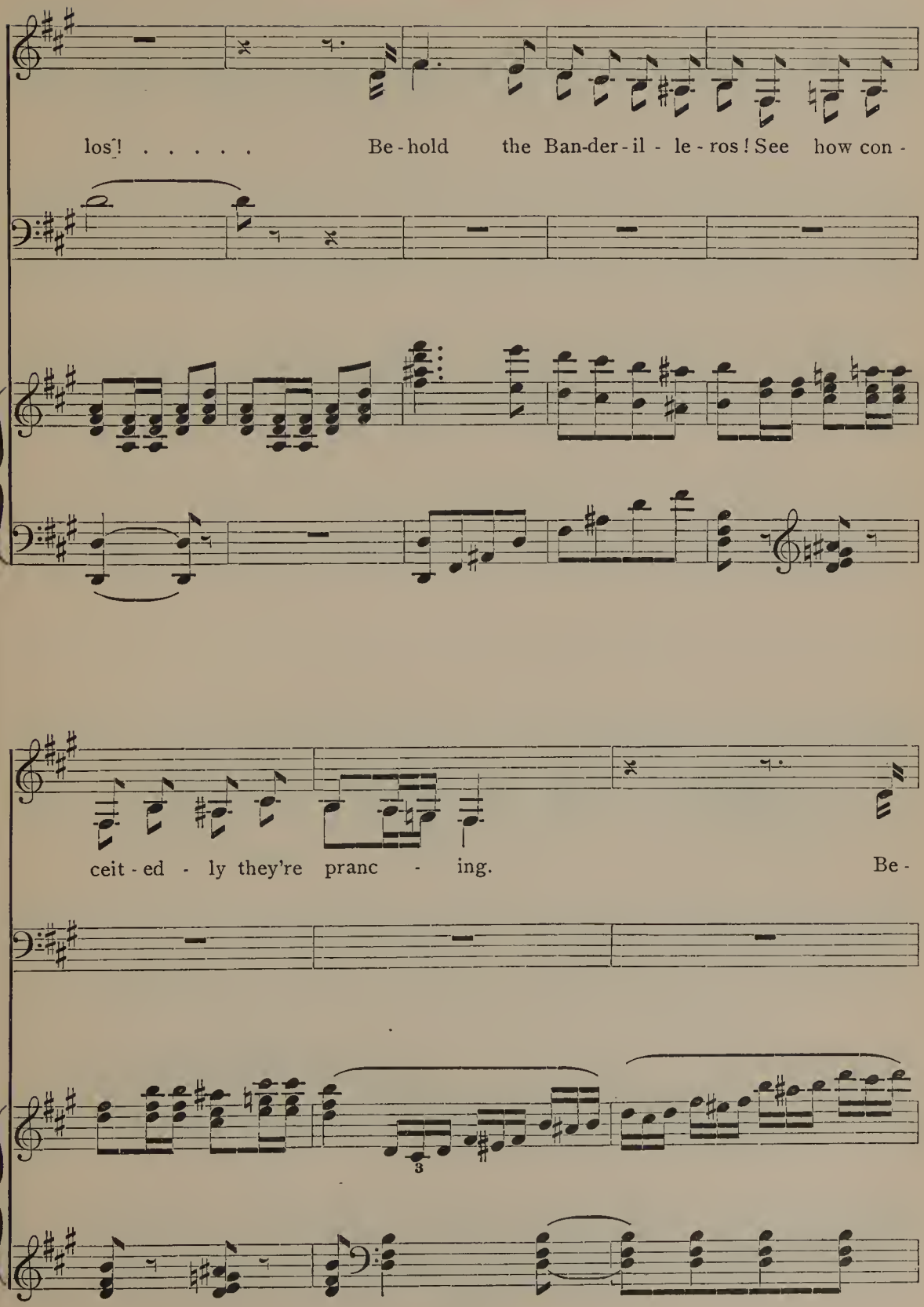

our re - proach-es, Marching sol - emn - ly a - long, March-ing sol-emn -
ly a - long, The ug - ly Al - gua - zil ap - proach-es. A groan! A
tr
f

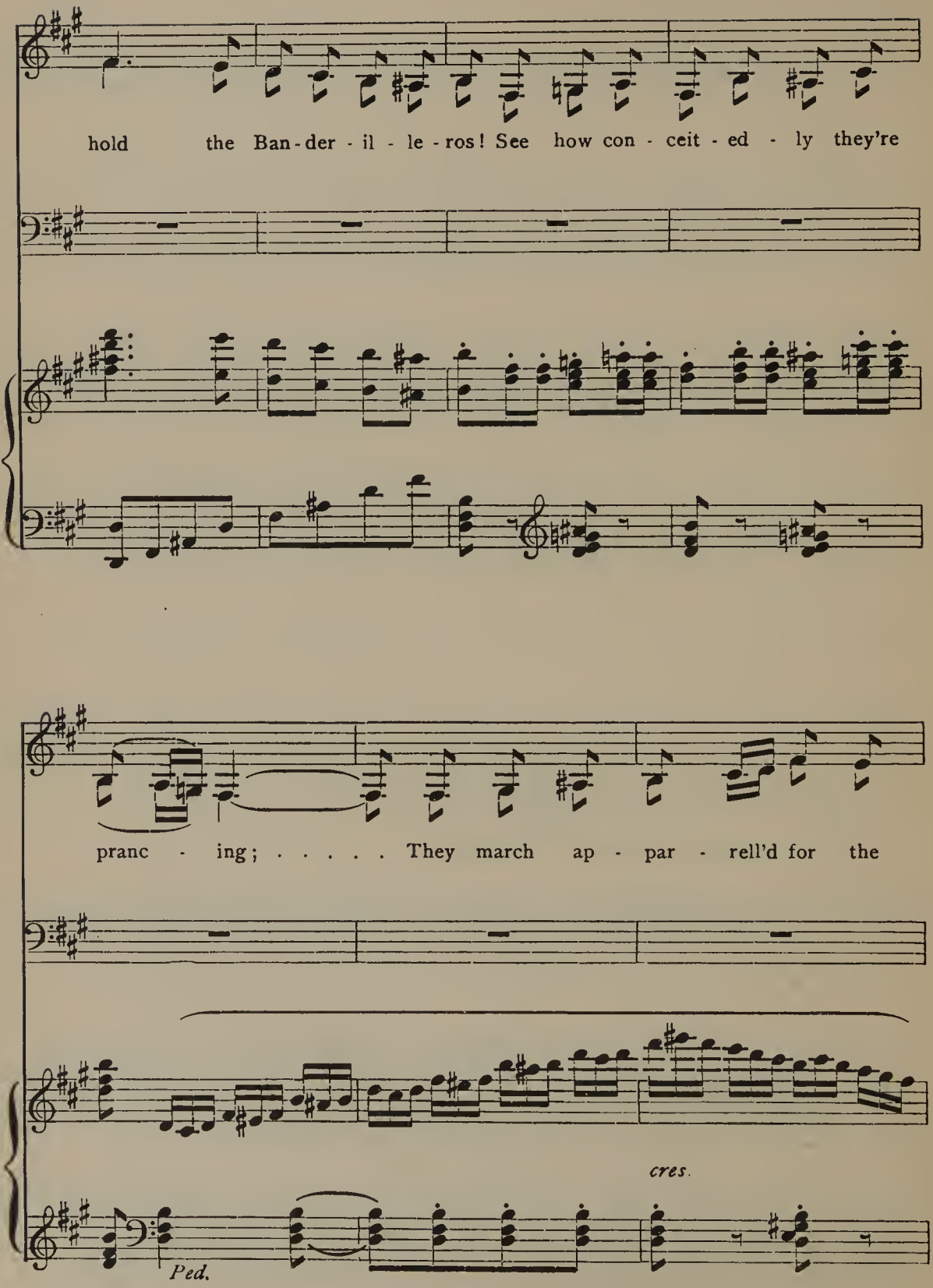

groan! A groan! A groan! A groan! A
f
Give the Al - gua - zil a groan!
groan! A groan! A groan! Yes!
A groan! A groan! A groan! Yes,
pp cres - cen - do mol - to ff

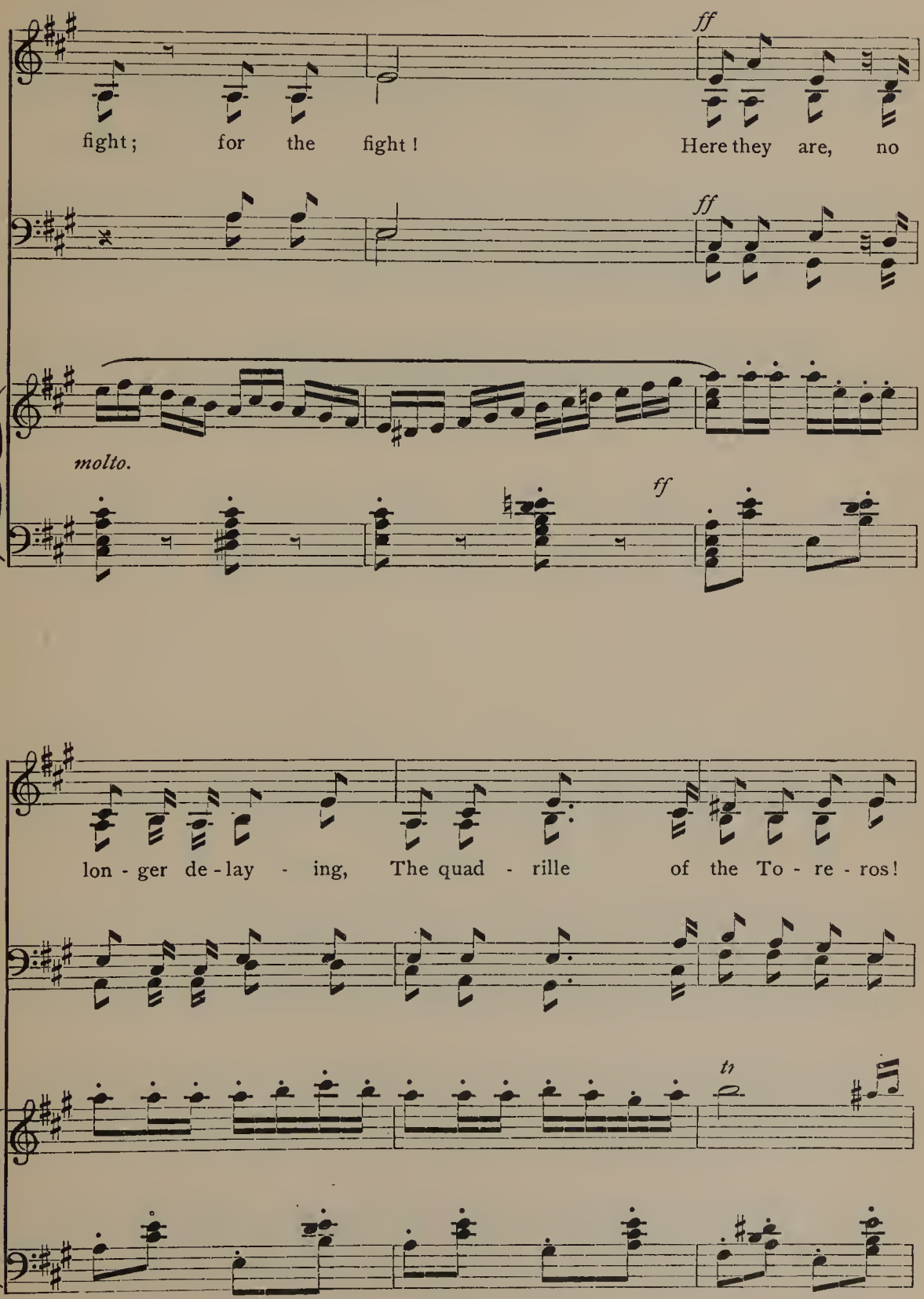

Off with caps and wide som - bre - ros! Here they are, no lon - ger de-lay - ing,
tr
The quadrille of the To - re - ros!
Here they are! here they

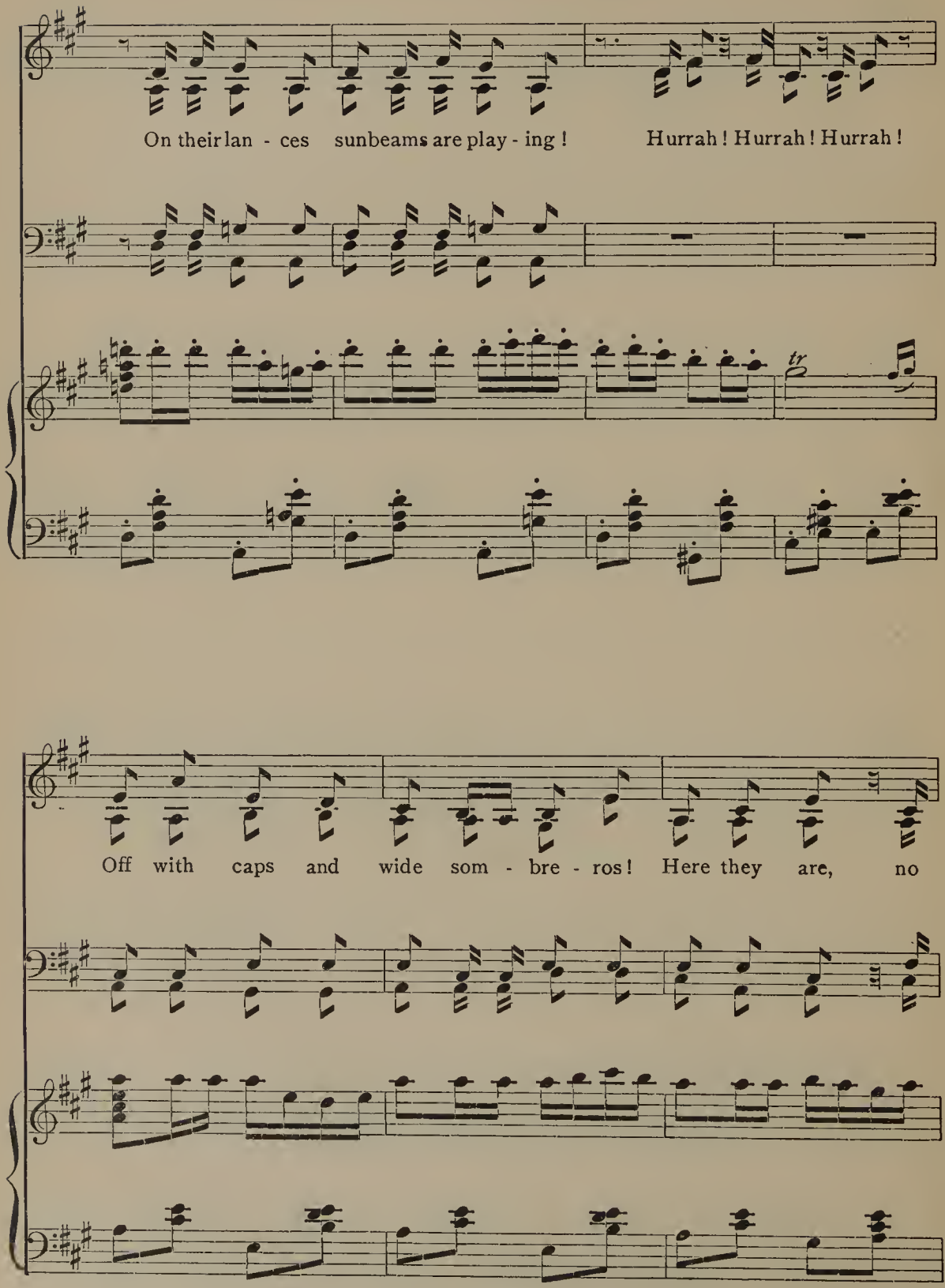

are! Here they are!
f
Now with marks of wel - come and cheer - - ing, Let us
f

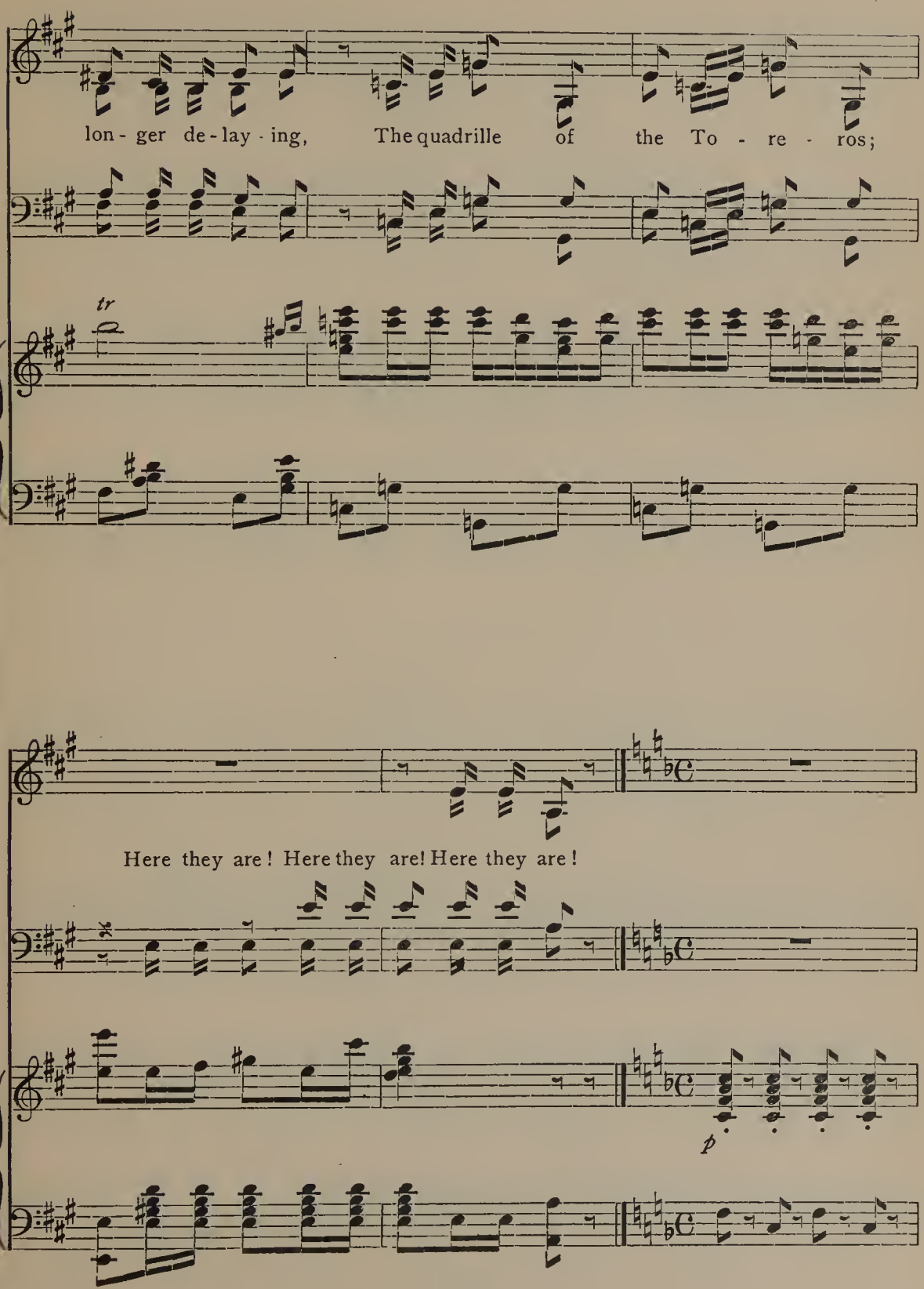

greet yon-der brave Chu - los, ... Bra - vo,
bra - vo, ev - er un-fear - ing, Bra-vo, bra-vo, bra - vo, Chu-

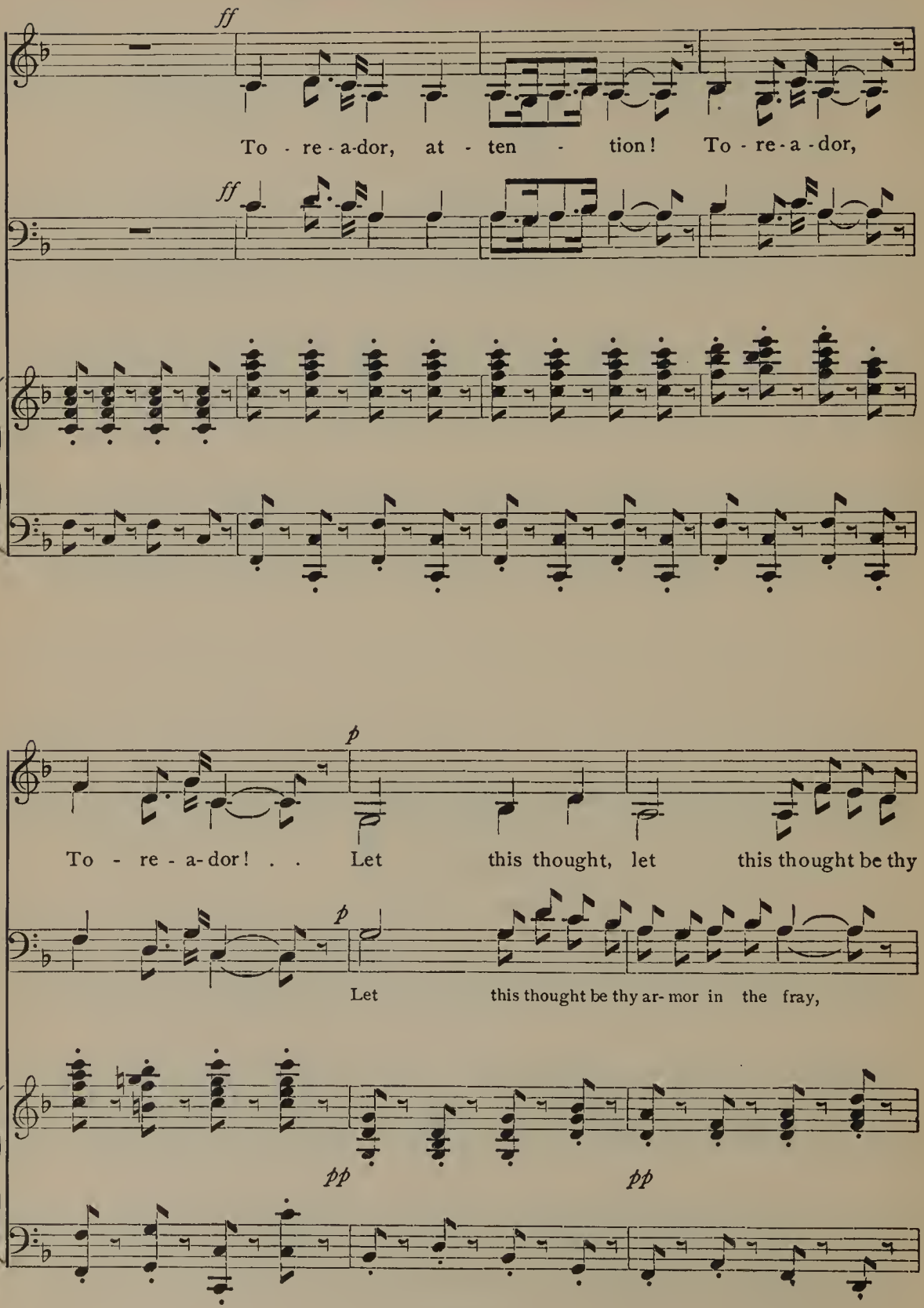

los! . . . . . Be-hold the Ban-der-il - le-ros! See how con -
ceit - ed - ly they're pranc - ing. Be -
3

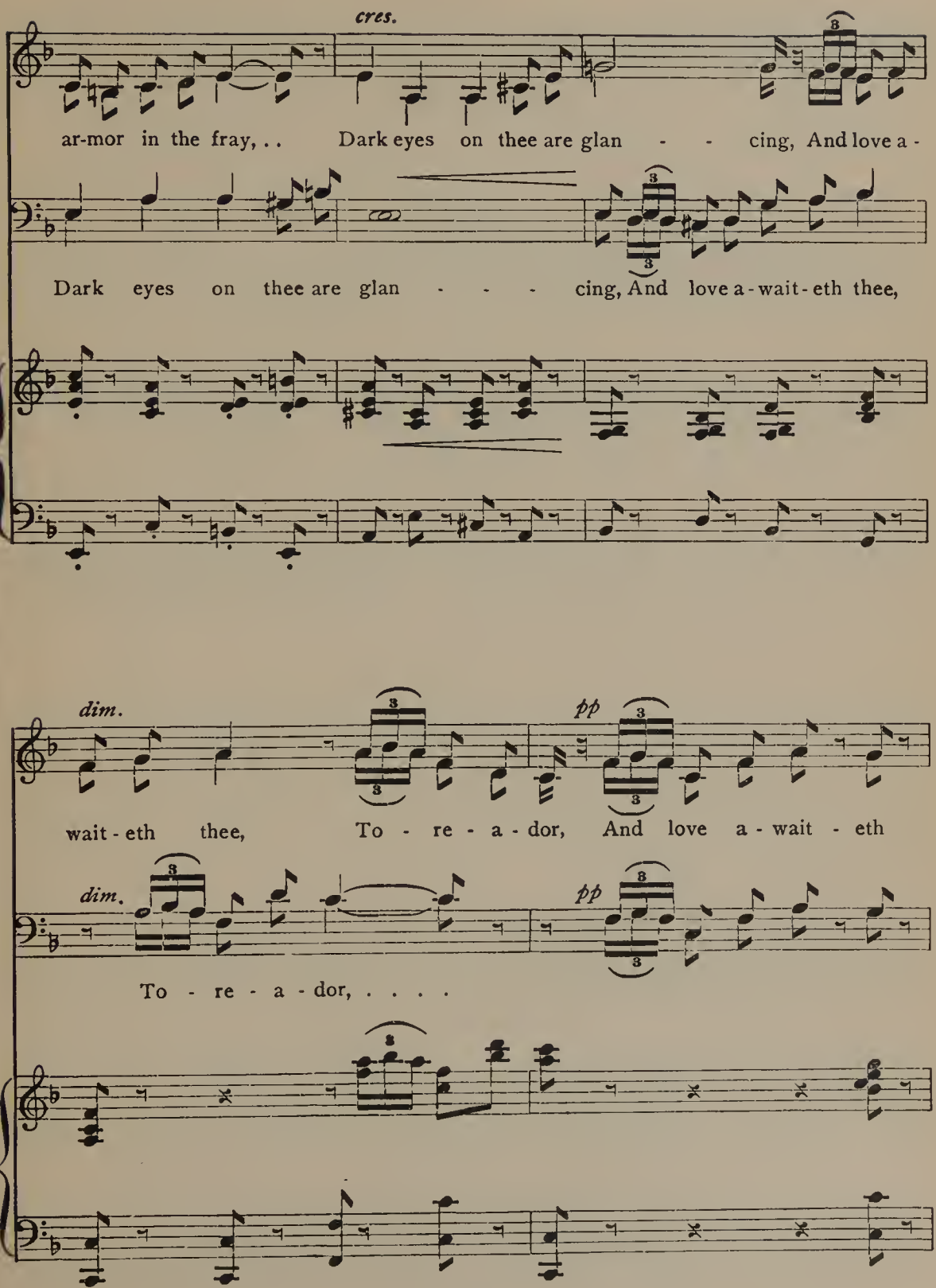

hold the Ban-der-il-le-ros! See how con-ceit-ed-ly they're
pranc-ing; . . . . . They march ap-par-rell'd for the
cres.
Ped.

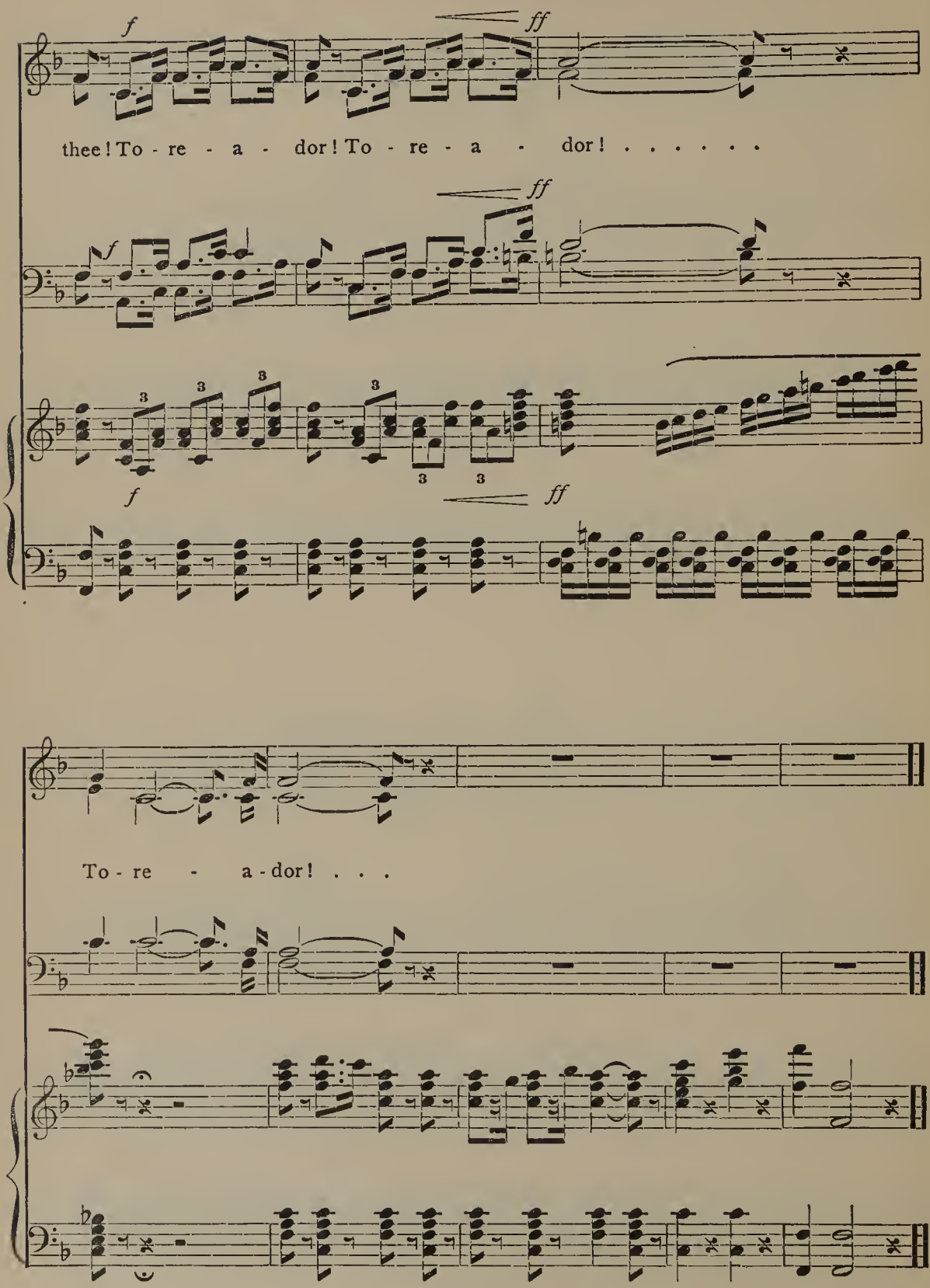

ff
fight; for the fight! Here they are, no
ff
molto.
ff
lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quad - rille of the To - re - ros!
tr


On their lan - ces sunbeams are play - ing ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Off with caps and wide som - bre - ros ! Here they are, no


lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quadrille of the To - re - ros;
tr
Here they are! Here they are! Here they are!
p


ff
To - re - a-dor, at - ten - tion! To - re - a - dor,
ff
p
To - re - a-dor! . . Let this thought, let this thought be thy
p
Let this thought be thy ar- mor in the fray,
pp
pp


cres.
ar-mor in the fray, . . Dark eyes on thee are glan - - cing, And love a -
Dark eyes on thee are glan - - - cing, And love a-wait-eth thee,
dim.
pp
wait-eth thee, To - re - a - dor, And love a - wait - eth
dim.
pp
To - re - a - dor, ...

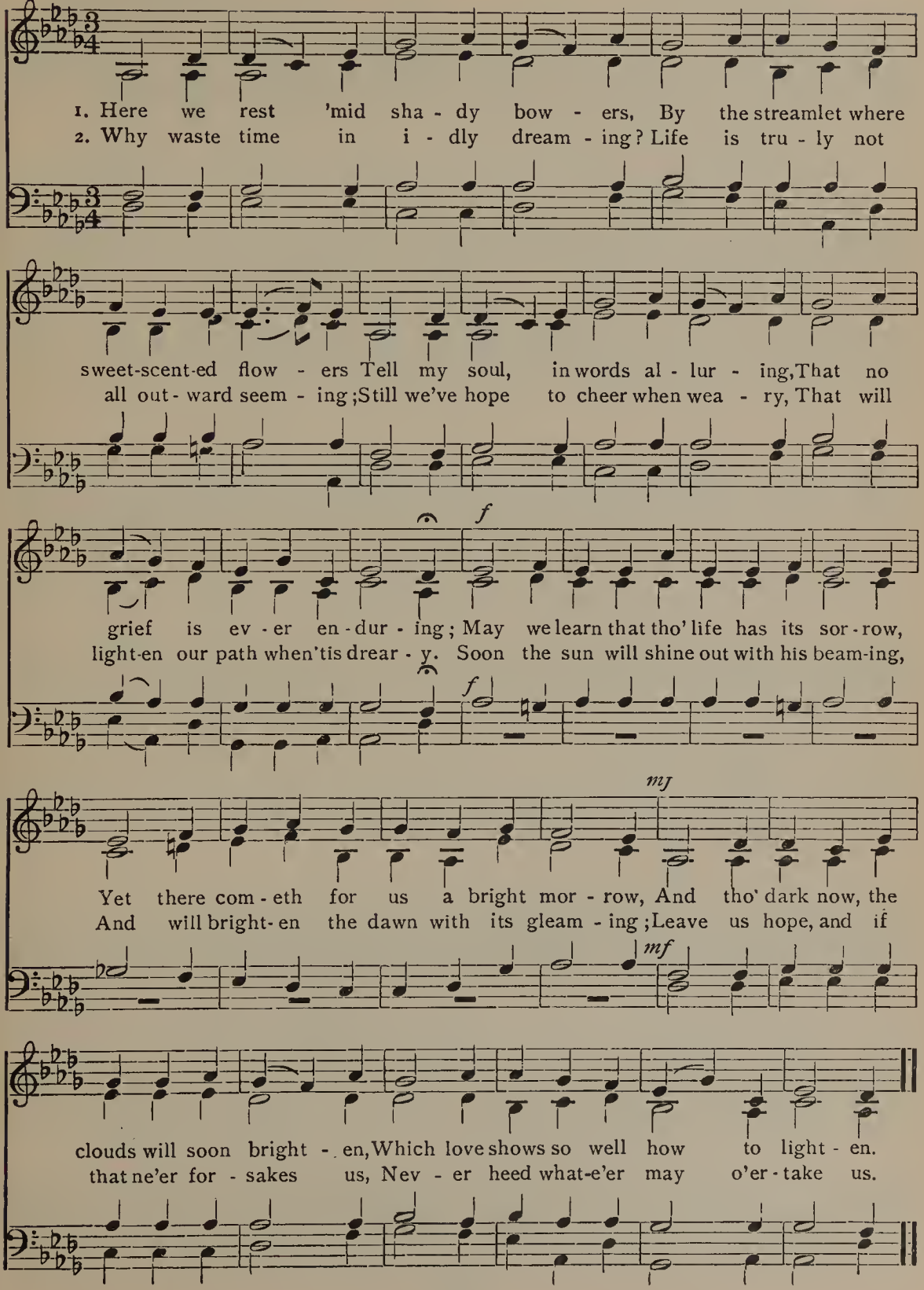

f
ff
thee! To - re - a - dor! To - re - a - dor! . . . . . .
f
ff
3
3
3
3
3
f
ff
To - re - a - dor! . . .

No. 6

HERE WE REST

CHAS. W. ROWE

"La Sonnambula." BELLINI
Arr. by F. E. C.



No. 7. O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.
Arr. by C. E. W.

Moderato

TENOR I, II

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in

BASS I

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in,

BASS II

June, . . Oh, my luve's like the mel - o - die That's sweet-ly played in

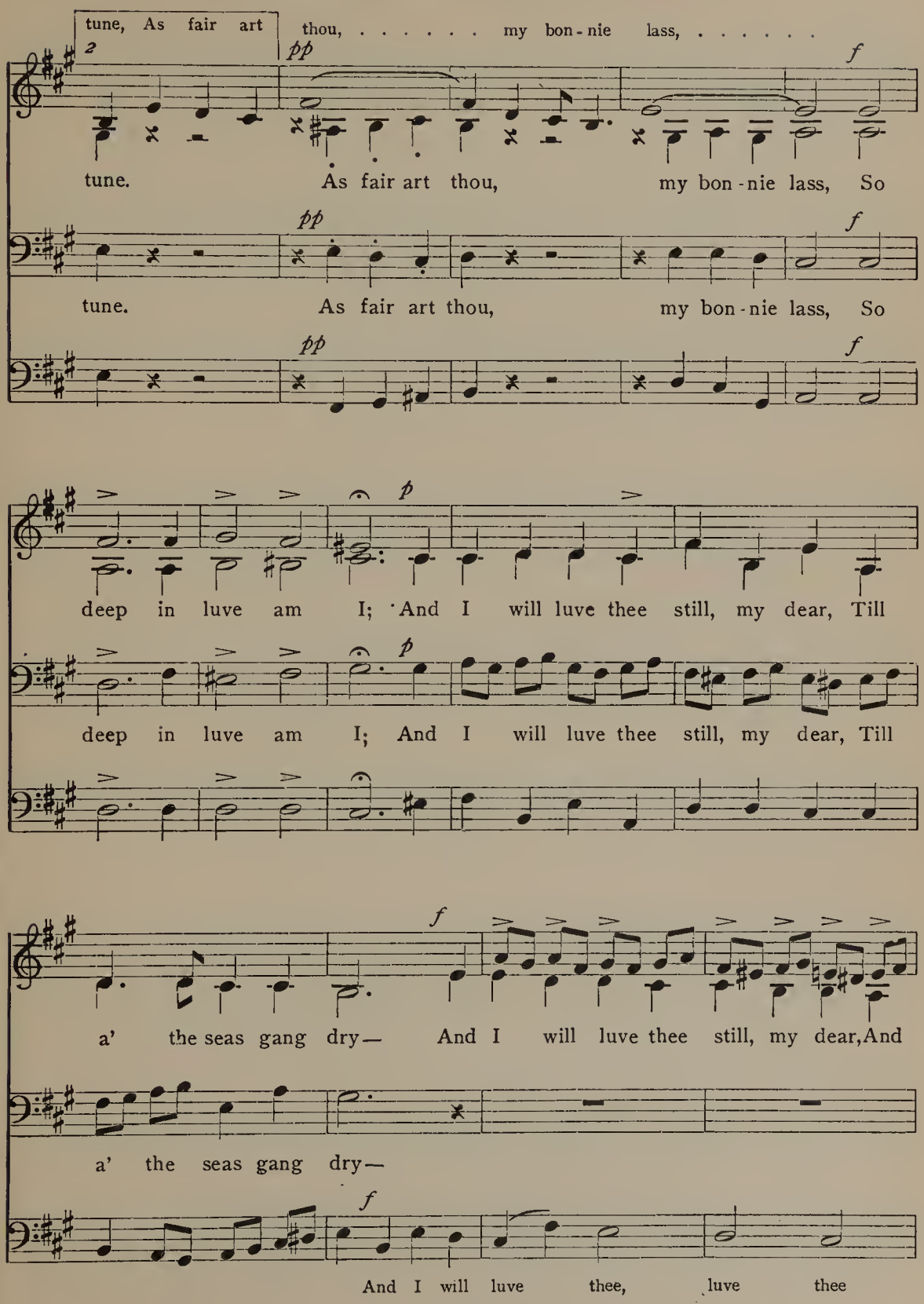
sprung in June, Oh, my luve's like the mel - o - die That's sweet-ly played in

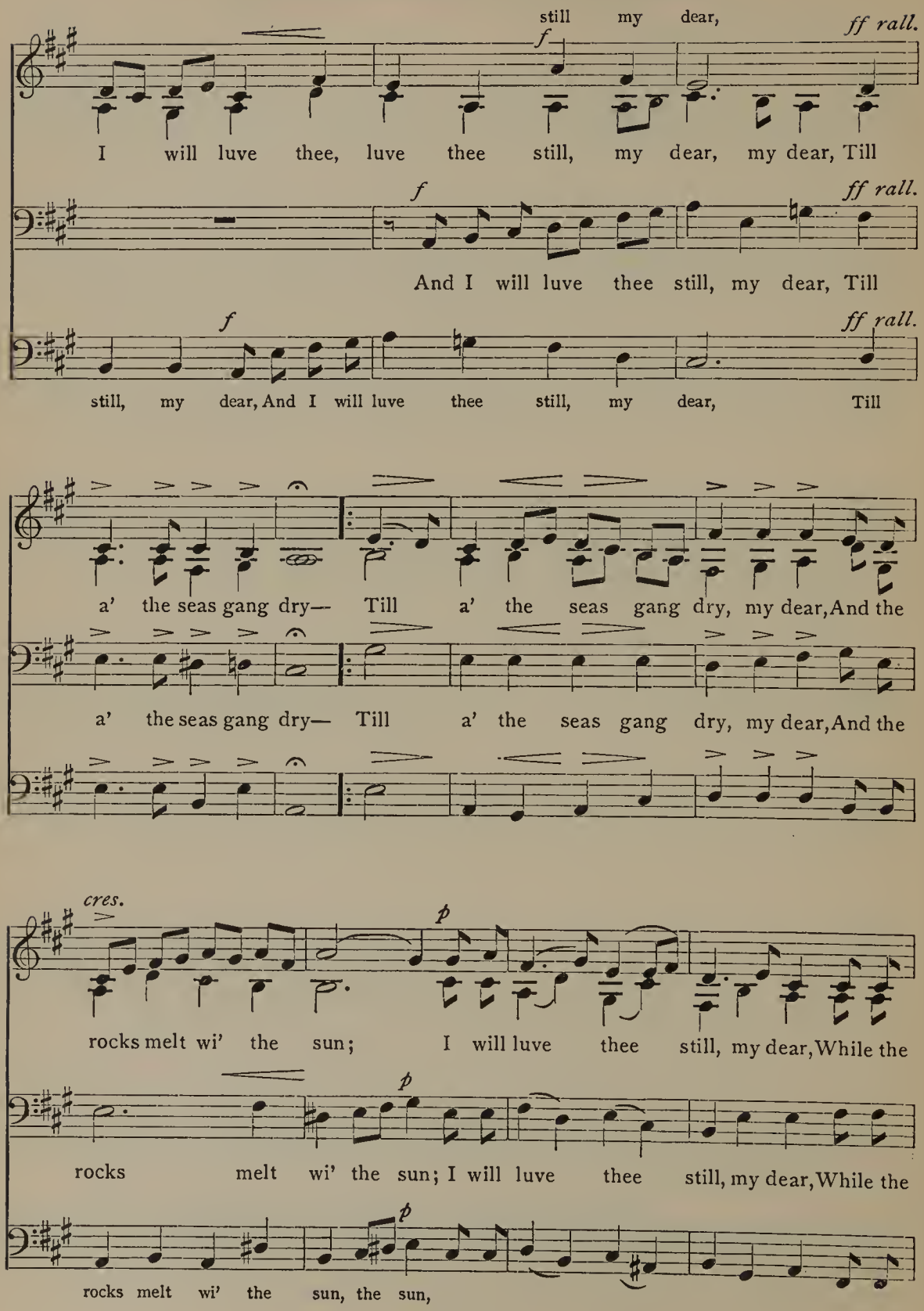
sweet - ly played in tune, that's played in tune,

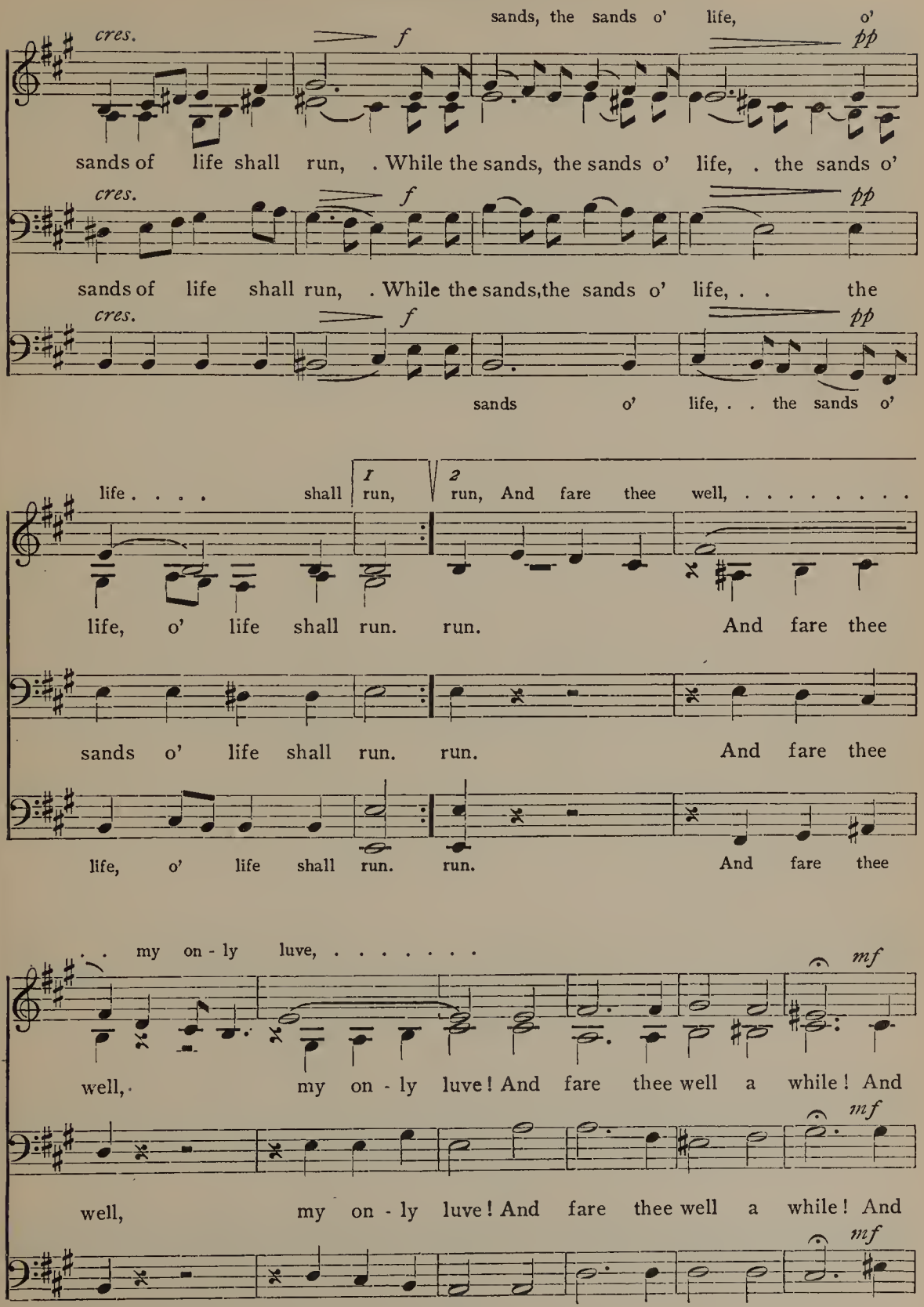
tune, That's sweet - ly, sweet - ly played in tune, . . in tune,

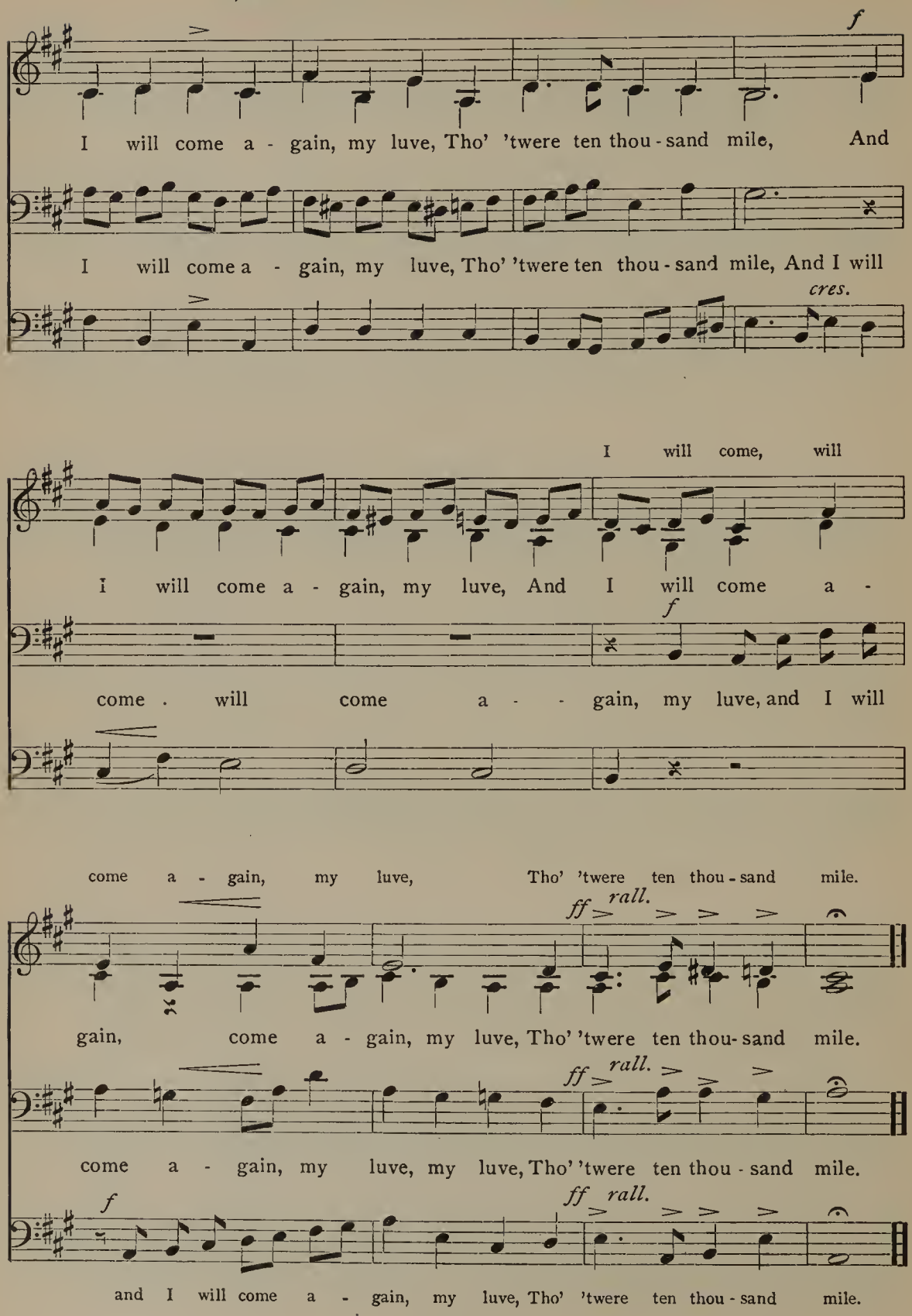
tune, . . That's sweetly played in tune, that's sweet-ly played in tune,

sweet - - ly, sweet - ly played in tune, . . played in tune,


tune, As fair art thou, ... my bon-nie lass, ...
2
pp
f
tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So
tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So
deep in luve am I; And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till
deep in luve am I; And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till
a' the seas gang dry— And I will luve thee still, my dear, And
a' the seas gang dry—
And I will luve thee, luve thee


still my dear,
f
ff rall.
I will luve thee, luve thee still, my dear, my dear, Till
f
ff rall.
And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till
f
ff rall.
still, my dear, And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till
a' the seas gang dry— Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the
a' the seas gang dry— Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the
cres.
p
rocks melt wi' the sun; I will luve thee still, my dear, While the
p
rocks melt wi' the sun; I will luve thee still, my dear, While the
p
rocks melt wi' the sun, the sun,


sands, the sands o' life, o'
cres.
f
pp
sands of life shall run, . While the sands, the sands o' life, . the sands o'
cres.
f
pp
sands of life shall run, . While the sands, the sands o' life, . . the
cres.
f
pp
sands o' life, . . the sands o'
life . . . . shall
1
run,
2
run, And fare thee well, ...
life, o' life shall run. run. And fare thee
sands o' life shall run. run. And fare thee
life, o' life shall run. run. And fare thee
. . my on - ly luve, ...
mf
well, . my on - ly luve! And fare thee well a while! And
mf
well, my on - ly luve! And fare thee well a while! And
mf


f
I will come a - gain, my luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile, And
I will come a - gain, my luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile, And I will
cres.
I will come, will
I will come a - gain, my luve, And I will come a -
f
come . will come a - - gain, my luve, and I will
come a - gain, my luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.
ff rall.
gain, come a - gain, my luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.
ff rall.
come a - gain, my luve, my luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.
f
ff rall.
and I will come a - gain, my luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.

No. 8

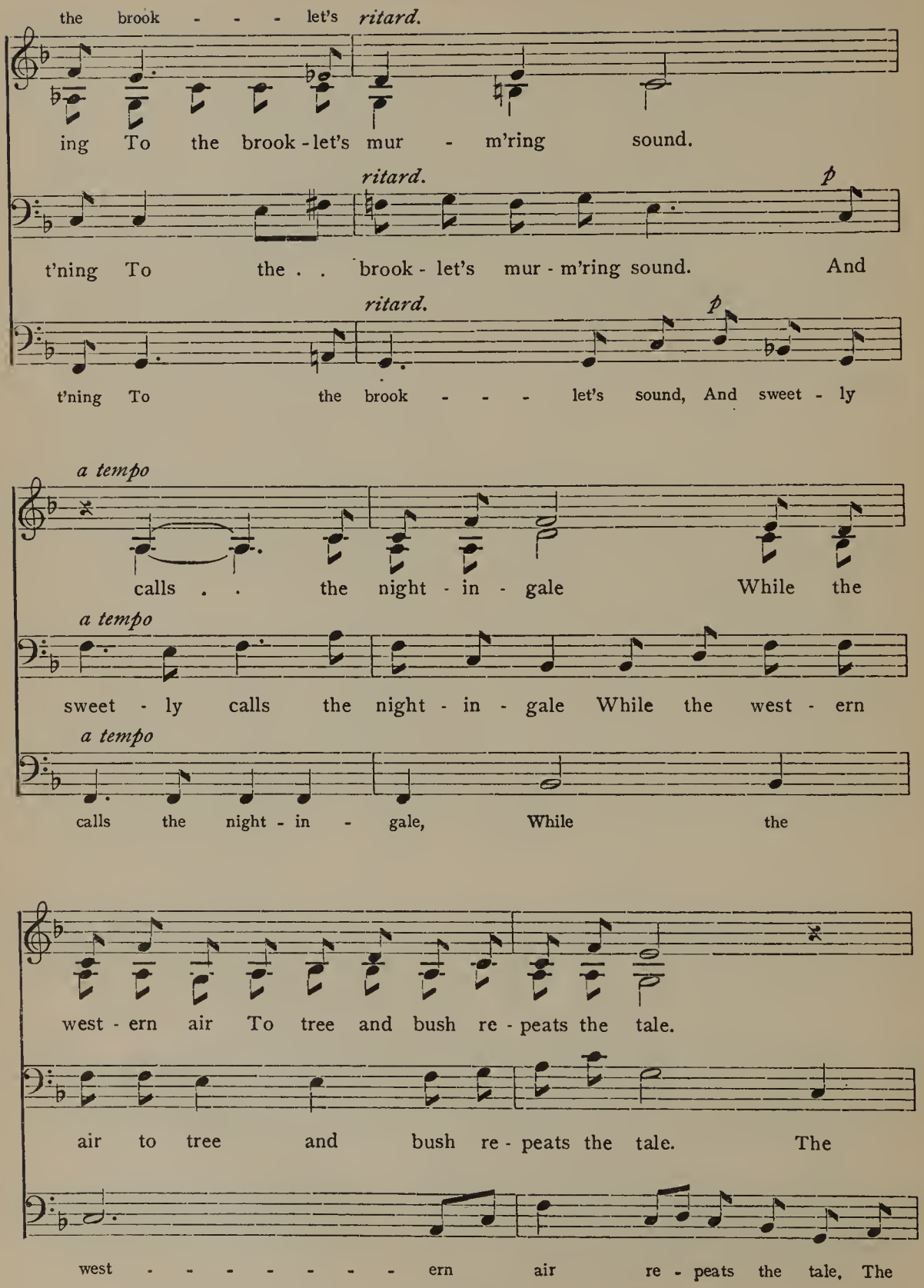
TRÄUMEREI

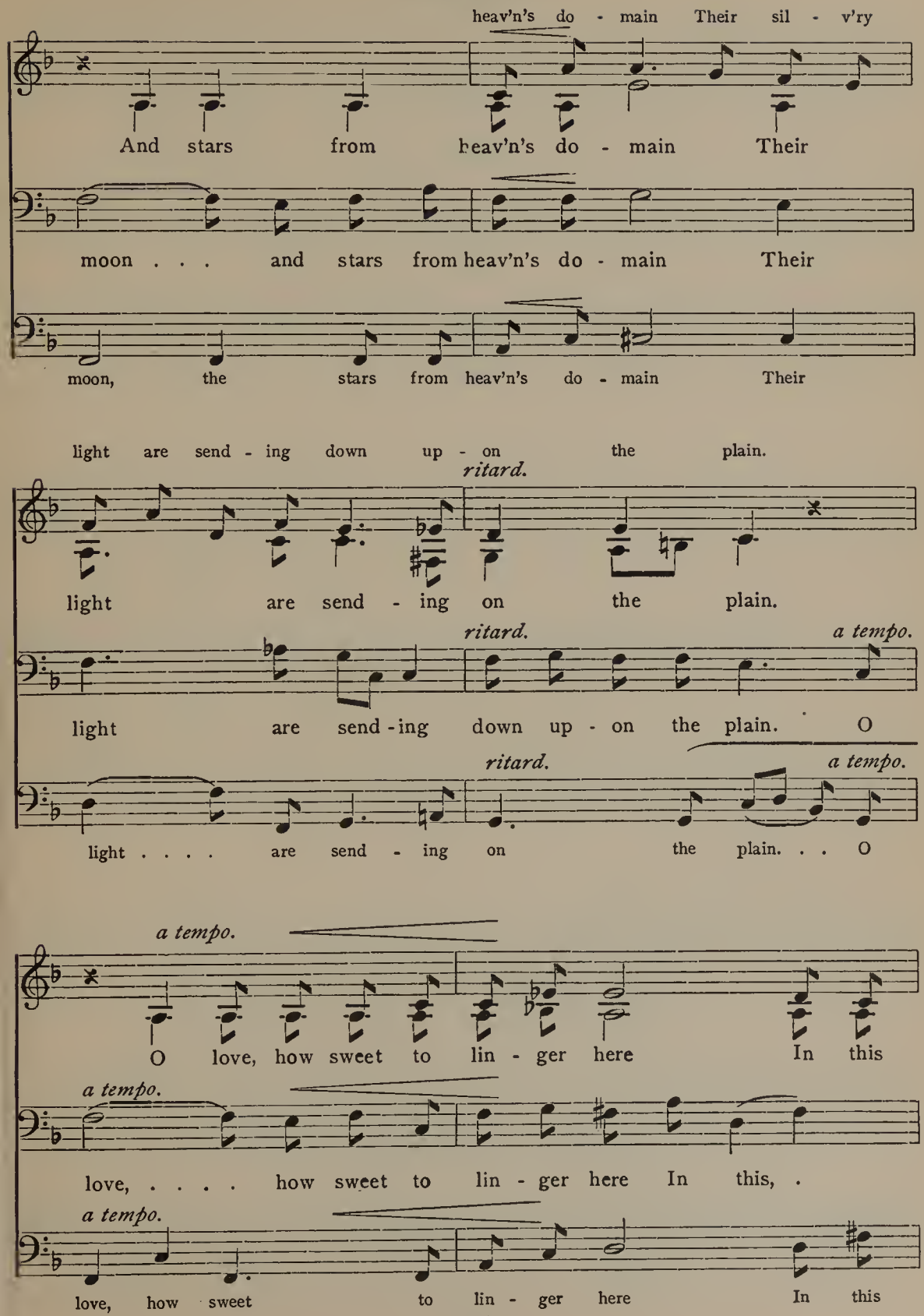
R. SCHUMANN
Arranged by C. E. W.

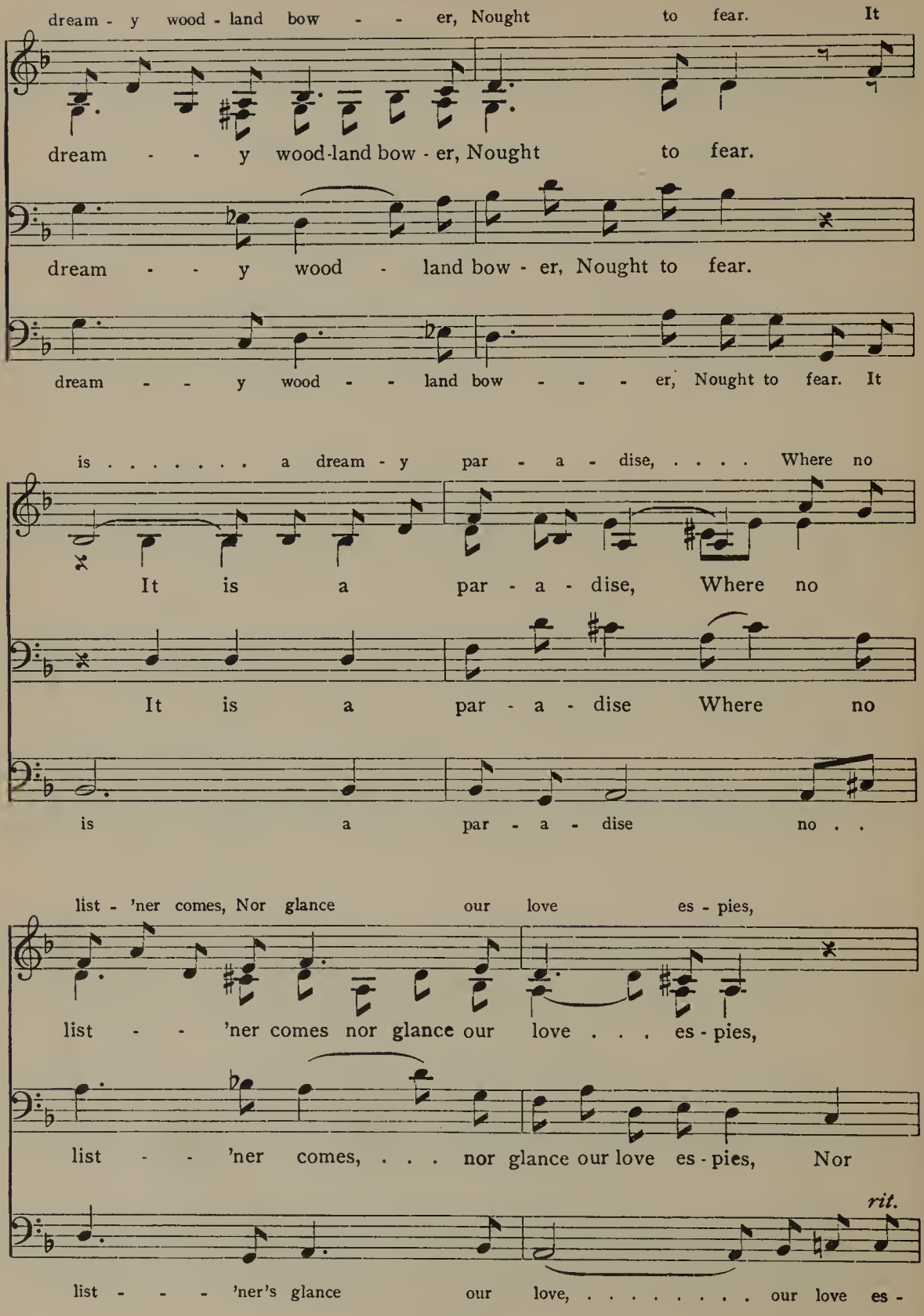
German

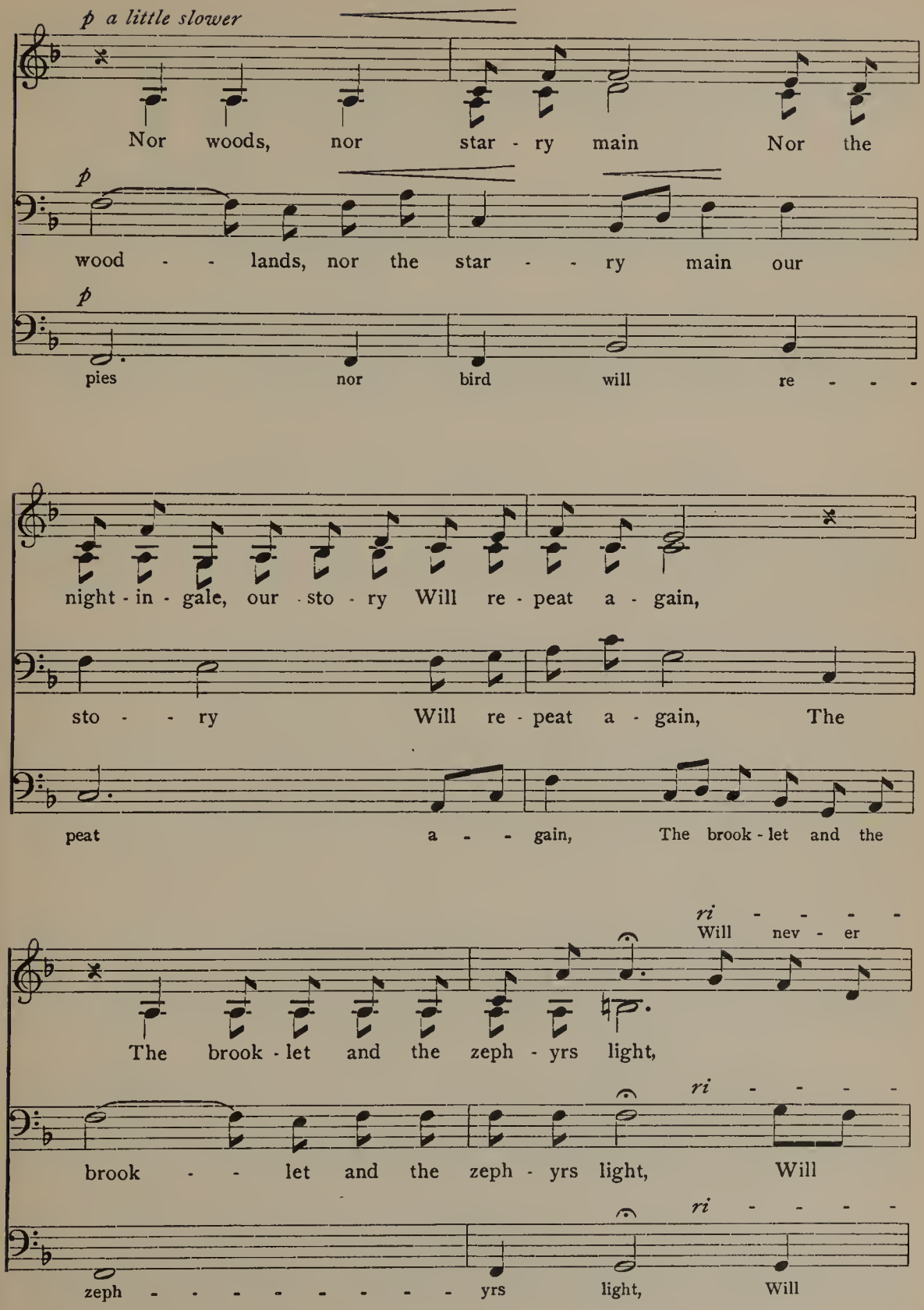
Andante
Very legato *p*

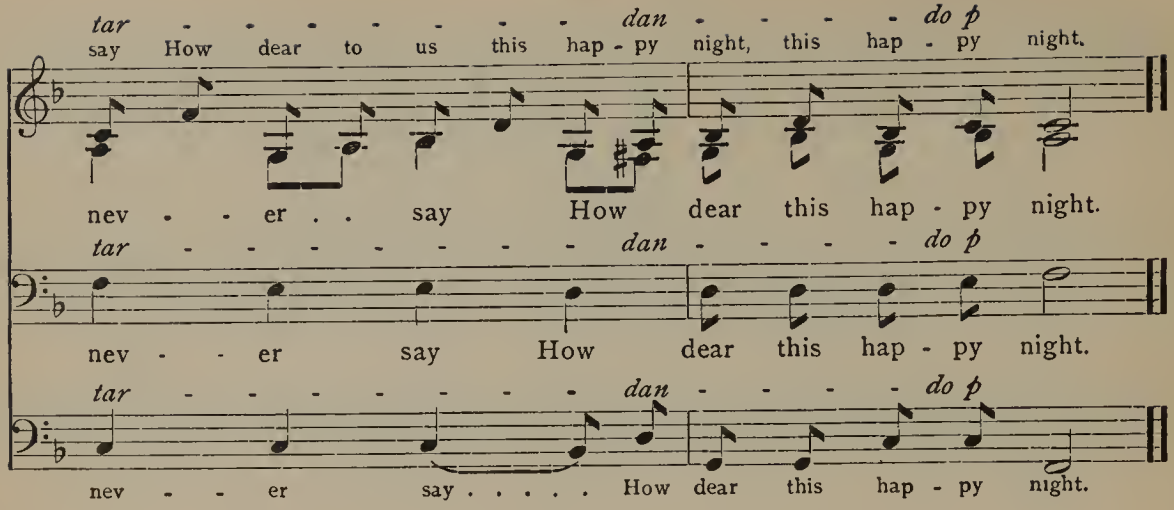



the brook - - - let's ritard.
ing To the brook - let's mur - m'ring sound.
ritard.
p
t'ning To the . . brook - let's mur - m'ring sound. And
ritard.
p
t'ning To the brook - - - let's sound, And sweet - ly
a tempo
calls . . the night - in - gale While the
a tempo
sweet - ly calls the night - in - gale While the west - ern
a tempo
calls the night - in - gale, While the
west - ern air To tree and bush re - peats the tale.
air to tree and bush re - peats the tale. The
west - - - - - - - - ern air re - peats the tale. The


heav'n's do - main Their sil - v'ry
And stars from heav'n's do - main Their
moon . . . and stars from heav'n's do - main Their
moon, the stars from heav'n's do - main Their
light are send - ing down up - on the plain.
ritard.
light are send - ing on the plain.
ritard.
a tempo.
light are send - ing down up - on the plain. O
ritard.
a tempo.
light . . . . are send - ing on the plain. . . O
a tempo.
O love, how sweet to lin - ger here In this
a tempo.
love, ... how sweet to lin - ger here In this, .
a tempo.
love, how sweet to lin - ger here In this


dream - y wood - land bow - - er, Nought to fear. It
dream - - y wood-land bow - er, Nought to fear.
dream - - y wood - land bow - er, Nought to fear.
dream - - y wood - - land bow - - - - er, Nought to fear. It
is . . . . . a dream - y par - a - dise, ... Where no
It is a par - a - dise, Where no
It is a par - a - dise Where no
is a par - a - dise no . .
list - 'ner comes, Nor glance our love es - pies,
list - - 'ner comes nor glance our love . . . es - pies,
list - - 'ner comes, . . . nor glance our love es - pies, Nor
rit.
list - - - 'ner's glance our love, ... our love es -

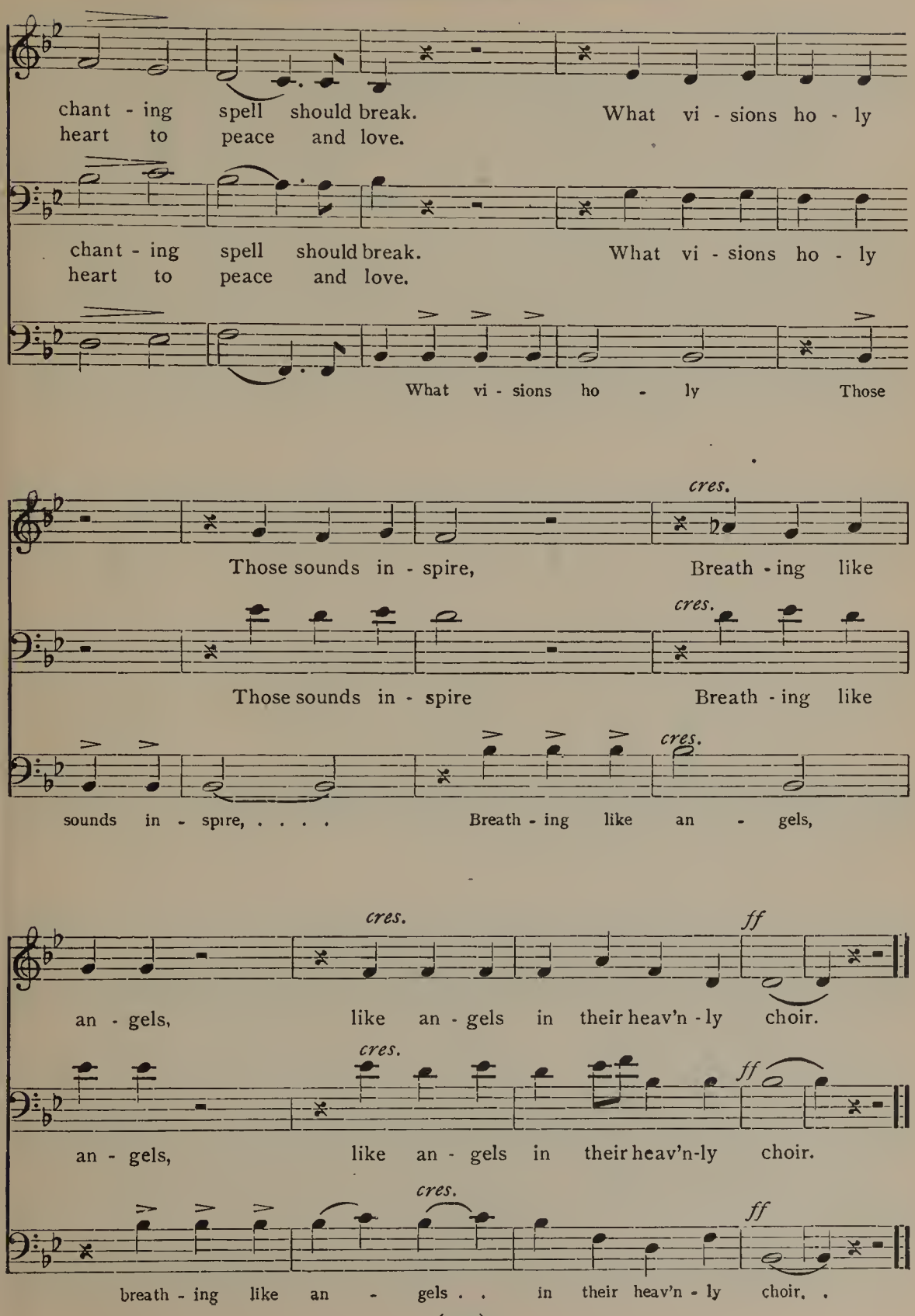

p a little slower
Nor woods, nor star - ry main Nor the
p
wood - - lands, nor the star - - ry main our
p
pies nor bird will re - - -
night - in - gale, our - sto - ry Will re - peat a - gain,
sto - - ry Will re - peat a - gain, The
peat a - - gain, The brook - let and the
ri - - - -
Will nev - er
The brook - let and the zeph - yrs light,
ri - - - -
brook - - let and the zeph - yrs light, Will
ri - - - -
zeph - - - - - - - - - yrs light, Will



No. 9 HARK! THE SOLEMN MUSIC PEALING

DONIZETTI
Arr. by C. E. W.




chant - ing spell should break. What vi - sions ho - ly
heart to peace and love.
chant - ing spell should break. What vi - sions ho - ly
heart to peace and love.
What vi - sions ho - ly Those
cres.
Those sounds in - spire, Breath - ing like
cres.
Those sounds in - spire Breath - ing like
cres.
sounds in - spire, ... Breath - ing like an - gels,
cres.
ff
an - gels, like an - gels in their heav'n - ly choir.
cres.
ff
an - gels, like an - gels in their heav'n-ly choir.
cres.
ff
breath - ing like an - gels . . in their heav'n - ly choir. .

No. 10

SONG OF THE WOOD-NYMPH

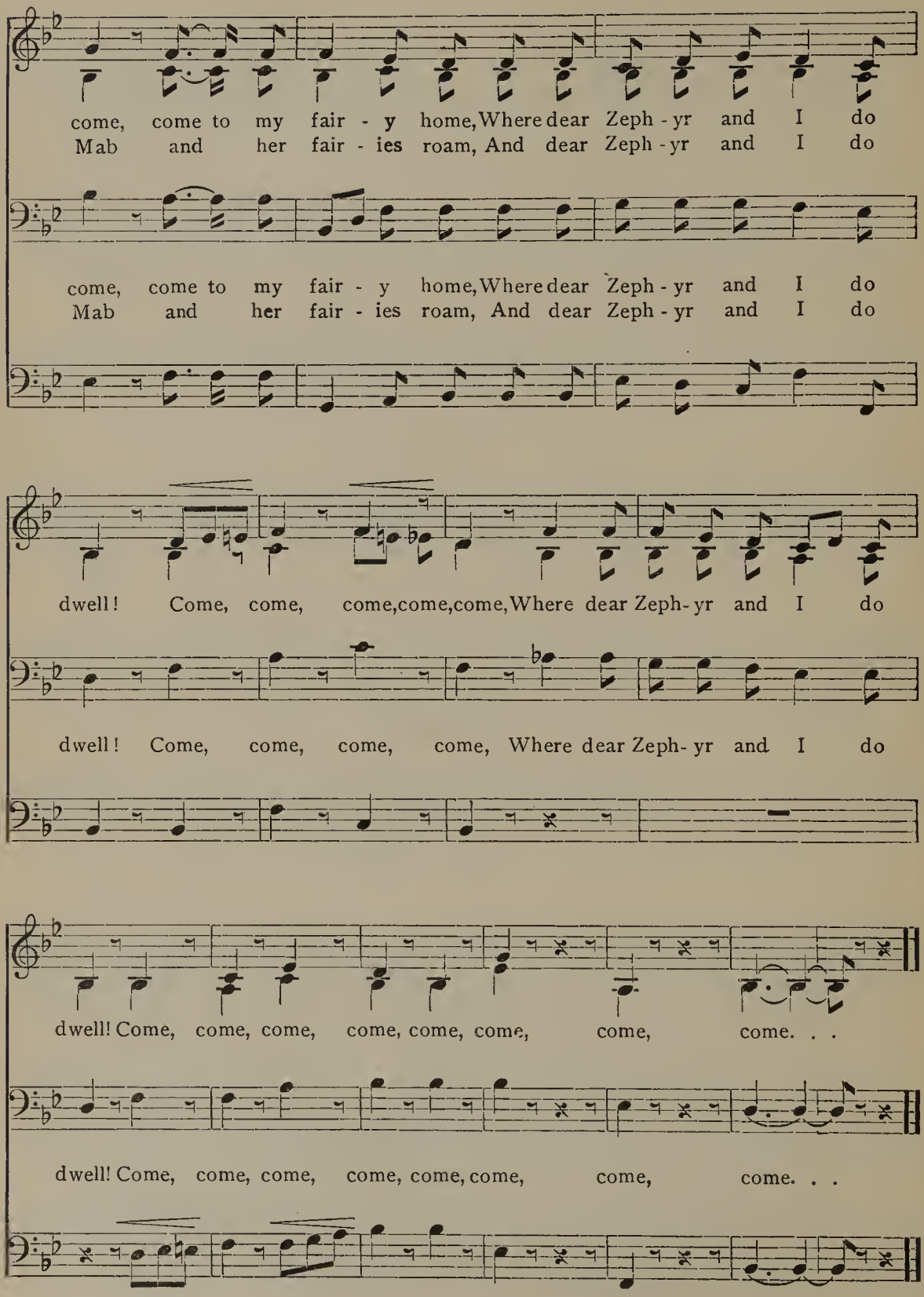
J. L. Hatton
Arr. by C. E. W.

Allegretto

Tenor I and II




cres.
glade, While the birds are sub-jects dear; And their trib-ute to me is paid In a
ours, Cull'd from for - est and from field; All the nec-tar of fruits and flowr's That the
cres.
glade, While the birds are sub-jects dear; And their trib-ute to me is paid In a
ours, Cull'd from for-est and from field; All the nec-tar of fruits and flowr's That the
cres.
song or a car - ol rare. . . . . Then with
bu-sy bee's store doth yield. . . . . Then
song, car-ol rare. . . . . .
bee's store doth yield. . . . . .
In a song or a car - ol rare. Then with
That the bu-sy bee's store doth yield. Then
Zeph-yr my sprite I roam, O'er the for - est and grove, and dell! Oh!
come to my joy-ous home, In the for - est and wood-land dwell! There Queen
Zeph-yr my sprite I roam, O'er the for - est and grove, and dell! Oh!
come to my joy-ous home, In the for - est and wood-land dwell! There Queen


come, come to my fair - y home, Where dear Zeph - yr and I do
Mab and her fair - ies roam, And dear Zeph - yr and I do
come, come to my fair - y home, Where dear Zeph - yr and I do
Mab and her fair - ies roam, And dear Zeph - yr and I do
dwell! Come, come, come, come, come, Where dear Zeph - yr and I do
dwell! Come, come, come, come, Where dear Zeph - yr and I do
dwell! Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come. . .
dwell! Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come. . .

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST

MENDELSSOHN
Arr. by C. E. W.

Andante non lento

TENOR I, II

1. Thou for - est broad and sweep - ing, Fair work of na - ture's God, Of
2. Who right - ly scans thy beau - ty, A sol - emn word shall read Of
3. Ah! soon must I for - sake thee, My own, my shel - t'ring home; In

BASS I

1. Thou for - est broad and sweep - ing, Fair work of na - ture's God, Of
2. Who right - ly scans thy beau - ty, A sol - emn word shall read, Of
3. Ah! soon must I for - sake thee, My own, my shel - t'ring home; In

BASS II

Yon
And
And

all my joy and weep - ing, The con - se - crate a - bode. Yon world de -
love of truth and du - ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have
sor - row soon be - take me In yon vain world to roam. And there the

all my joy and weep - ing, The con - se - crate a - bode. Yon world de -
love of truth and du - ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have
sor - row soon be - take me In yon vain world to roam. And there the

world de-ceiv - ing ev - - er,
I have read them of - - ten,
there the words re - call - - ing,

cres.

ceiv - ing ev - er, Mur - murs its vain a - larms, Oh,
read . . them of - ten, Those words so true and clear, What
words . . re - call - ing, Thy sol - emn les - sons teach, 'Mid

cres.

ceiv - ing ev - er, Mur - murs its vain a - larms. Oh,
read . . them of - ten, Those words so true and clear, What
words . . re - call - ing, Thy sol - emn les - sons teach, 'Mid

cres.

Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,
And I have read them of - ten,
And there the words re - call - ing,

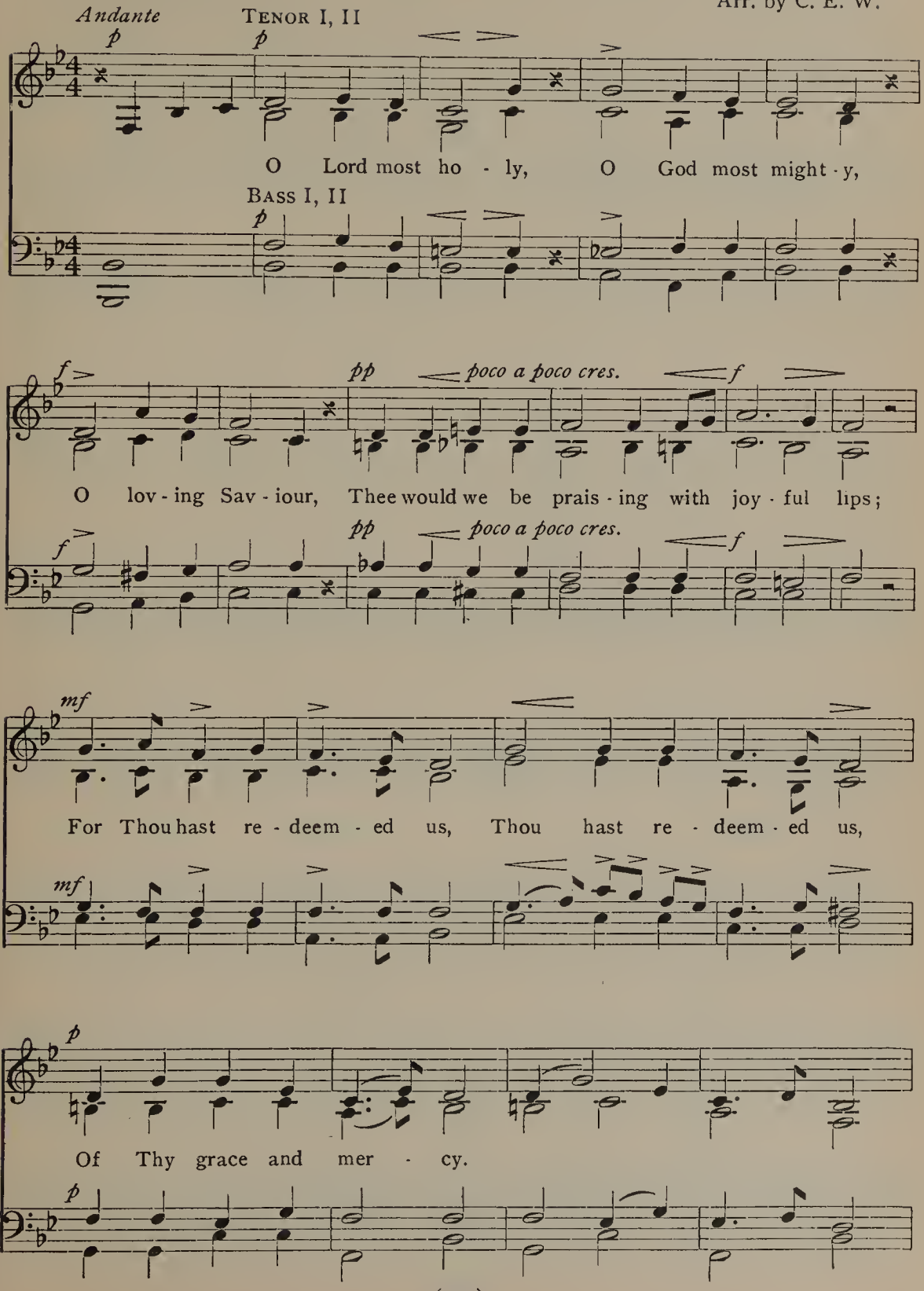

f
might I wan - der nev - er From thy pro - tect - ing arms! Oh,
heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re - vere? What
care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall reach, 'Mid
might I wan - der nev - er From thy pro - tect - ing arms! Oh,
heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re - vere? What
care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall reach, 'Mid
might I wan - der nev - - - - er, Oh, might I wan - der
heart that would not soft - - - - en, What heart that would not
care and dan - ger fall - - - - ing, And care and dan - ger
From thy pro - tect - - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
No harm my soul shall reach.
dim.
p
might I wan - der nev - er From thy . . . . pro - tect - ing arms!
heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - - dom to re - vere?
care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm . . . my soul shall reach.
might I wan - der nev - er From thy pro - tect - ing arms!
heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall reach.
nev - - - - - er From thy pro - tect - - ing arms!
soft - - - - - en Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
fall - - - - - ing No harm my soul shall reach.

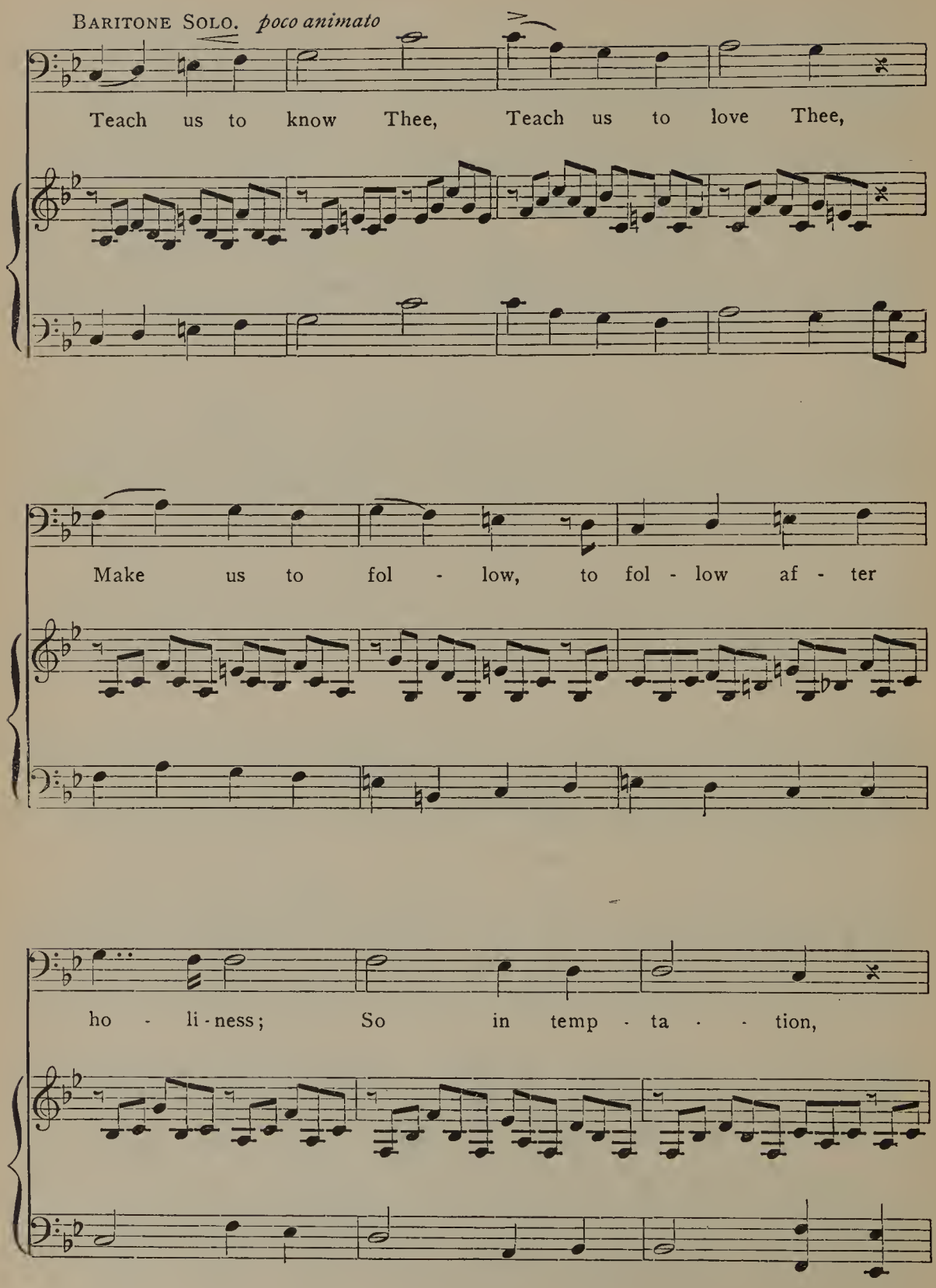
No. 12

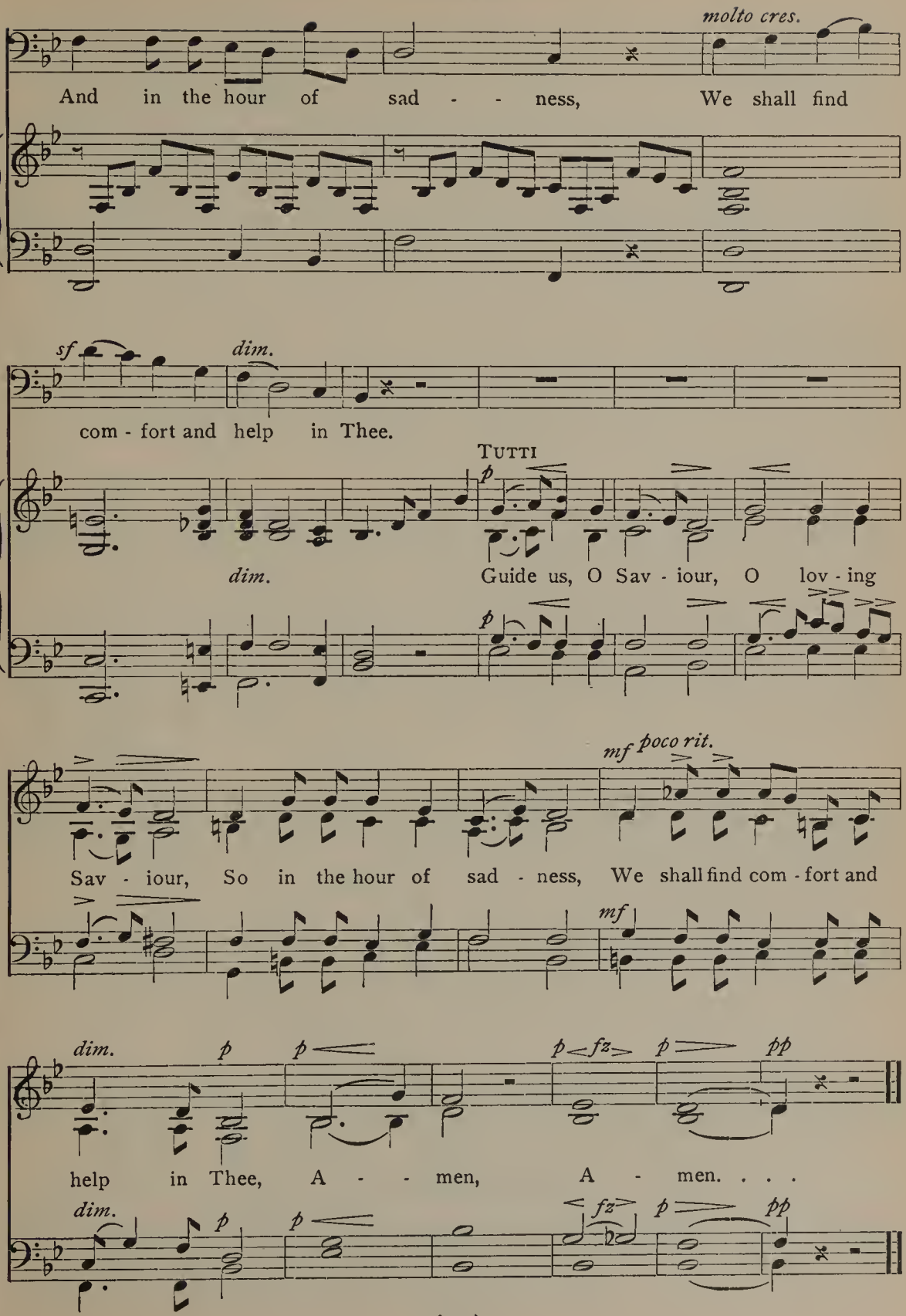
AVE MARIA

Rev. J. TROUTBECK

FRANZ ABT
Arr. by C. E. W.




BARITONE SOLO. poco animato
Teach us to know Thee, Teach us to love Thee,
Make us to fol - low, to fol - low af - ter
ho - li - ness; So in temp - ta - - tion,


molto cres.
And in the hour of sad - - ness, We shall find
sf
dim.
com - fort and help in Thee.
TUTTI
p
dim.
Guide us, O Sav - iour, O lov - ing
p
mf poco rit.
Sav - iour, So in the hour of sad - ness, We shall find com - fort and
mf
dim.
p
p
p
fz
p
pp
help in Thee, A - - men, A - men. . .
dim.
p
p
fz
p
pp

No. 13

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

HAROLD BOULTON

Welsh Melody. Arranged

Andante

BARITONE SOLO

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at-tend thee, All through the night;
2. Though I roam a min - strel lone - ly, All through the night;
3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing, Clear through the night;

TENORS I, II

pp Humming oo

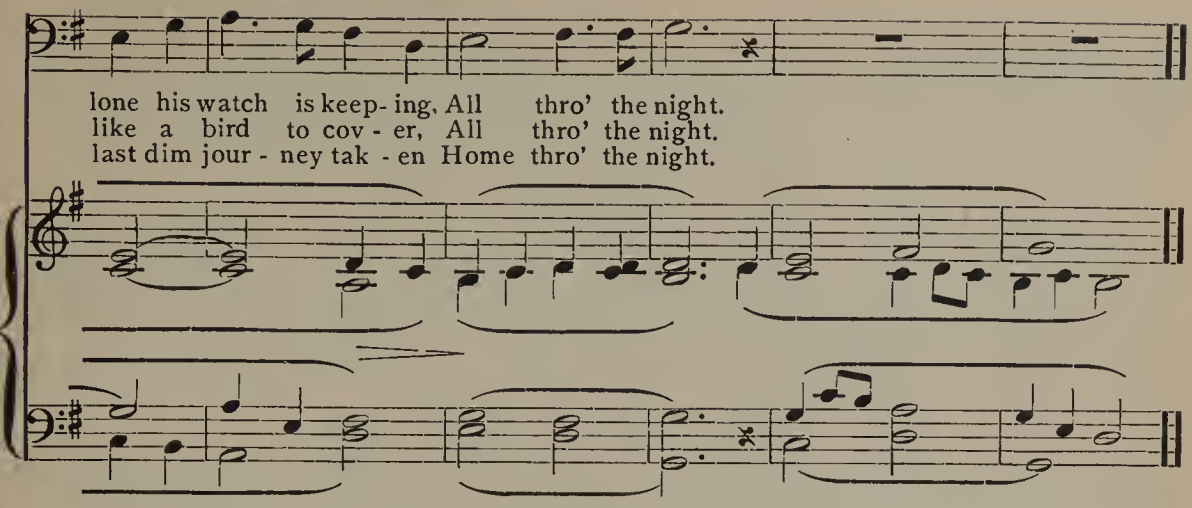
BASSES I, II

Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee, All through the night. Soft the drear-y
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly, All through the night. Hap - py days a-
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward winging, Home through the night. Earth - ly dust from

rall. *a tempo*

hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing, Love a -
las! are o - ver, Yet my thoughts round thee shall hov - er, wak - en,
off thee shak - en, Soul im - mor - tal, thou shalt wak - en, With thy

rall. *a tempo*



No. 14 LOVELY NIGHT

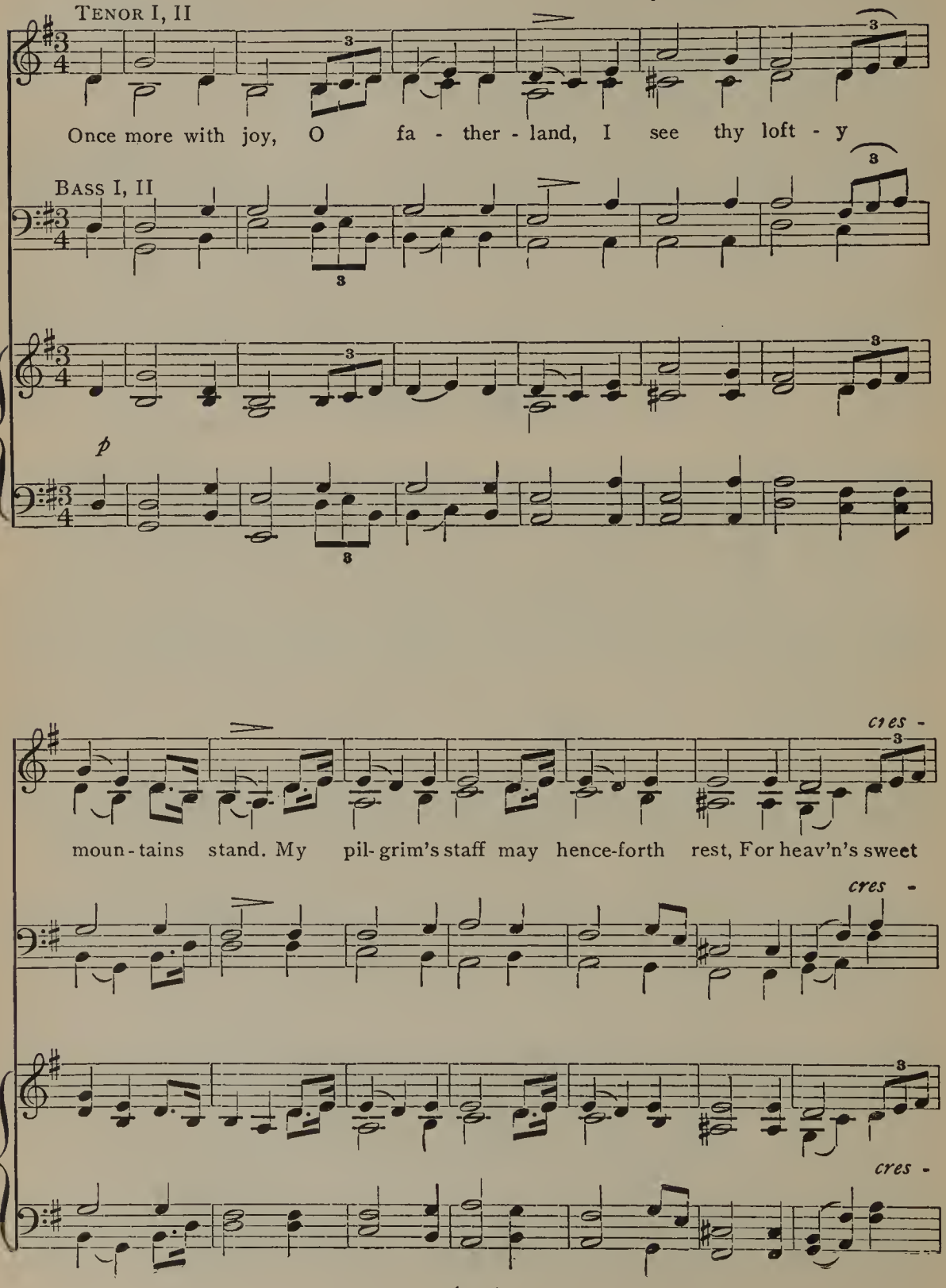


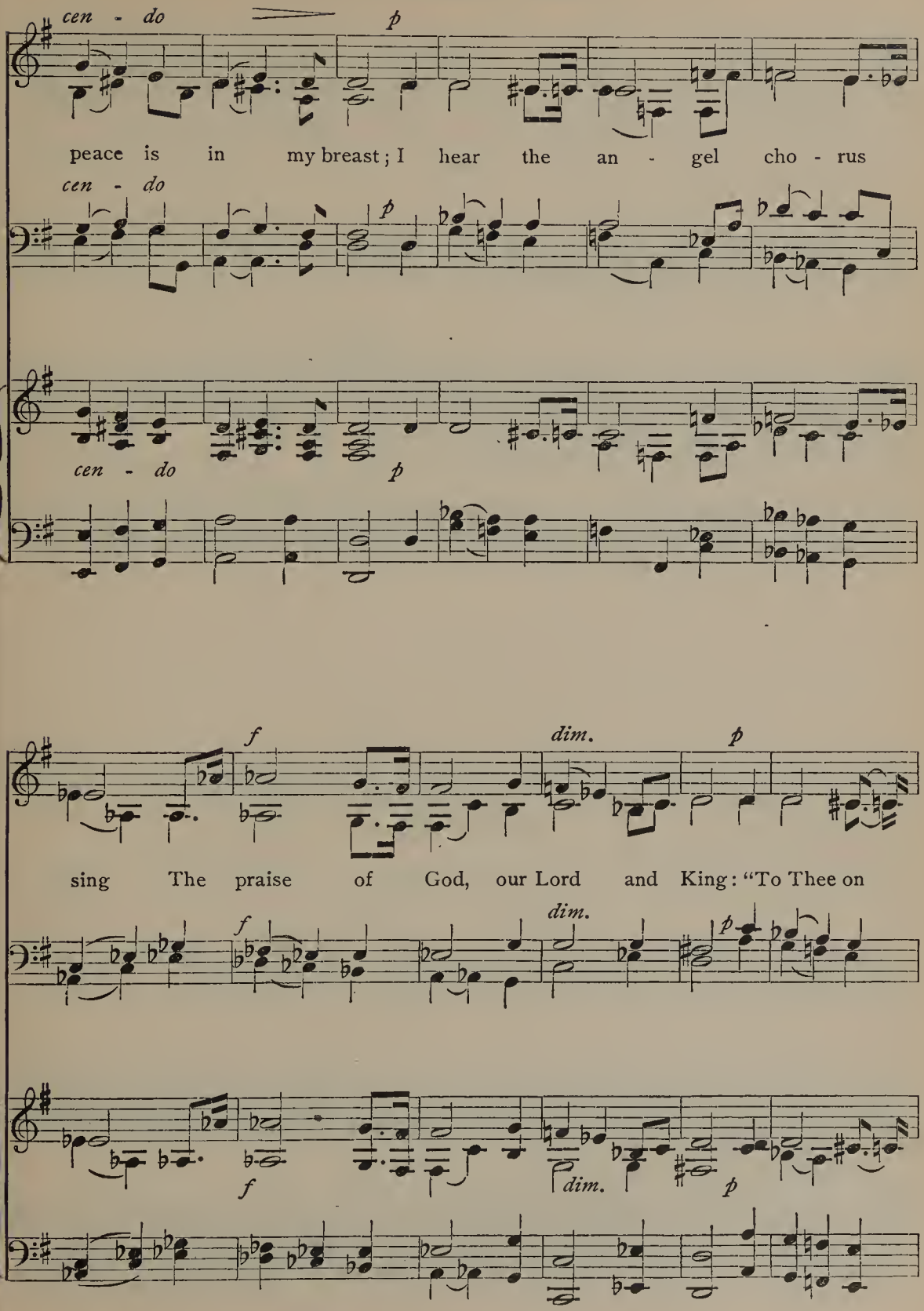
No. 15

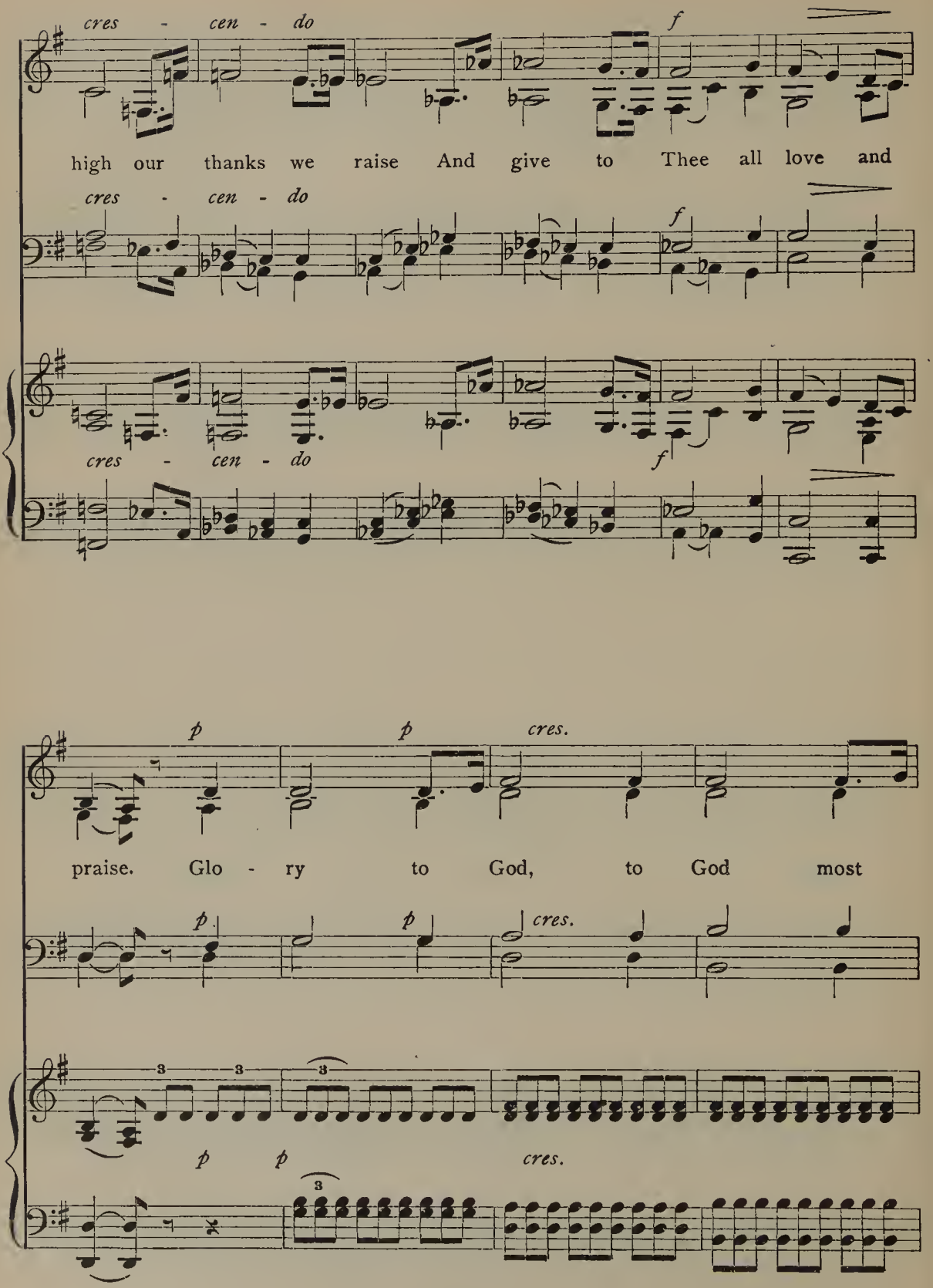
THE PILGRIMS' CHORUS

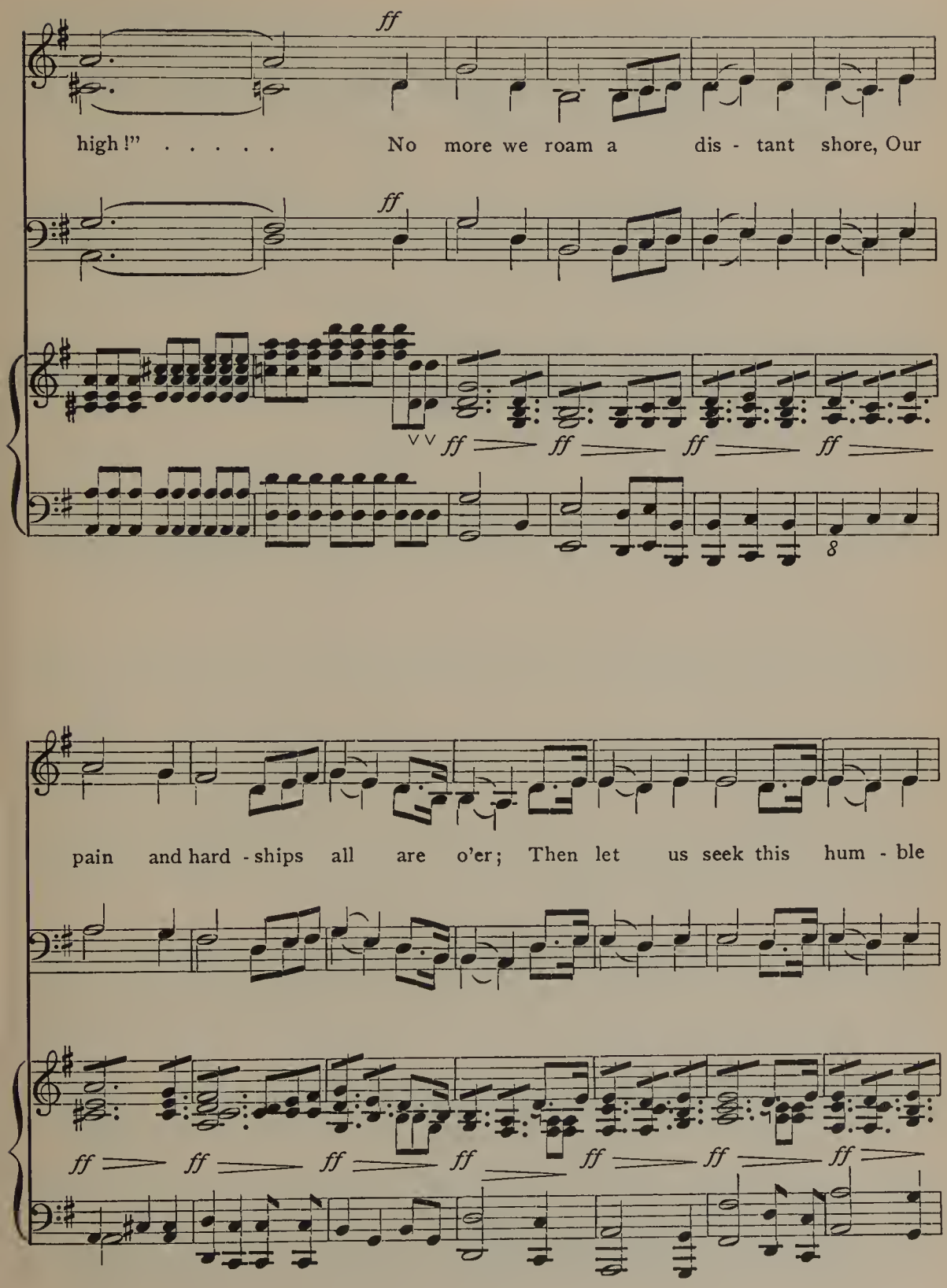
From "Tannhauser" RICHARD WAGNER

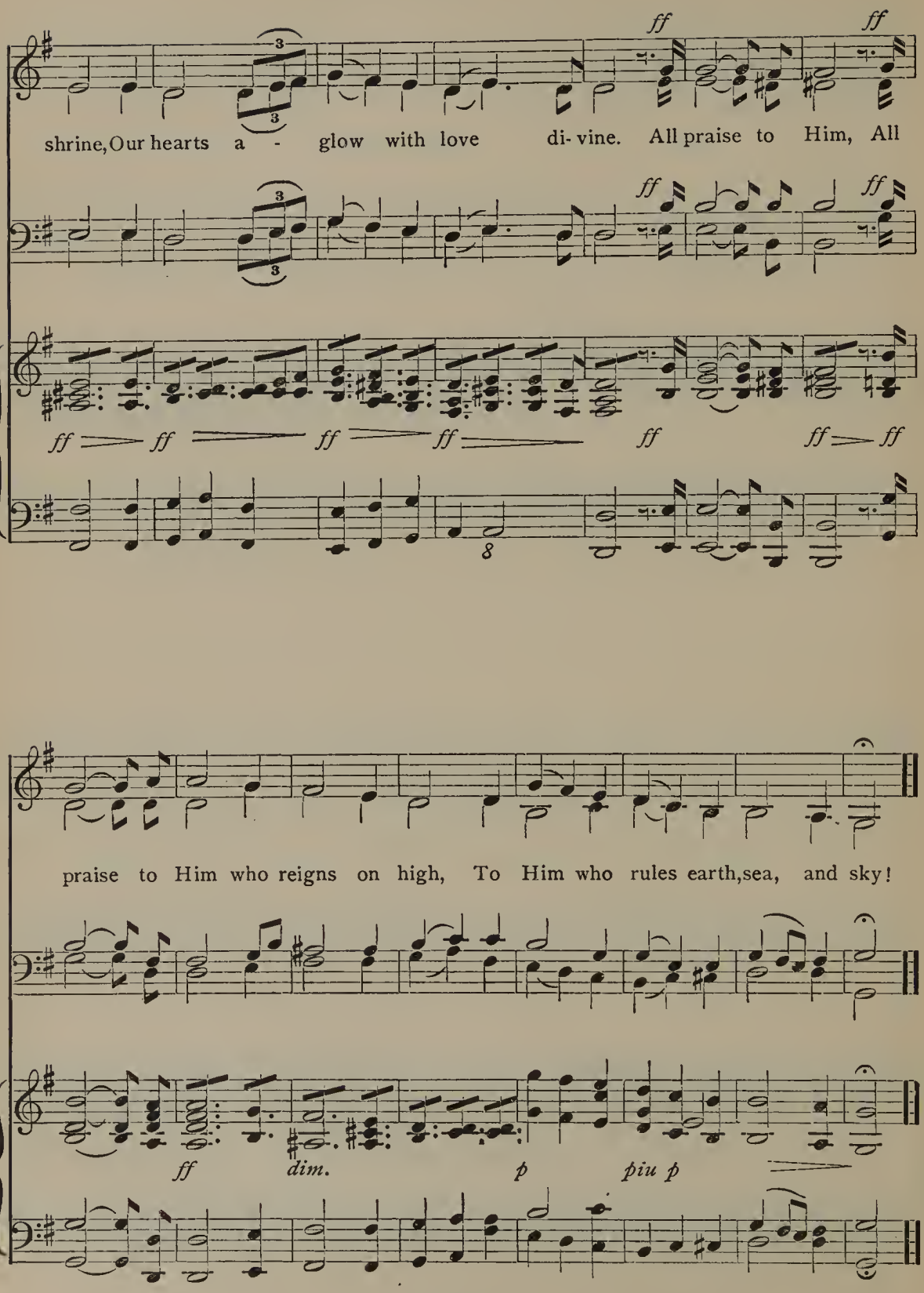
Arr. by C. E. W.




cen - do
p
peace is in my breast; I hear the an - gel cho - rus
cen - do
p
cen - do
p
f
dim.
p
sing The praise of God, our Lord and King: "To Thee on
f
dim.
p
f
dim.
p


cres - cen - do
f
high our thanks we raise And give to Thee all love and
cres - cen - do
f
cres - cen - do
f
p
p
cres.
praise. Glo - ry to God, to God most
p
p
cres.
3
3
3
p
p
cres.
3


ff
high!" . . . . . No more we roam a dis - tant shore, Our
ff
ff ff ff ff
8
pain and hard - ships all are o'er; Then let us seek this hum - ble
ff ff ff ff ff ff ff


ff
ff
shrine, Our hearts a - glow with love di- vine. All praise to Him, All
ff
ff
ff ff ff ff ff ff ff
8
praise to Him who reigns on high, To Him who rules earth, sea, and sky!
ff dim. p piu p

No. 16

PROUDLY AS THE EAGLE

ALFRED STONE
TENOR I, II

LOUIS SPOHR



No. 17

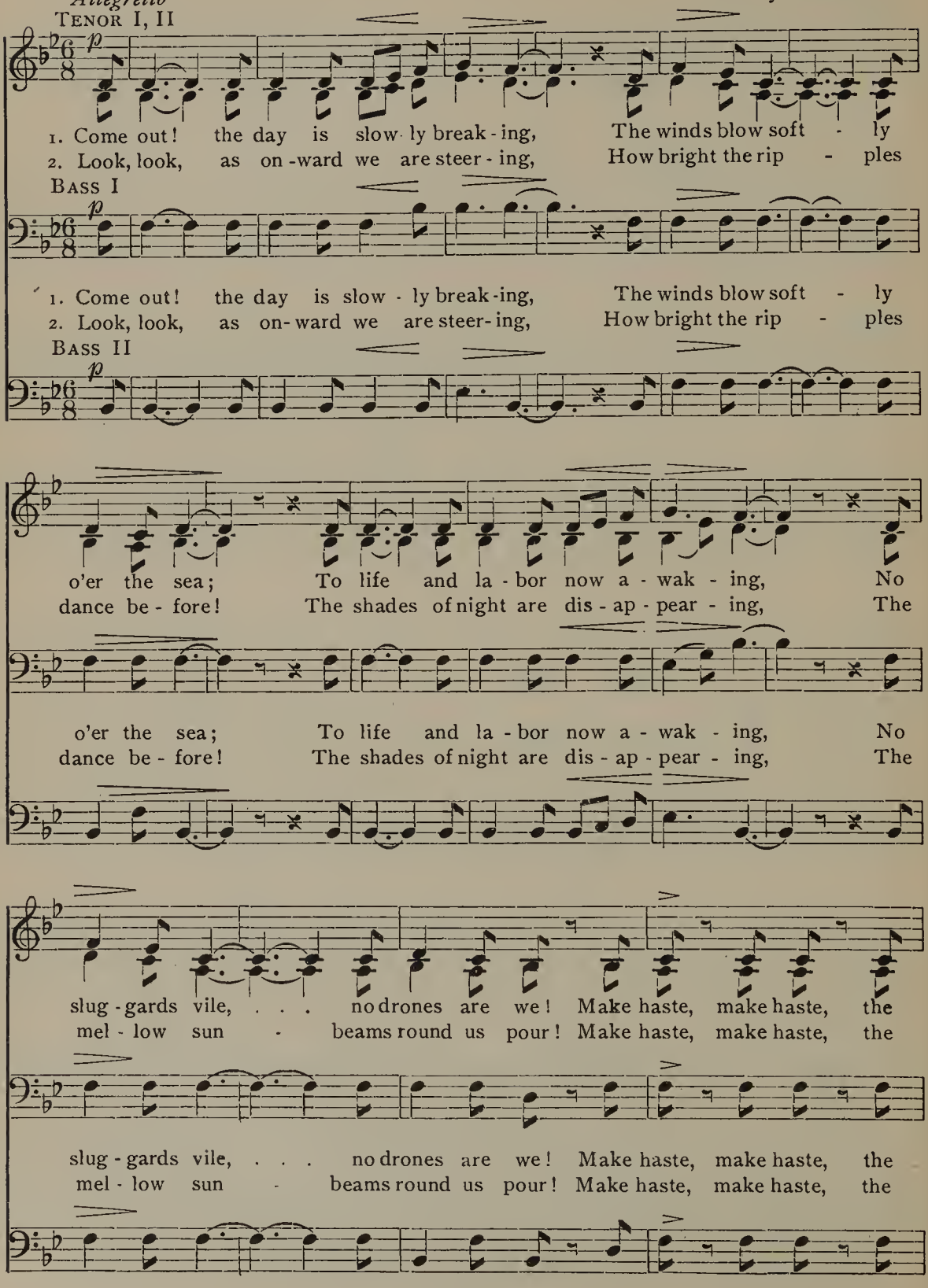
FISHER SONG

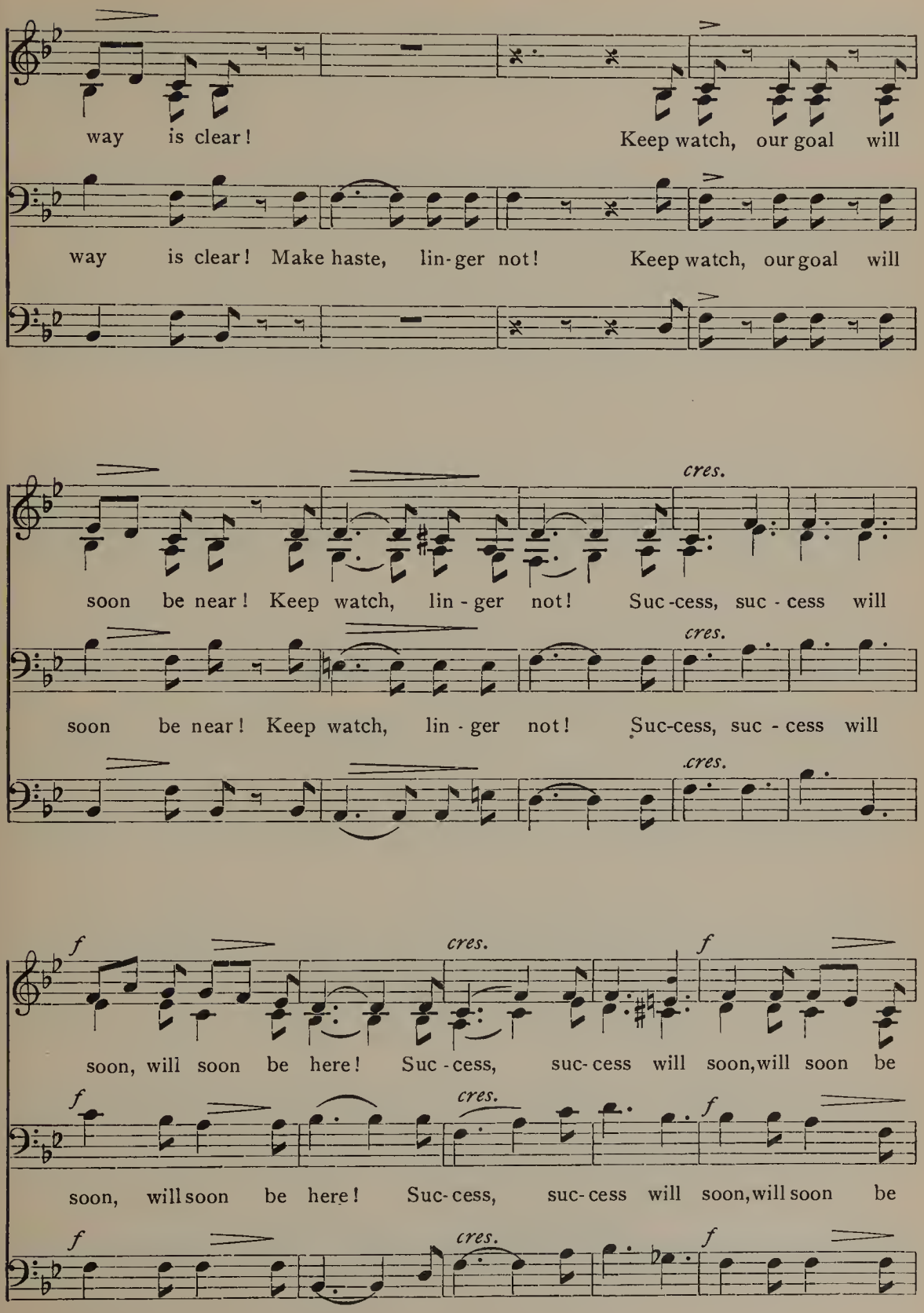
WM. W. CALDWELL

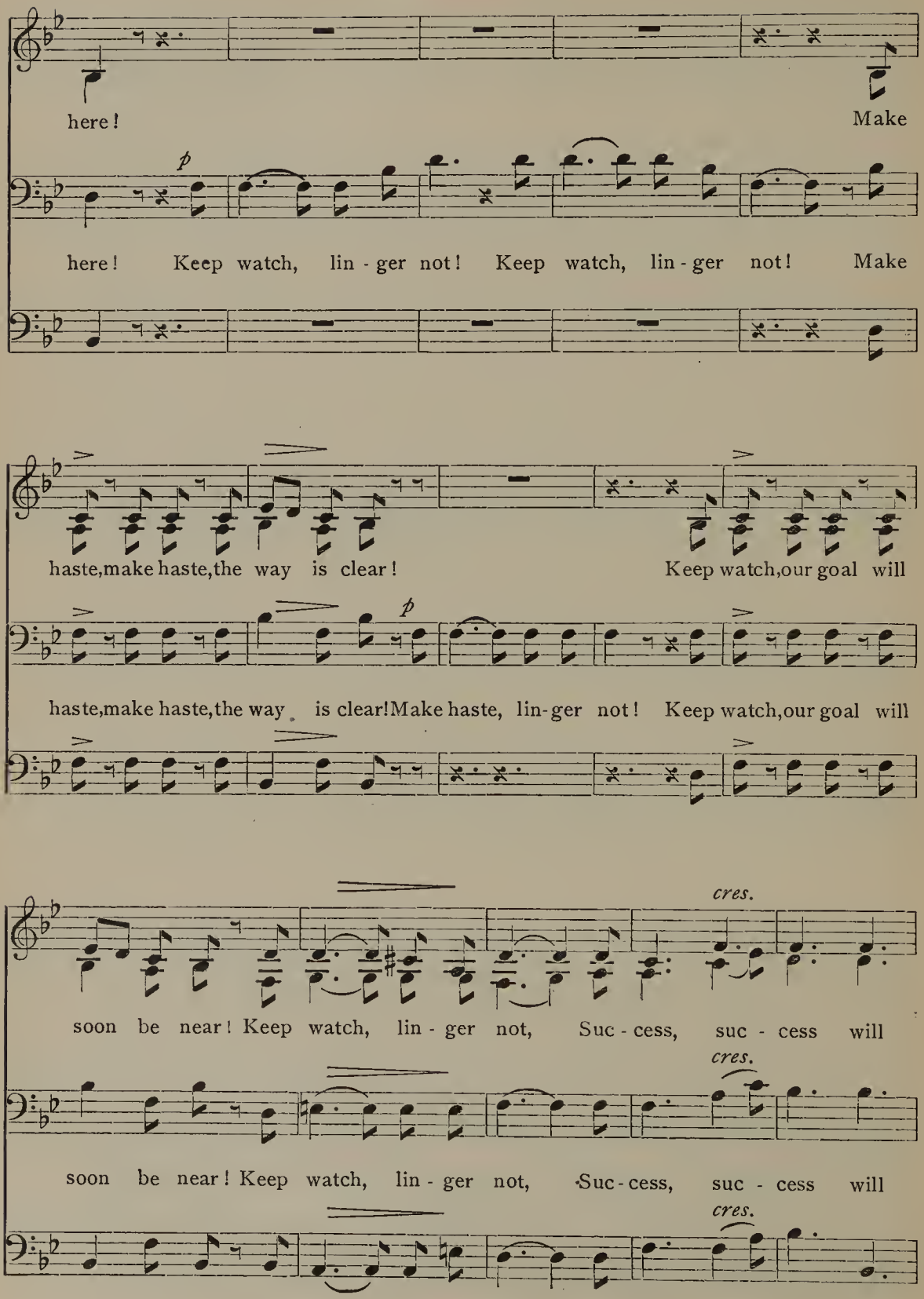
"Barcarole" AUBER
Arr. by C. E. W.

Allegretto

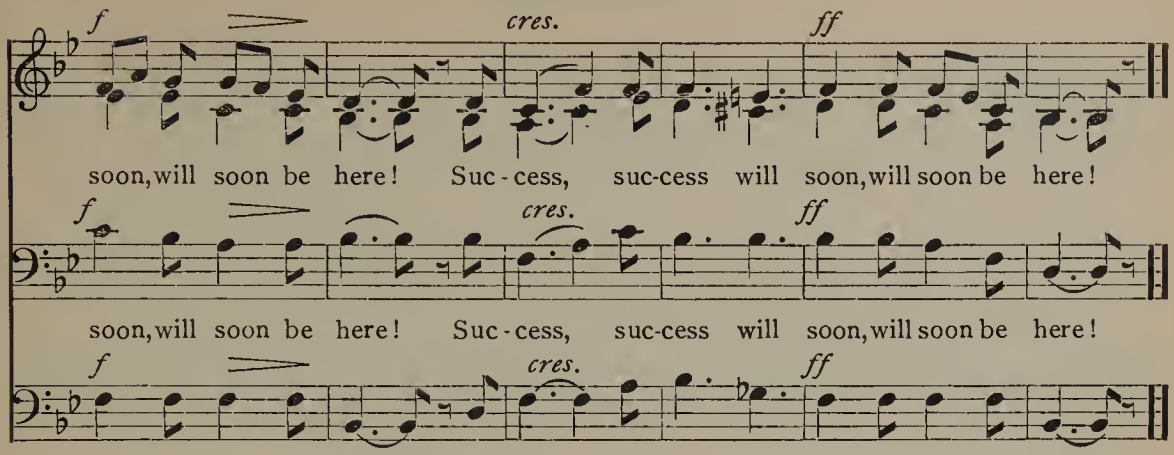
TENOR I, II




way is clear! Keep watch, our goal will
way is clear! Make haste, lin-ger not! Keep watch, our goal will
cres.
soon be near! Keep watch, lin-ger not! Suc-cess, suc-cess will
cres.
soon be near! Keep watch, lin-ger not! Suc-cess, suc-cess will
cres.
f
cres.
f
soon, will soon be here! Suc-cess, suc-cess will soon, will soon be
f
cres.
f
soon, will soon be here! Suc-cess, suc-cess will soon, will soon be
f
cres.
f


here!
Make
p
here! Keep watch, lin - ger not! Keep watch, lin - ger not! Make
haste, make haste, the way is clear!
Keep watch, our goal will
p
haste, make haste, the way is clear! Make haste, lin-ger not! Keep watch, our goal will
cres.
soon be near! Keep watch, lin - ger not, Suc - cess, suc - cess will
cres.
soon be near! Keep watch, lin - ger not, Suc - cess, suc - cess will
cres.

FISHER SONG



No. 18 STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

LONGFELLOW

I. B. WOODBURY
Arr. by F. E. C.

TENOR I, II

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps,
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps,
3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps

BASS I, II

Hide, hide your gold - en light! She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
Sink, sink in sil - ver light! She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
Watch, while in slum - ber light She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

She sleeps,

She sleeps, she sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

She sleeps,

No. 19

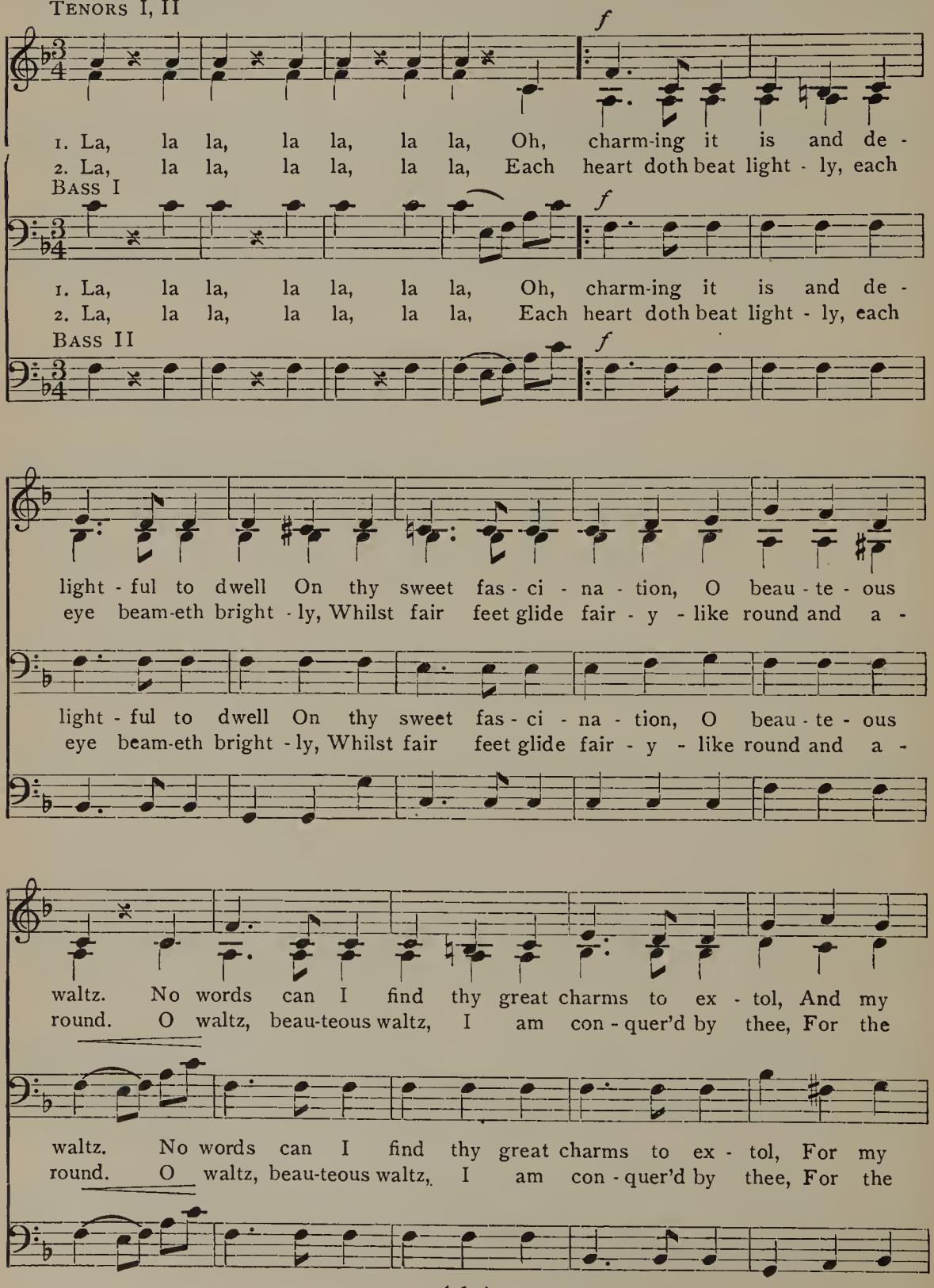
VOCAL WALTZ

W. F. TAYLOR

Arr. by C. E. W.

Tempo di valse

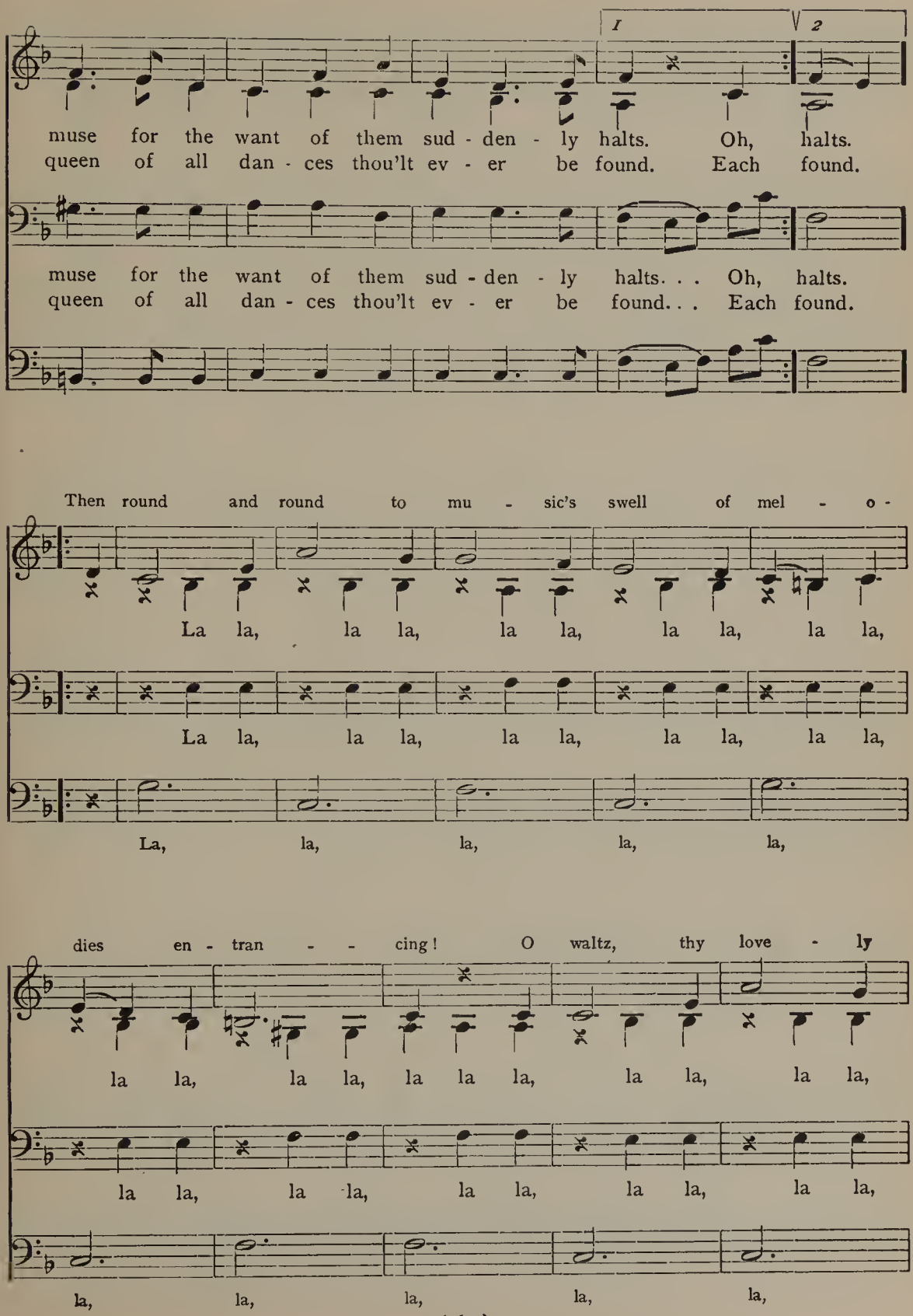
TENORS I, II



BASS I

1. La, la la, la la, la la, Oh, charm-ing it is and de -
2. La, la la, la la, la la, Each heart doth beat light - ly, each
light - ful to dwell On thy sweet fas - ci - na - tion, O beau - te - ous
eye beam-eth bright - ly, Whilst fair feet glide fair - y - like round and a -
waltz. No words can I find thy great charms to ex - tol, For my
round. O waltz, beau-teous waltz, I am con - quer'd by thee, For the

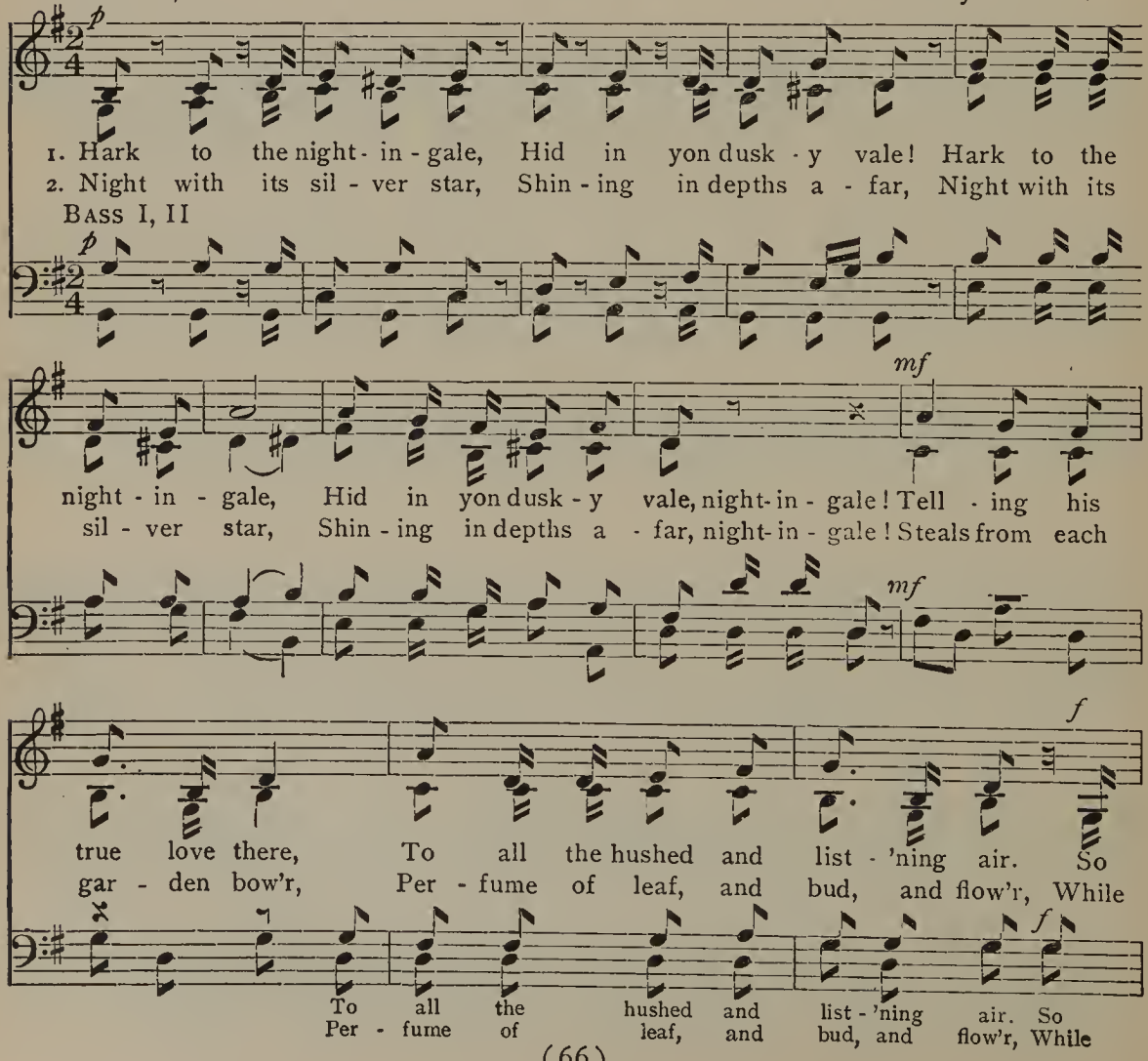
BASS II

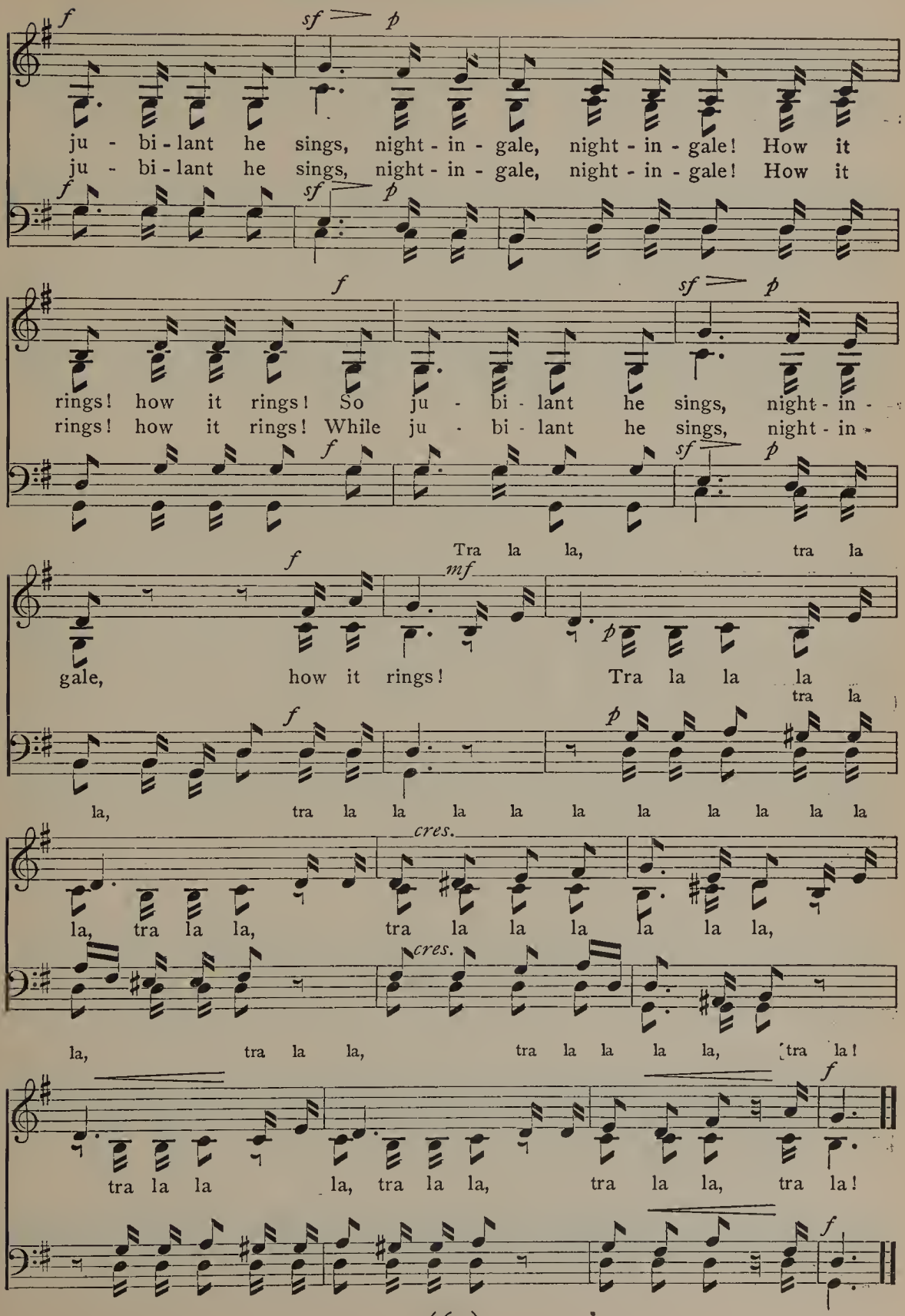

1
2
muse for the want of them sud - den - ly halts. Oh, halts.
queen of all dan - ces thou'lt ev - er be found. Each found.
muse for the want of them sud - den - ly halts. . . Oh, halts.
queen of all dan - ces thou'lt ev - er be found. . . Each found.
Then round and round to mu - sic's swell of mel - o -
La la, la la, la la, la la, la la,
La la, la la, la la, la la, la la,
La, la, la, la, la,
dies en - tran - - cing! O waltz, thy love - ly
la la, la la, la la la, la la, la la,
la la, la la, la la, la la, la la,
la, la, la, la, la,



No. 20 HARK TO THE NIGHTINGALE

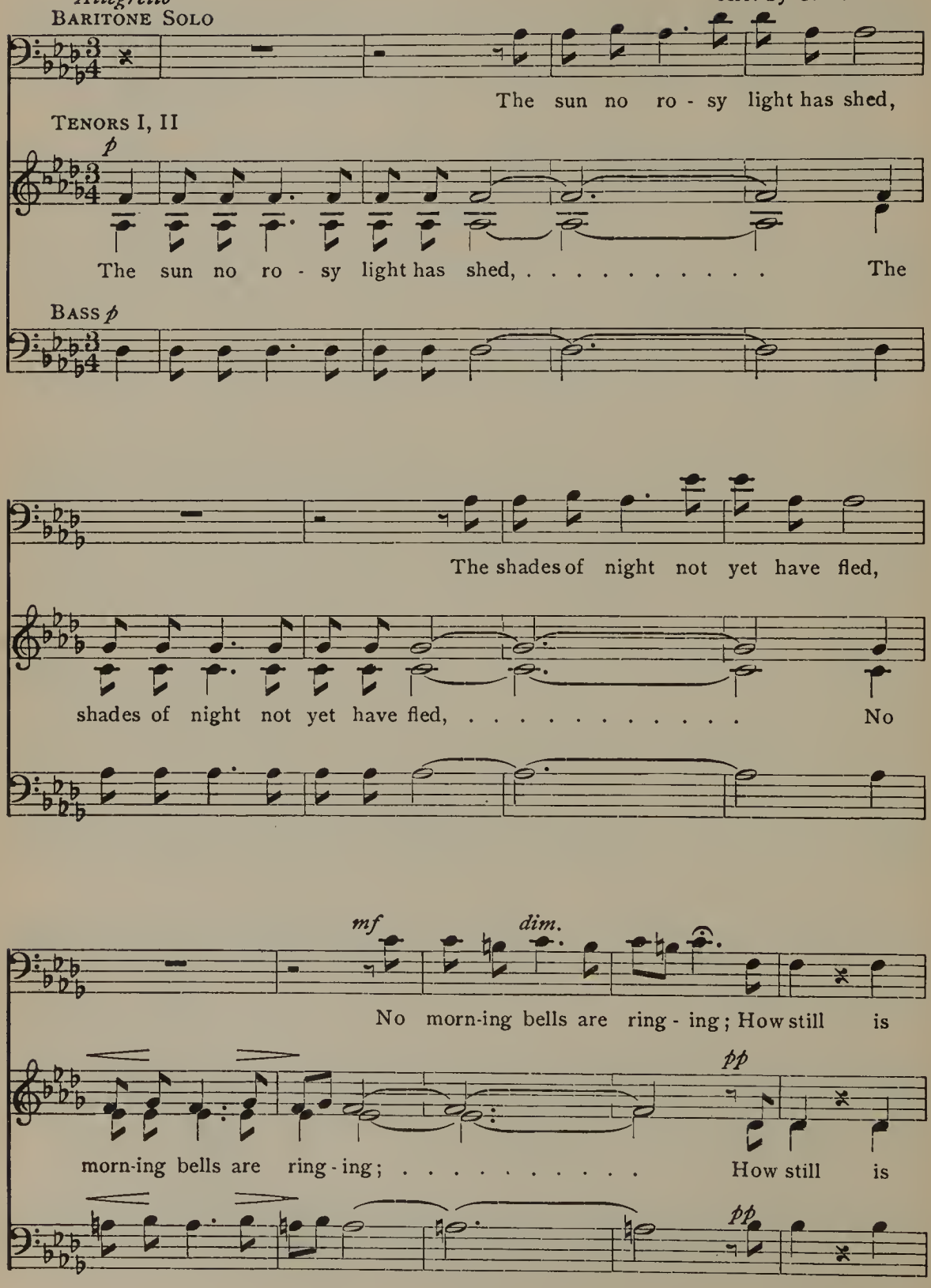
FRANZ ABT
Arr. by C. E. W.

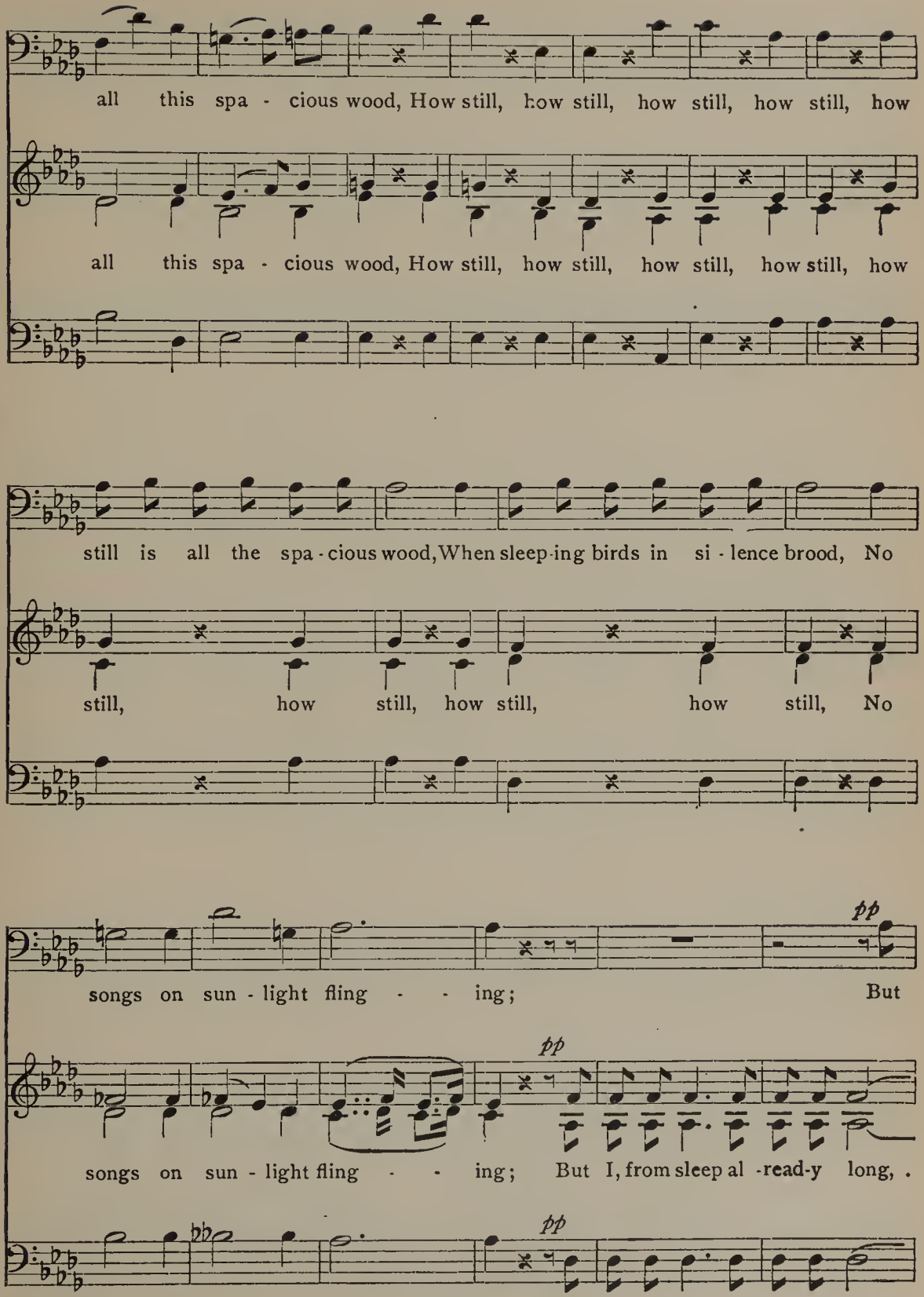


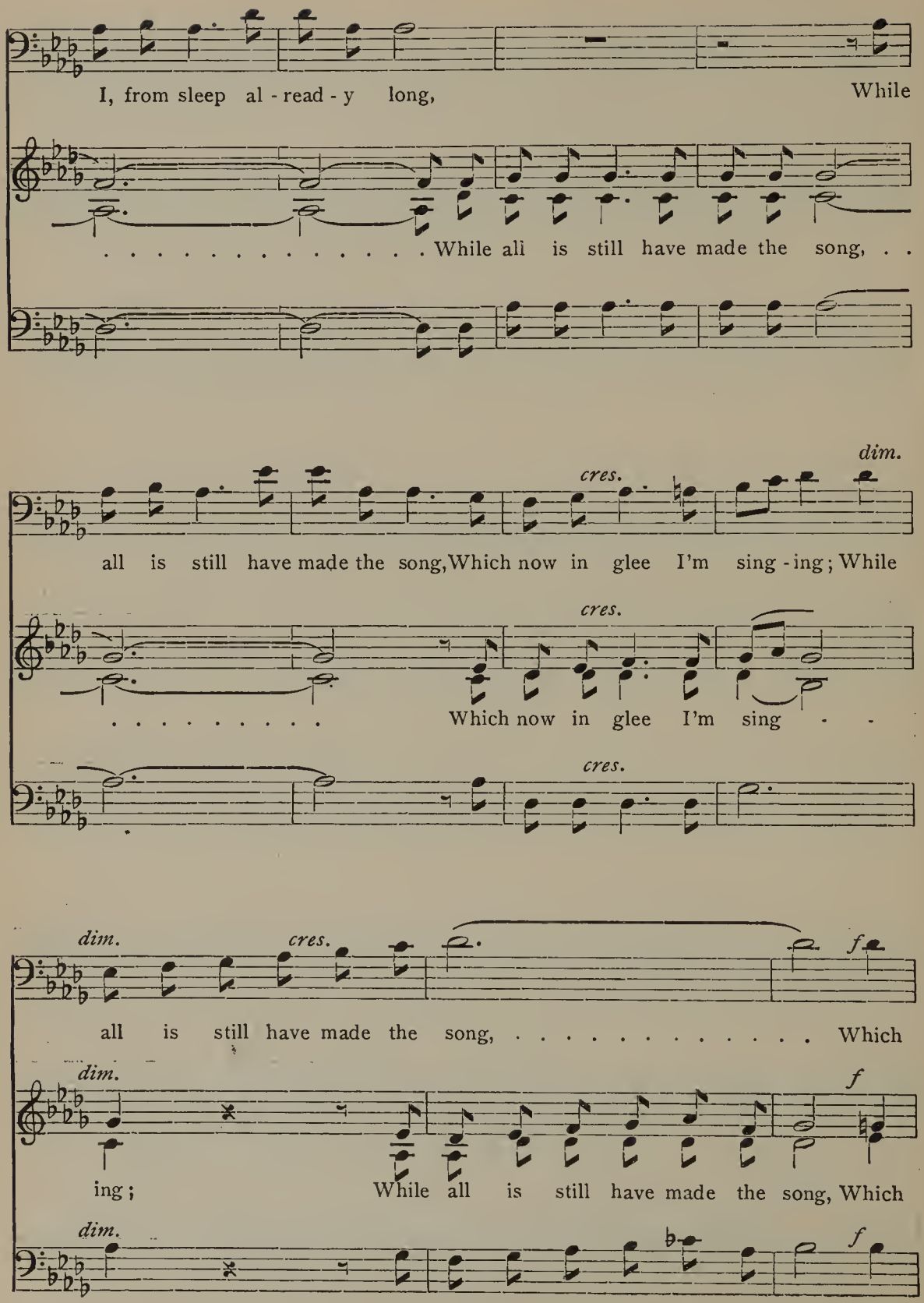

ju - bi - lant he sings, night - in - gale, night - in - gale! How it
ju - bi - lant he sings, night - in - gale, night - in - gale! How it
rings! how it rings! So ju - bi - lant he sings, night - in -
rings! how it rings! While ju - bi - lant he sings, night - in -
Tra la la, tra la
gale, how it rings! Tra la la la
tra la
la, tra la la la la la la la la la la
la, tra la la, tra la la la la la,
la, tra la la, tra la la la la, tra la!
tra la la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la!

EARLY MORNING

From KREUTZER
Arr. by C. E. W.




all this spa - cious wood, How still, how still, how still, how still, how
all this spa - cious wood, How still, how still, how still, how still, how
still is all the spa - cious wood, When sleep-ing birds in si - lence brood, No
still, how still, how still, how still, No
pp
songs on sun - light fling - - ing; But
pp
songs on sun - light fling - - ing; But I, from sleep al - read-y long,
pp


I, from sleep al - read - y long, While
. . . . . While all is still have made the song, . .
dim.
cres.
all is still have made the song, Which now in glee I'm sing - ing; While
cres.
. . . . . Which now in glee I'm sing - -
cres.
dim.
cres.
f
all is still have made the song, ... Which
dim.
f
ing; While all is still have made the song, Which
dim.
f



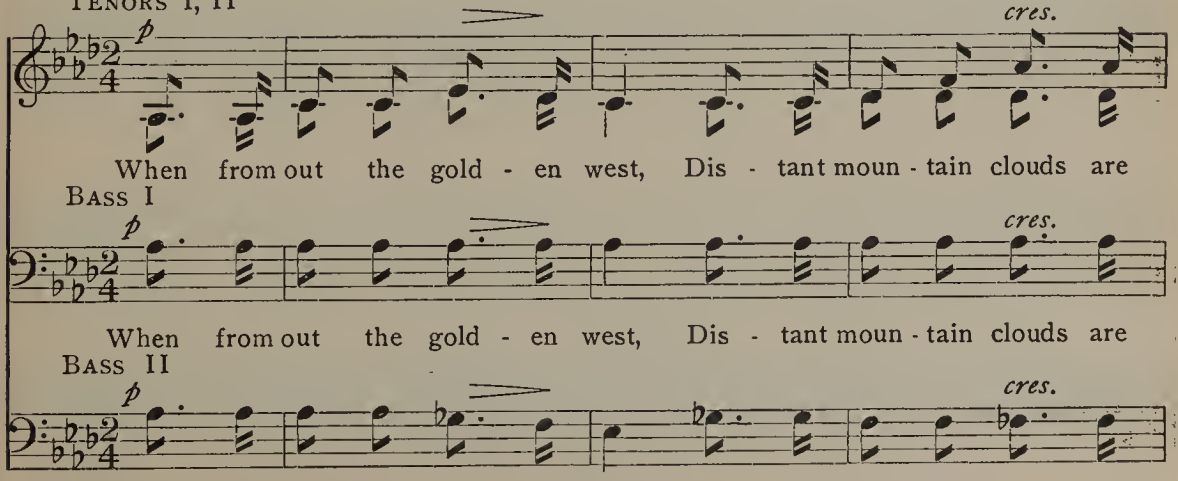
No. 22

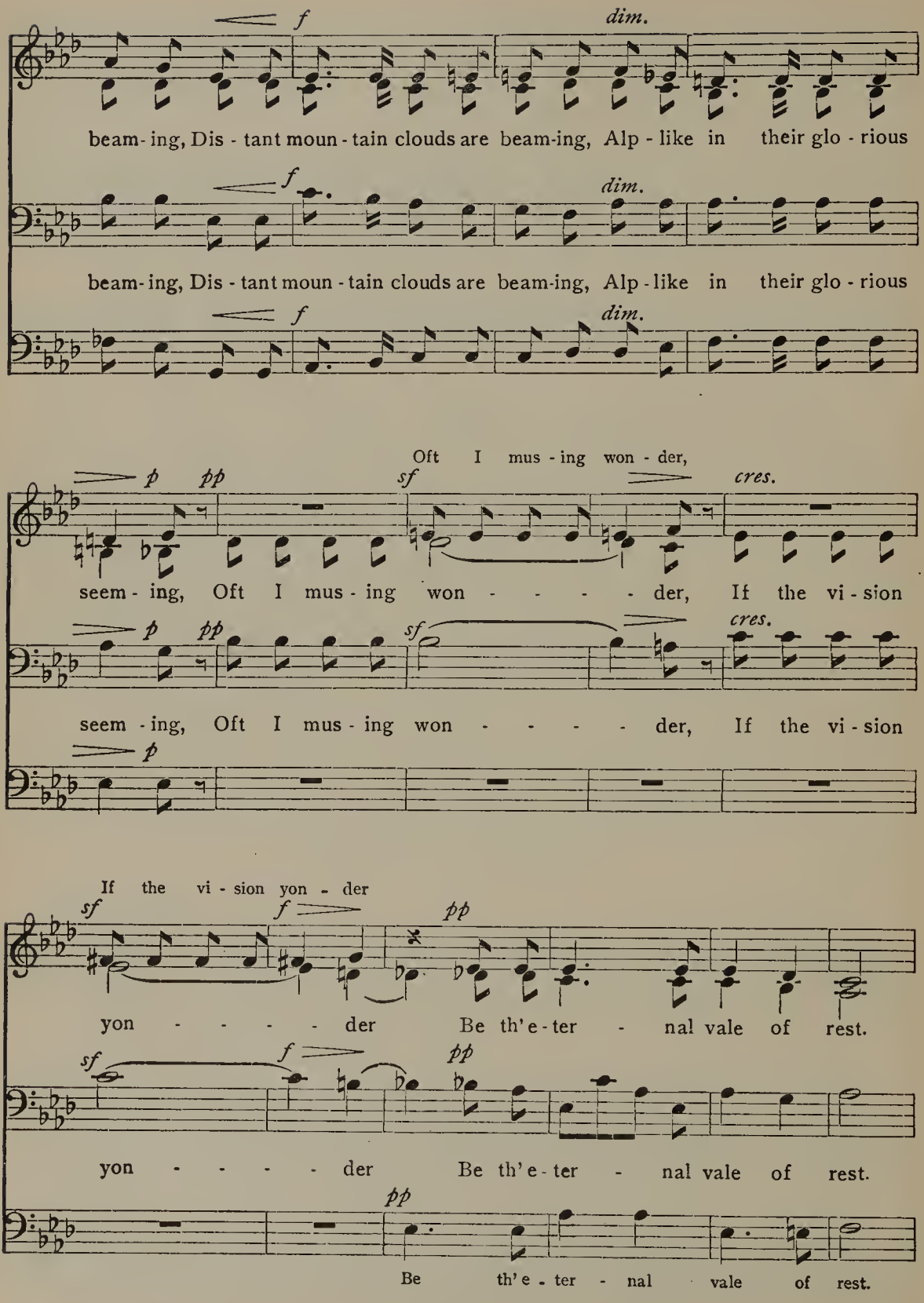
THE VALE OF REST

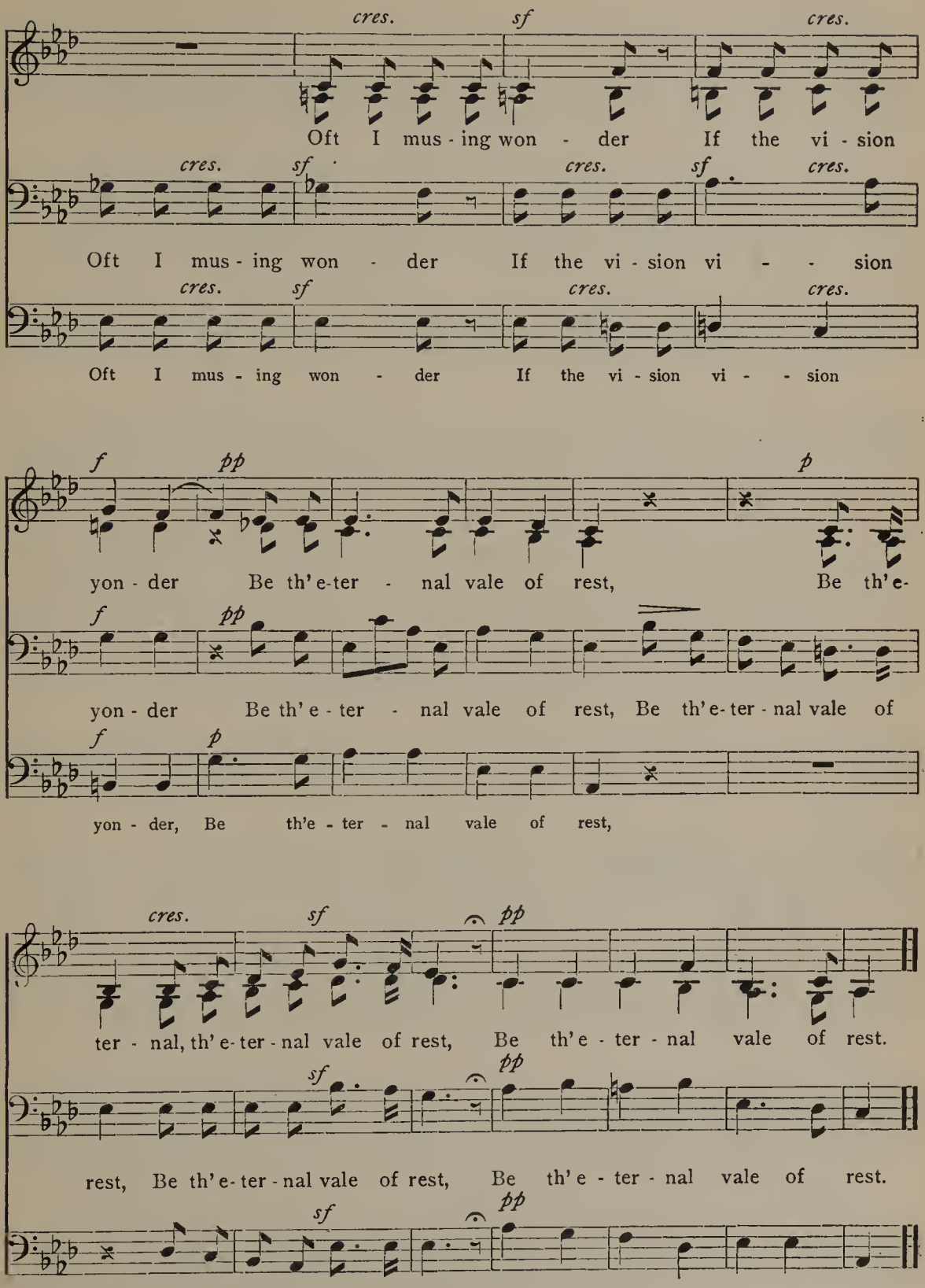
Andante

TENORS I, II

MENDELSSOHN
Arr. by C. E. W.




f
dim.
beam- ing, Dis - tant moun - tain clouds are beam-ing, Alp - like in their glo - rious
beam- ing, Dis - tant moun - tain clouds are beam-ing, Alp - like in their glo - rious
Oft I mus - ing won - der,
p
pp
sf
cres.
seem - ing, Oft I mus - ing won - - - - - der, If the vi - sion
seem - ing, Oft I mus - ing won - - - - - der, If the vi - sion
If the vi - sion yon - der
f
pp
yon - - - - - der Be th'e - ter - nal vale of rest.
yon - - - - - der Be th'e - ter - nal vale of rest.
Be th'e - ter - nal vale of rest.


cres. sf cres.
Oft I mus - ing won - der If the vi - sion
cres. sf cres. sf cres.
Oft I mus - ing won - der If the vi - sion vi - - sion
cres. sf cres. cres.
Oft I mus - ing won - der If the vi - sion vi - - sion
f pp p
yon - der Be th' e-ter - nal vale of rest, Be th' e-
f pp
yon - der Be th' e - ter - nal vale of rest, Be th' e-ter - nal vale of
f p
yon - der, Be th'e - ter - nal vale of rest,
cres. sf pp
ter - nal, th' e-ter - nal vale of rest, Be th' e - ter - nal vale of rest.
sf pp
rest, Be th' e-ter - nal vale of rest, Be th' e - ter - nal vale of rest.
sf pp

No. 23

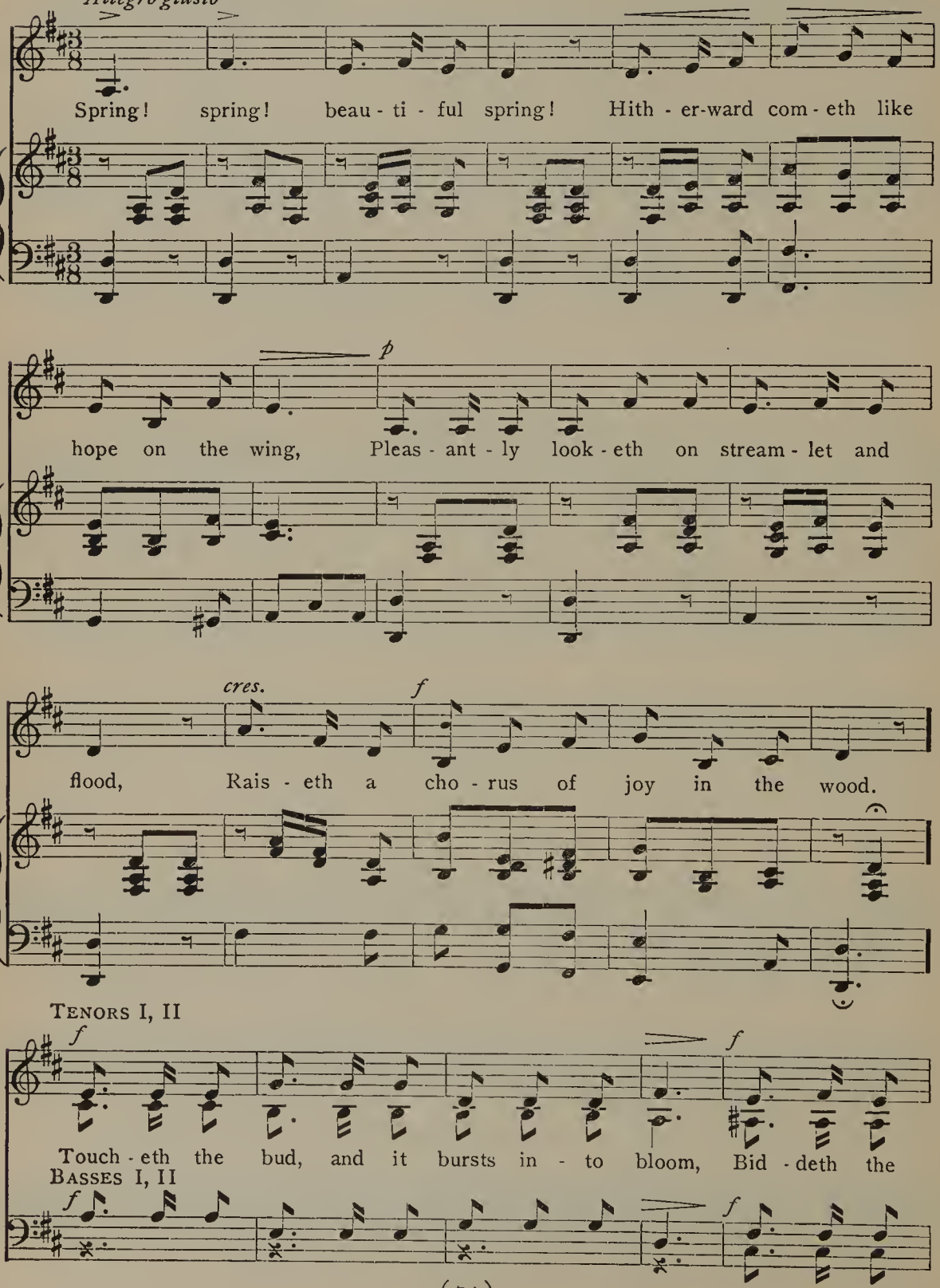
SONG TO SPRING

JOHN SWAIN

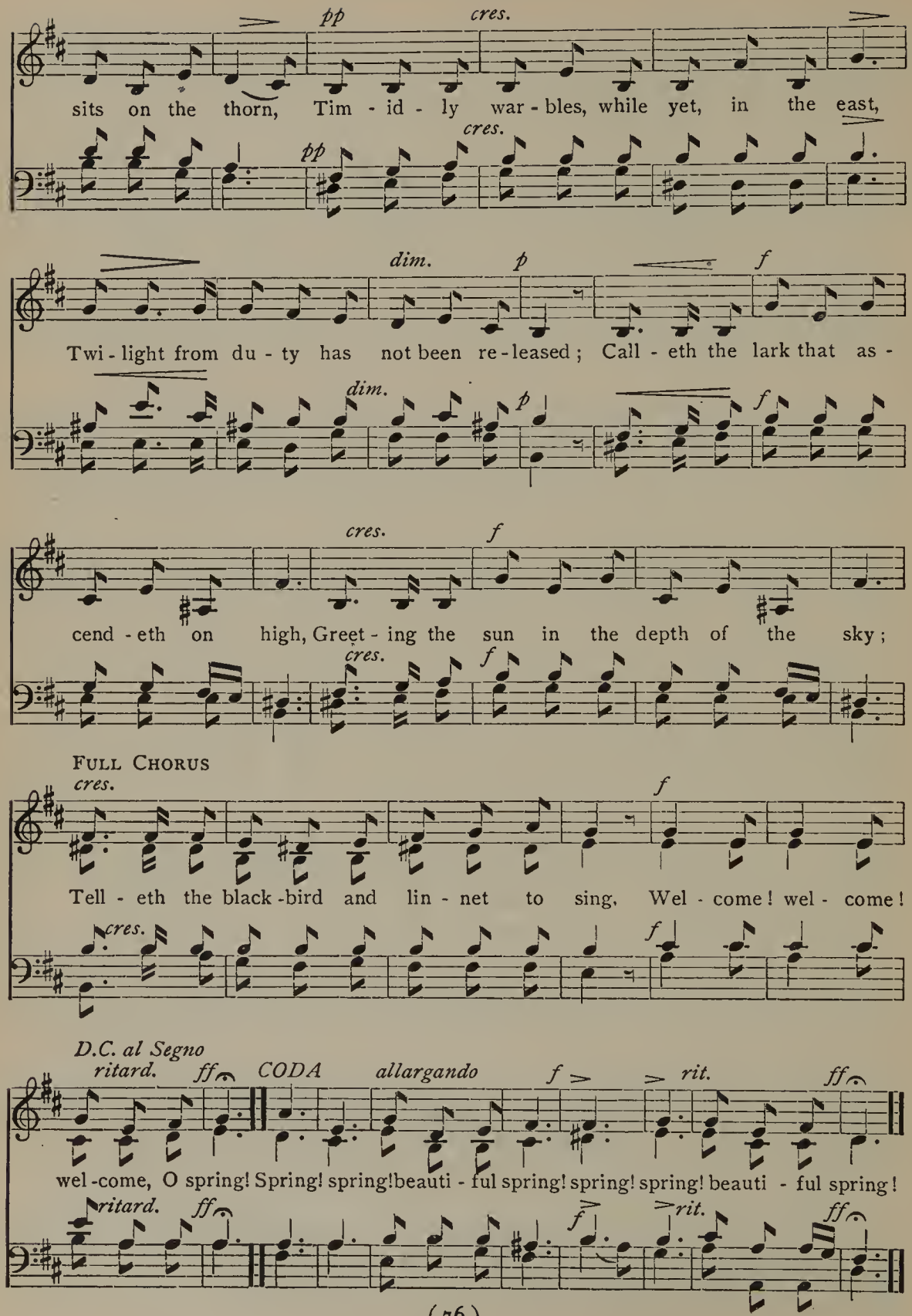
FRANCESCO BERGER
Arr. by C. E. W.

SEMI-CHORUS OR SOLO

Allegro giusto




dim.
p
cres.
beau - ti - ful rise from the tomb, Bless - eth the heart like a heav'n - ly thing,
Spring! spring!
f
rit.
ff
a tempo
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful spring! Spring! spring! beau - ti - ful spring!
Hith - er - ward com - eth like hope on the wing, Pleas ant - ly look - eth on
Segue Coda
stream - let and flood, Rais - eth a cho - rus of joy in the wood.
TENOR OR BARITONE SOLO
pp
Song sweet - ly sa - lut - eth the morn, The rob - in a - wak - eth and
SEMI-CHORUS


pp
cres.
sits on the thorn, Tim - id - ly war - bles, while yet, in the east,
dim.
p
f
Twi - light from du - ty has not been re - leased; Call - eth the lark that as -
cres.
f
cend - eth on high, Greet - ing the sun in the depth of the sky;
Full Chorus
Tell - eth the black - bird and lin - net to sing, Wel - come! wel - come!
D.C. al Segno
ritard.
ff
CODA
allargando
rit.
wel - come, O spring! Spring! spring! beauti - ful spring! spring! spring! beauti - ful spring!

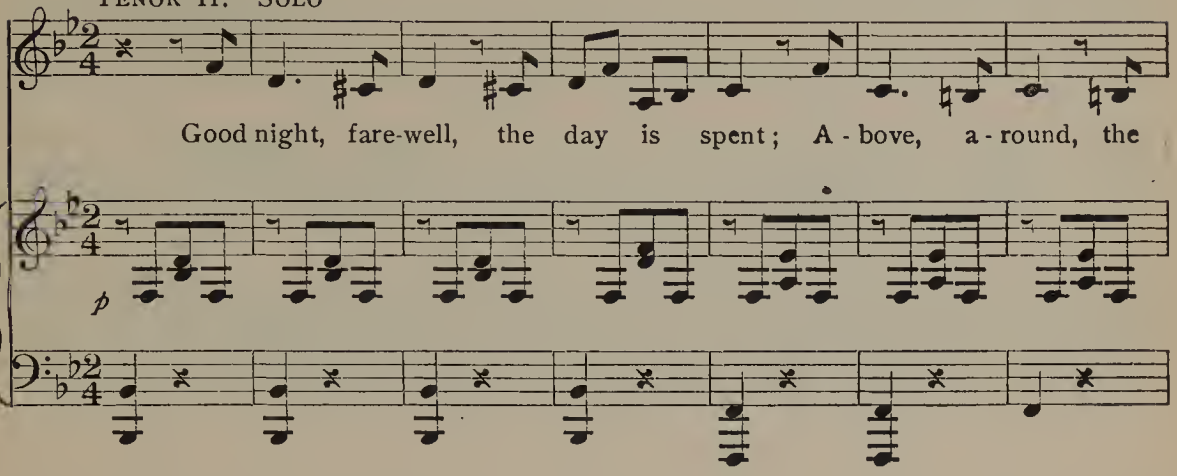
GOOD NIGHT, FAREWELL

E. A. G.

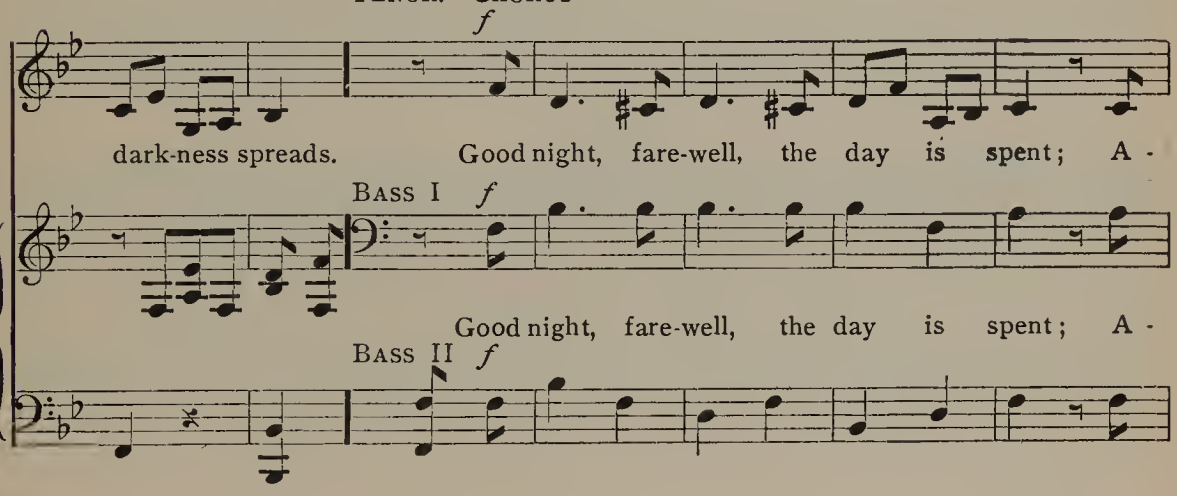
Con spirito

TENOR II. SOLO

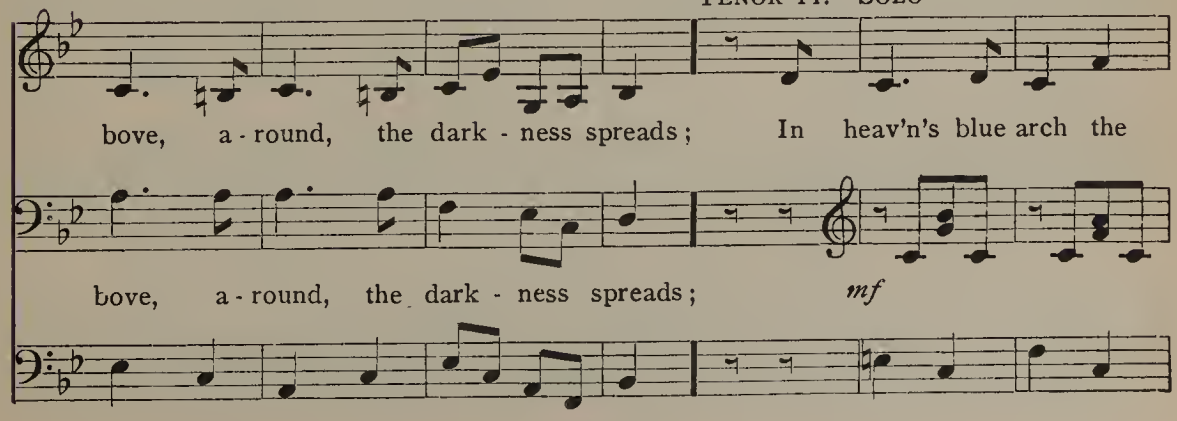
GEORGE M. GARRETT, Mus. D.
Arr. by C. E. W.

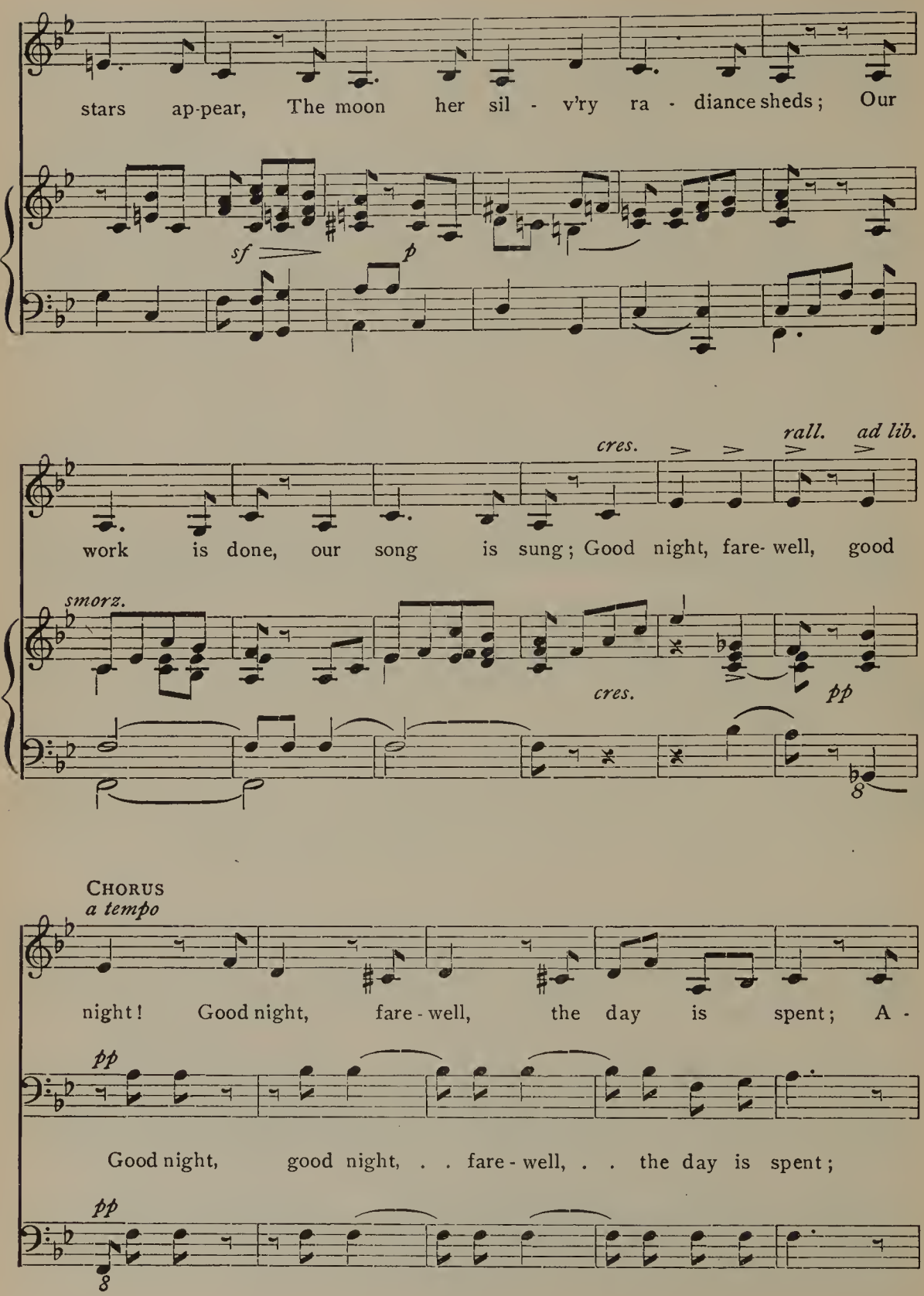


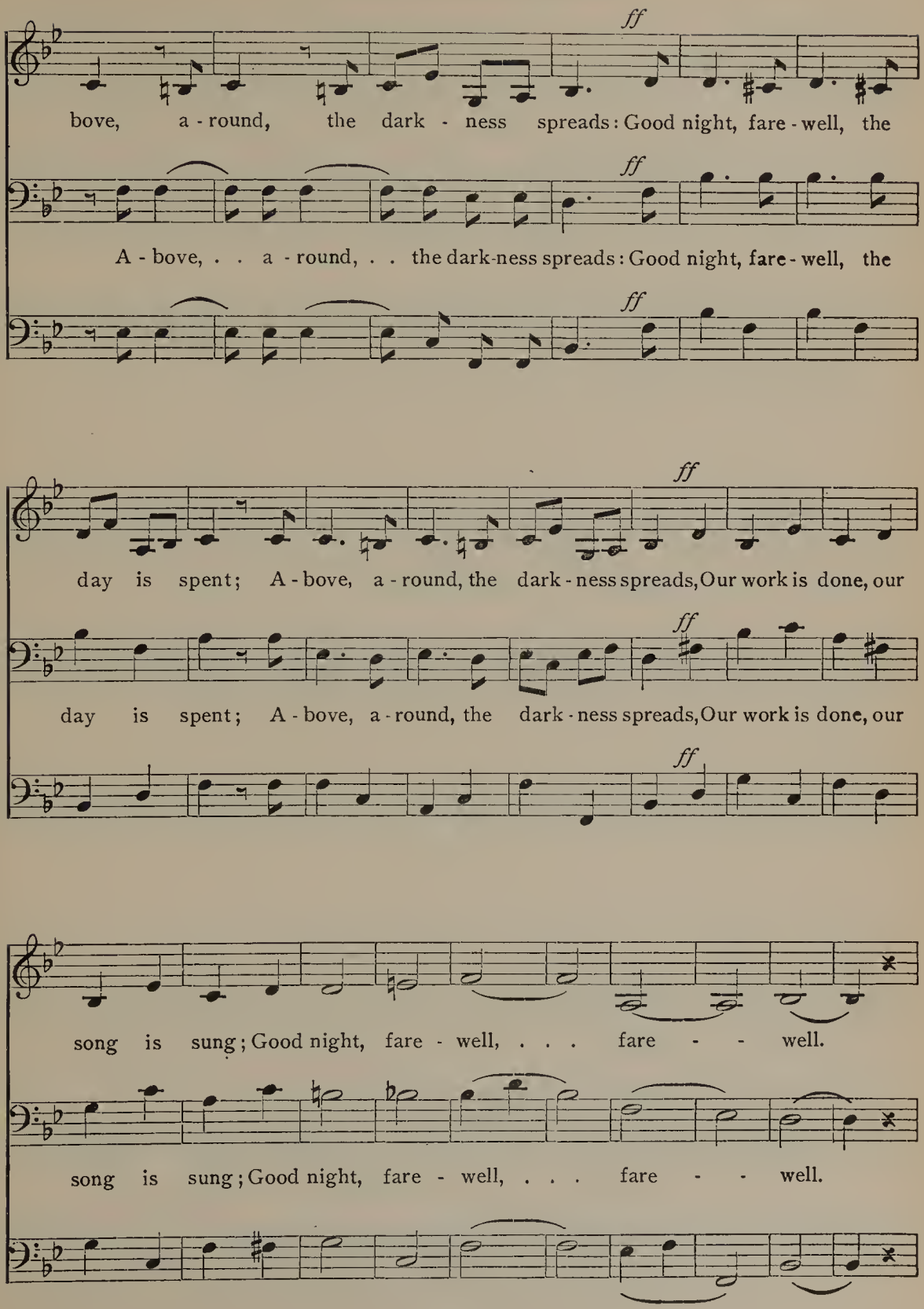
TENOR. CHORUS

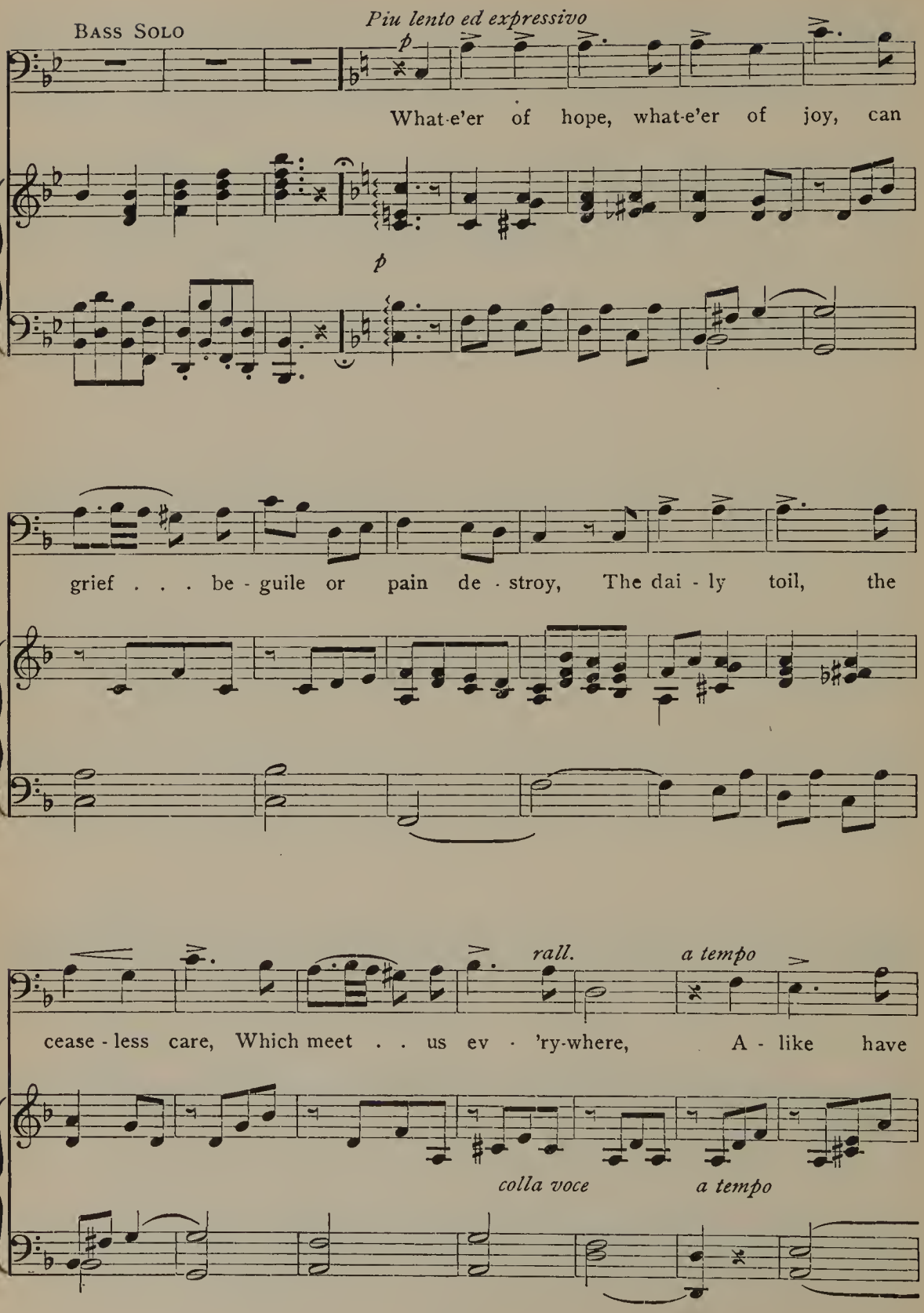


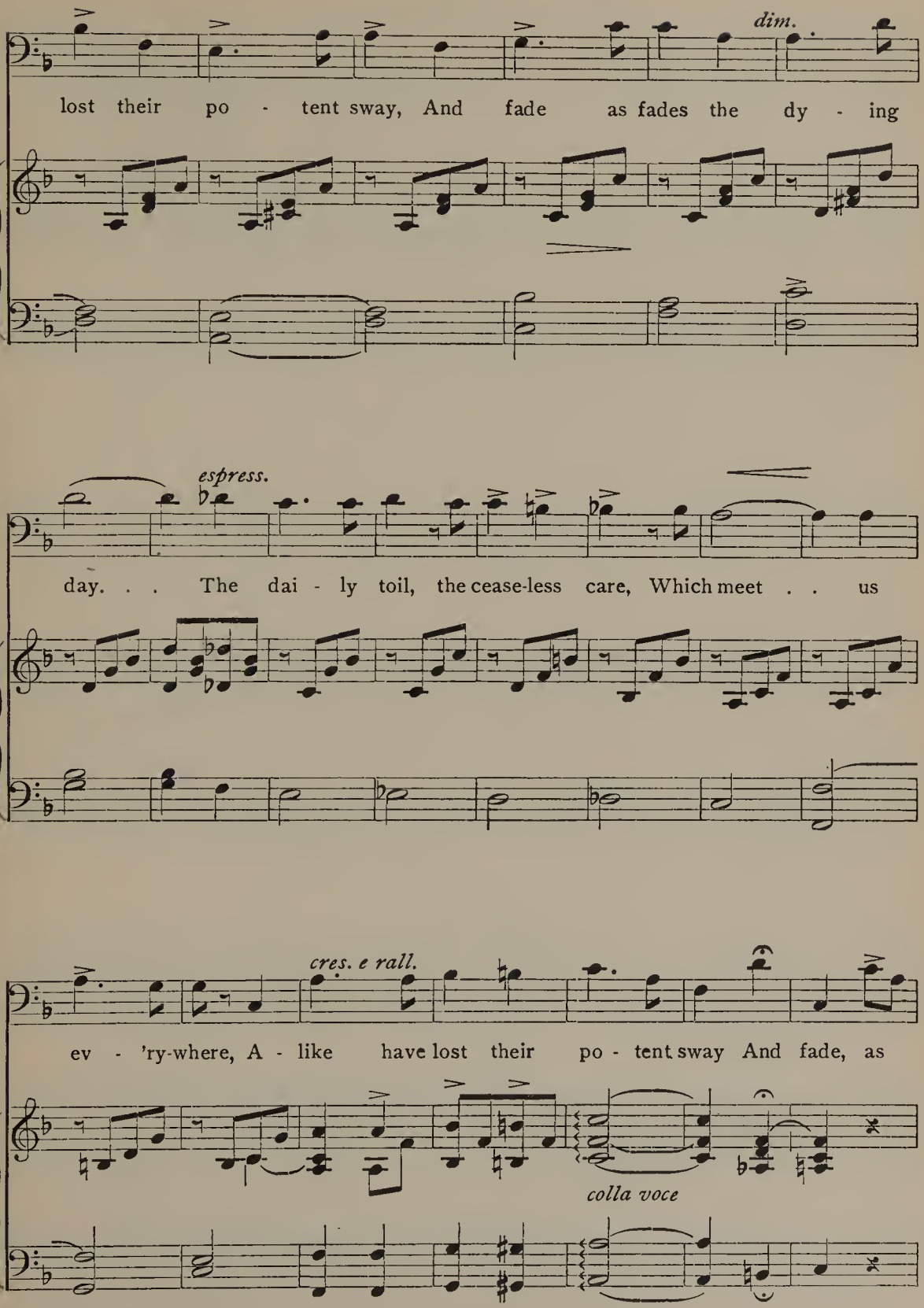
TENOR II. SOLO

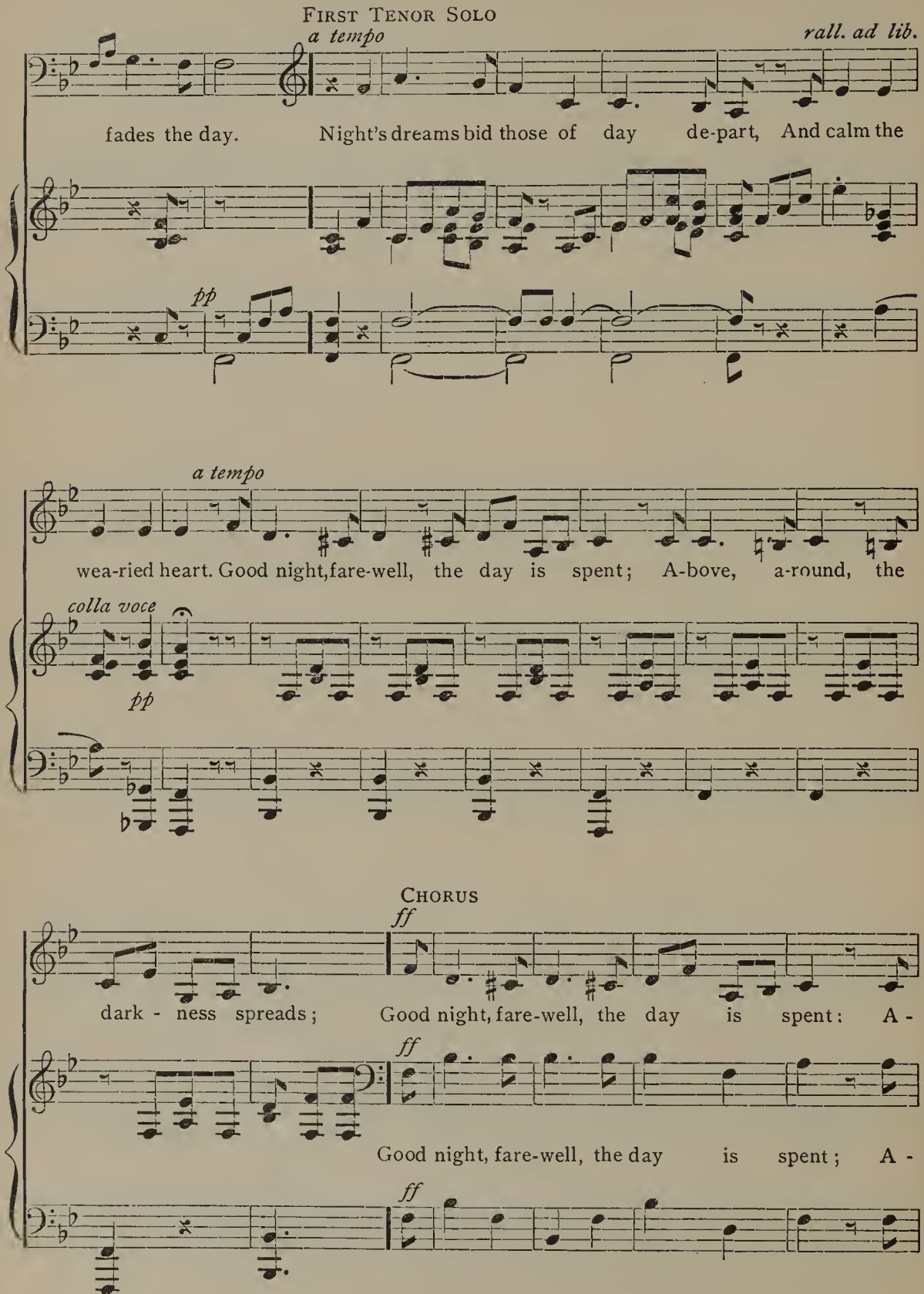


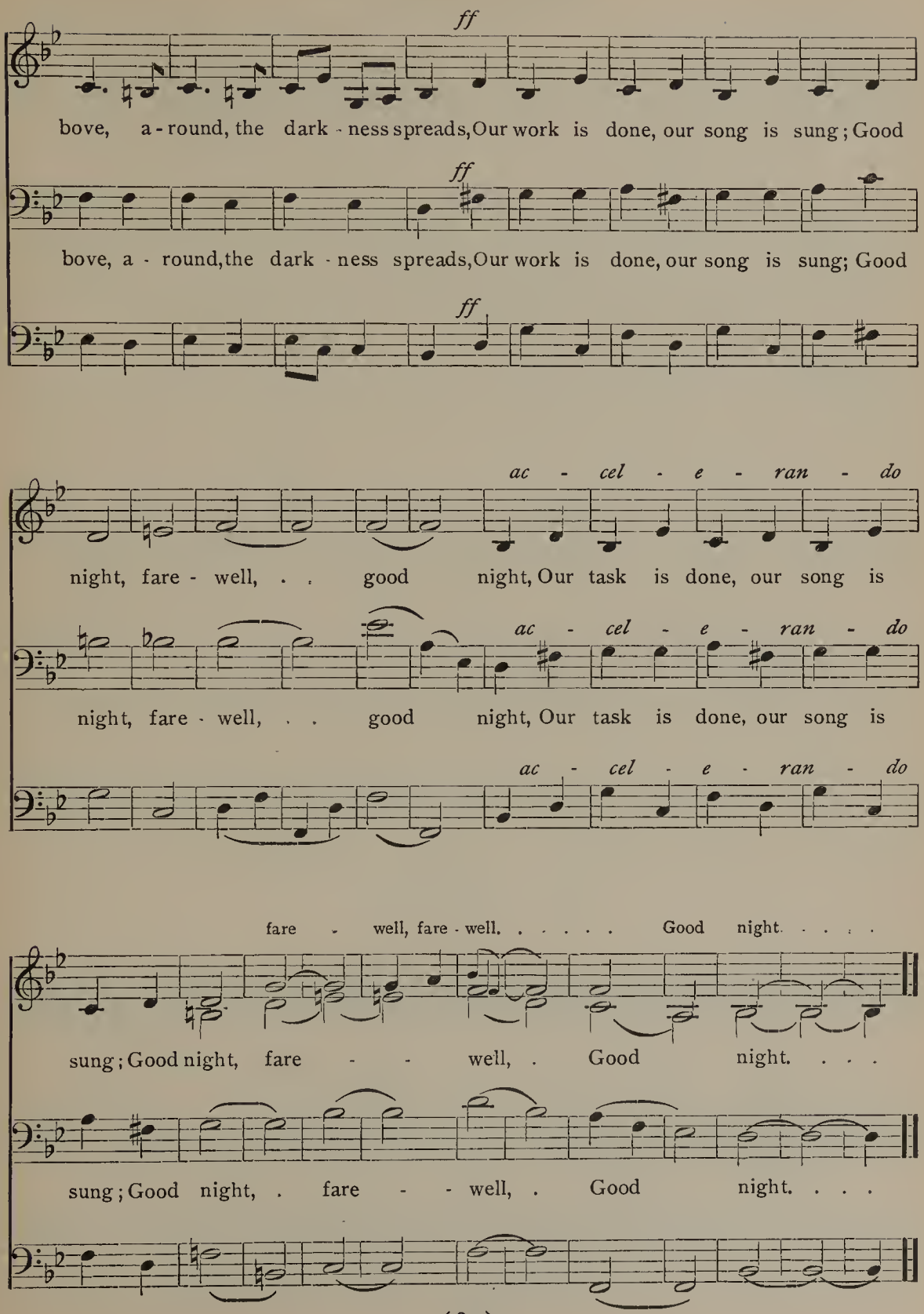

stars ap-pear, The moon her sil - v'ry ra - diance sheds; Our
sf
p
cres.
rall.
ad lib.
work is done, our song is sung; Good night, fare-well, good
smorz.
cres.
pp
CHORUS
a tempo
night! Good night, fare-well, the day is spent; A -
pp
Good night, good night, . . fare-well, . . the day is spent;
pp


ff
bove, a - round, the dark - ness spreads: Good night, fare - well, the
A - bove, . . a - round, . . the dark-ness spreads: Good night, fare - well, the
day is spent; A - bove, a - round, the dark - ness spreads, Our work is done, our
day is spent; A - bove, a - round, the dark - ness spreads, Our work is done, our
song is sung; Good night, fare - well, . . . fare - - well.
song is sung; Good night, fare - well, . . . fare - - well.


Bass Solo
Piu lento ed expressivo
p
What-e'er of hope, what-e'er of joy, can
p
grief . . . be - guile or pain de - stroy, The dai - ly toil, the
rall.
a tempo
cease - less care, Which meet . . us ev - 'ry-where, A - like have
colla voce
a tempo


dim.
lost their po - tent sway, And fade as fades the dy - ing
espress.
day. . . The dai - ly toil, the cease-less care, Which meet . . us
cres. e rall.
ev - 'ry-where, A - like have lost their po - tent sway And fade, as
colla voce


First Tenor Solo
a tempo
rall. ad lib.
fades the day. Night's dreams bid those of day de-part, And calm the
pp
a tempo
wea-ried heart. Good night, fare-well, the day is spent; A-bove, a-round, the
colla voce
pp
Chorus
ff
dark - ness spreads; Good night, fare-well, the day is spent: A -
ff
Good night, fare-well, the day is spent; A -
ff


ff
bove, a-round, the dark-ness spreads, Our work is done, our song is sung; Good
ff
bove, a-round, the dark-ness spreads, Our work is done, our song is sung; Good
ff
ac-cel-e-ran-do
night, fare-well, . . good night, Our task is done, our song is
ac-cel-e-ran-do
night, fare-well, . . good night, Our task is done, our song is
ac-cel-e-ran-do
fare-well, fare-well. . . . . Good night. . . . .
sung; Good night, fare-well, . Good night. . . .
sung; Good night, . fare-well, . Good night. . . .

No. 25

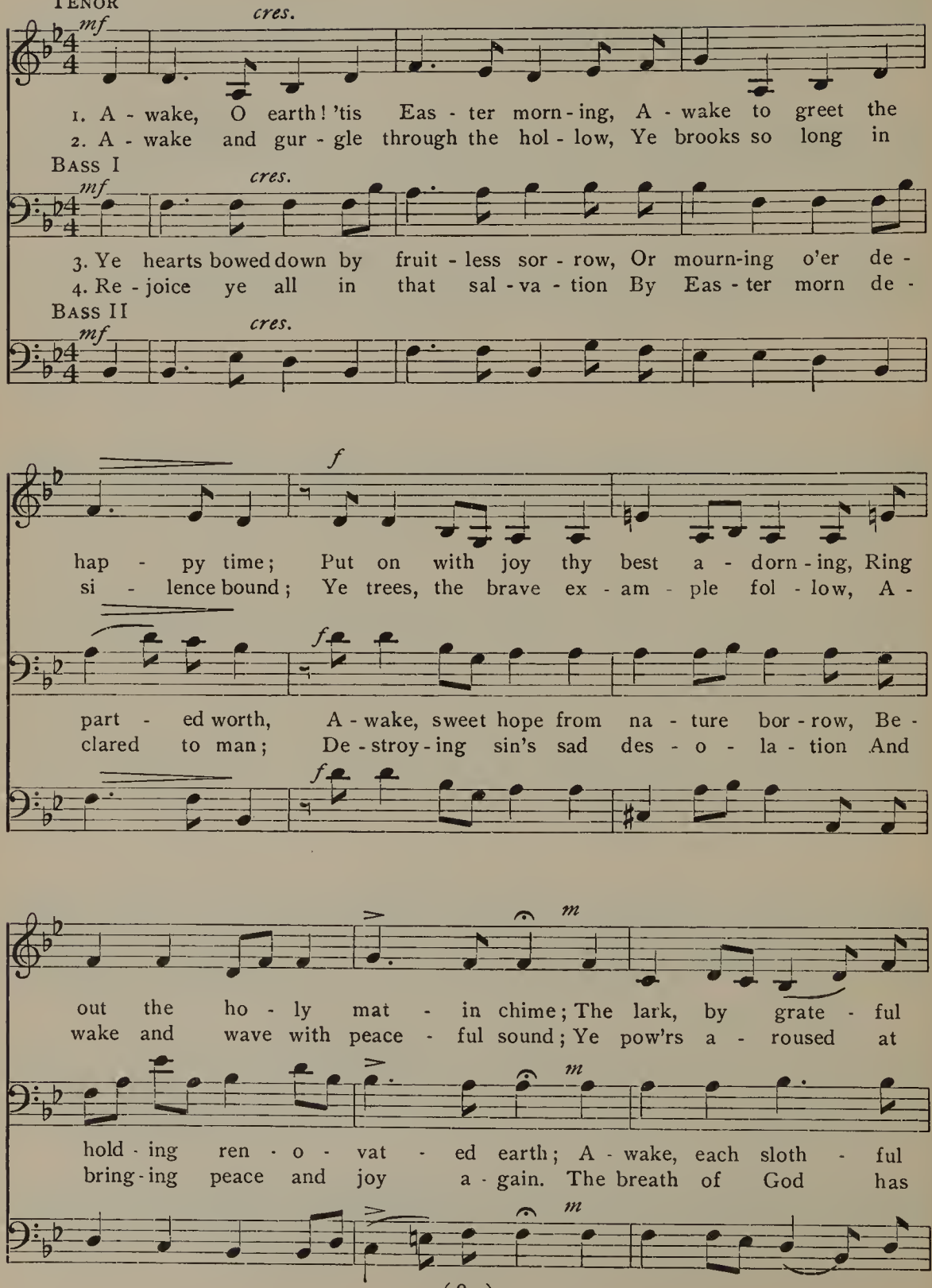
AWAKE, O EARTH

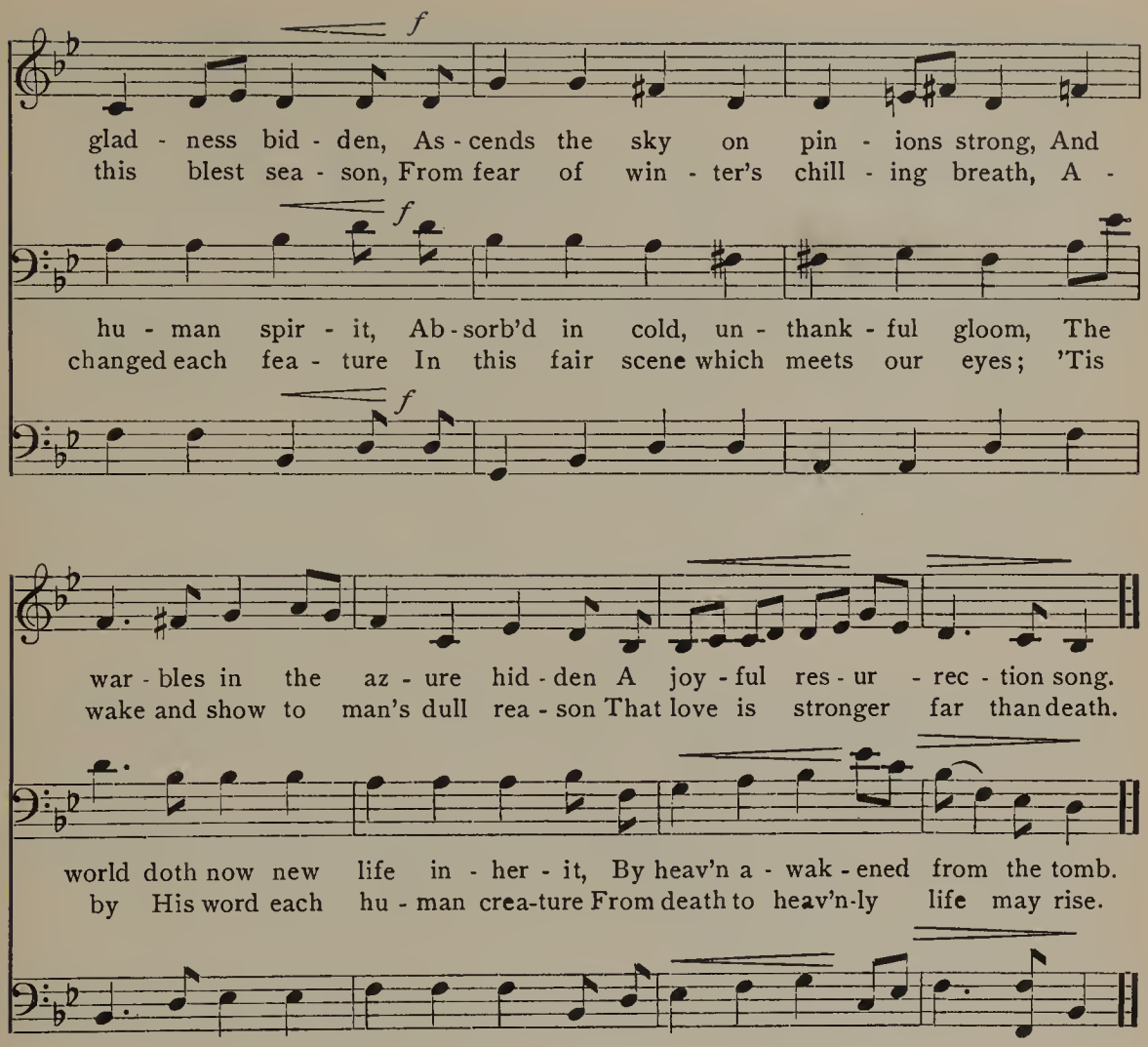
(EASTER SONG)

A. J. FOXWELL — C. E. WHITING

Boldly

TENOR

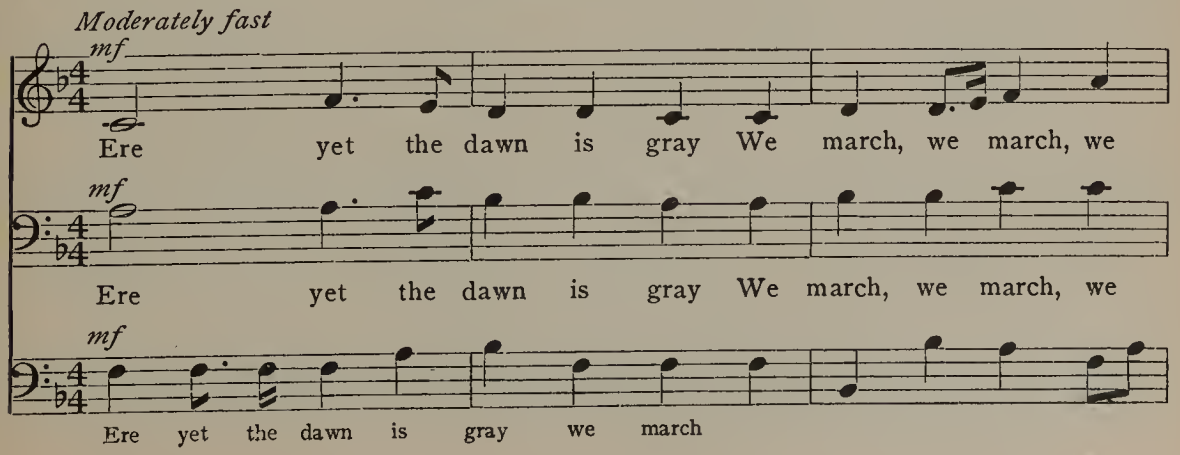


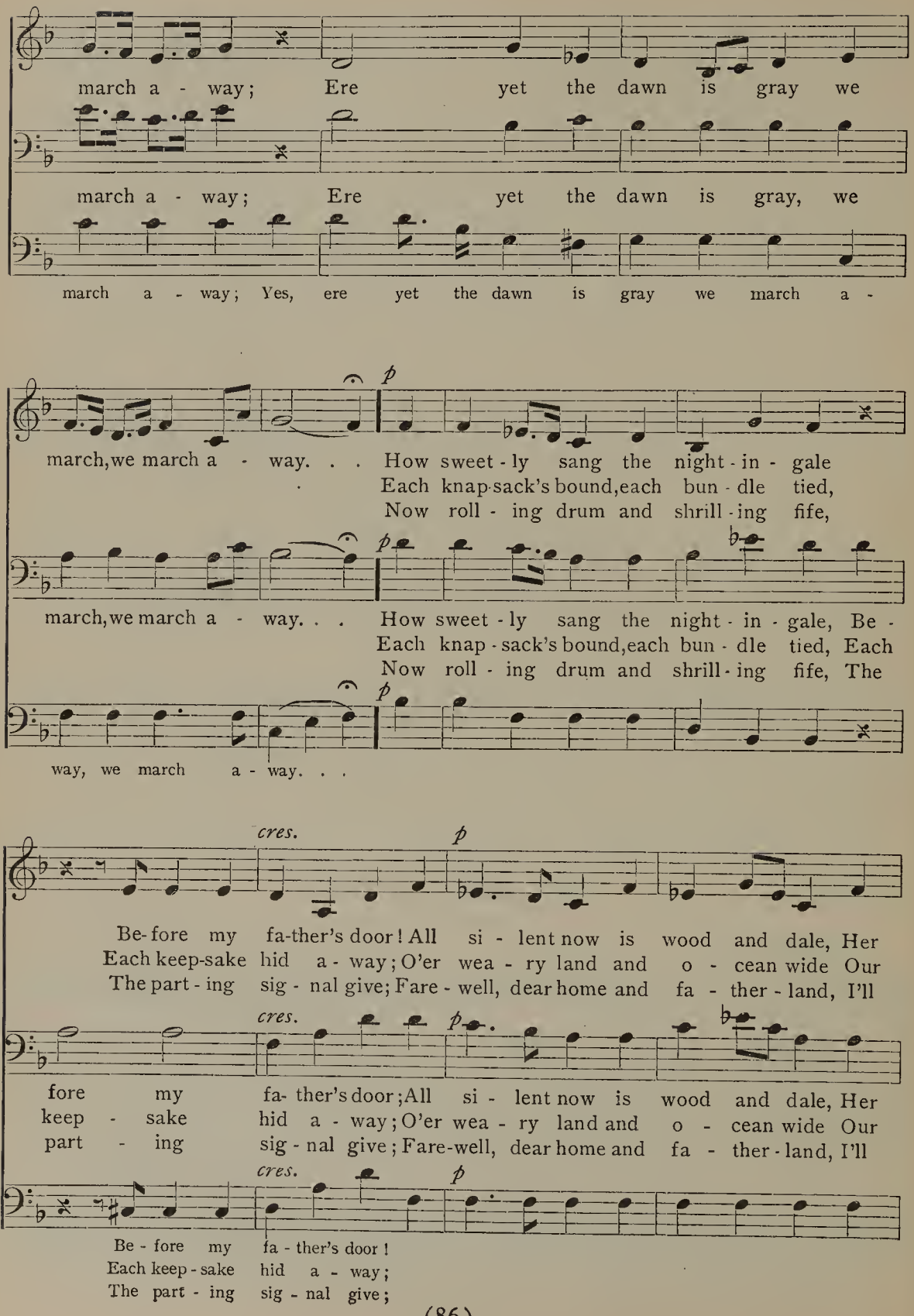


No. 26

WE MARCH AWAY

C. E. WHITING




march a - way; Ere yet the dawn is gray we
march a - way; Ere yet the dawn is gray, we
march a - way; Yes, ere yet the dawn is gray we march a -
march, we march a - way. . . How sweet - ly sang the night - in - gale
Each knap-sack's bound, each bun - dle tied,
Now roll - ing drum and shrill - ing fife,
march, we march a - way. . . How sweet - ly sang the night - in - gale, Be -
Each knap - sack's bound, each bun - dle tied, Each
Now roll - ing drum and shrill - ing fife, The
way, we march a - way. . .
cres.
Be - fore my fa-ther's door! All si - lent now is wood and dale, Her
Each keep-sake hid a - way; O'er wea - ry land and o - cean wide Our
The part - ing sig - nal give; Fare - well, dear home and fa - ther - land, I'll
fore my fa- ther's door; All si - lent now is wood and dale, Her
keep - sake hid a - way; O'er wea - ry land and o - cean wide Our
part - ing sig - nal give; Fare-well, dear home and fa - ther - land, I'll
Be - fore my fa - ther's door!
Each keep - sake hid a - way;
The part - ing sig - nal give;


cres.
song I'll hear no more, Her song I'll hear no more; Fare-
jour - ney leads to - day, Our jour - ney leads to - day; Fare-
love yet while I live, I'll love yet while I live; Fare-
cres.
song I'll hear no more, Her song I'll hear no more; Fare-well, Fare-
jour - ney leads to - day, Our jour - ney leads to - day; Fare-well, Fare-
love yet while I live, I'll love yet while I live; Fare-well, Fare-
cres.
f
well, Fare - well, we seek the strang - er
f
well, Fare - well, Fare - well, fare - well, we seek the strang - er
f
cres.
ff
p
shore, Fare-well, Fare-well, The part - ing pang is sore.
cres.
ff
p
shore, Fare-well. Farewell, Farewell, fare-well, The part - ing pang is sore.
cres.
ff
p

No. 27

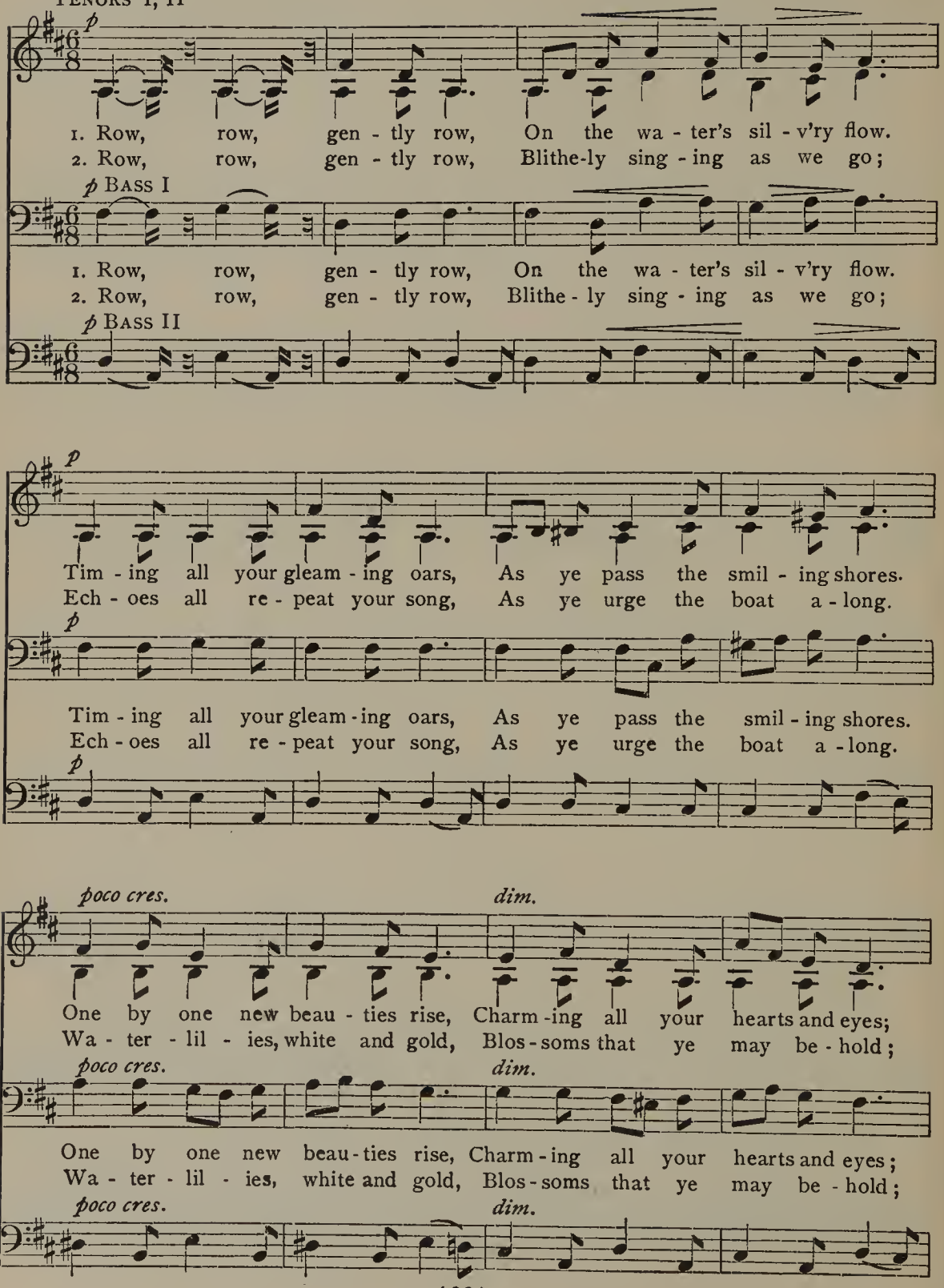
BOAT SONG

EDWARD OXENFORD

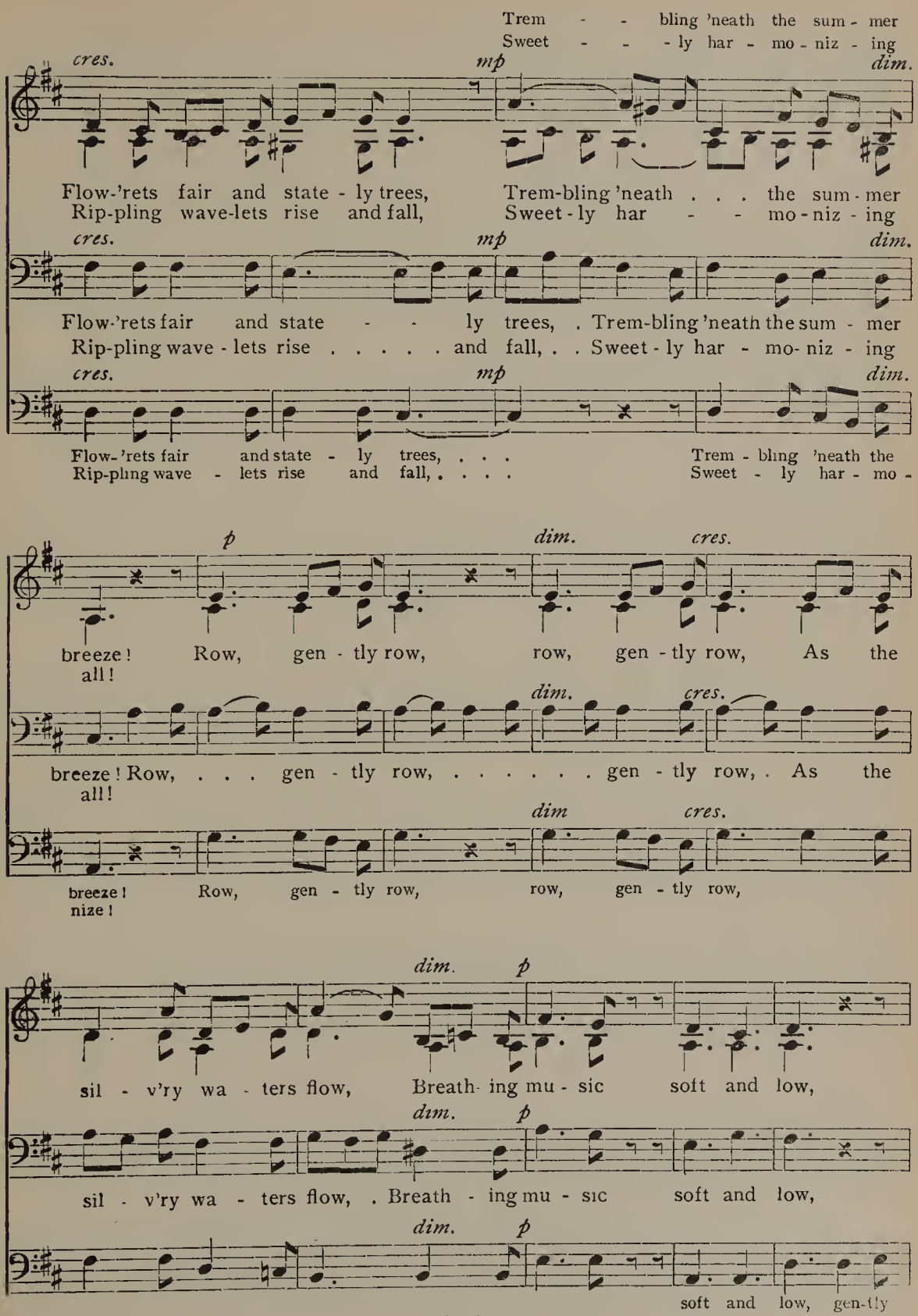
FREDERIC H. COWEN
Arr. by C. E. W.

Andantino

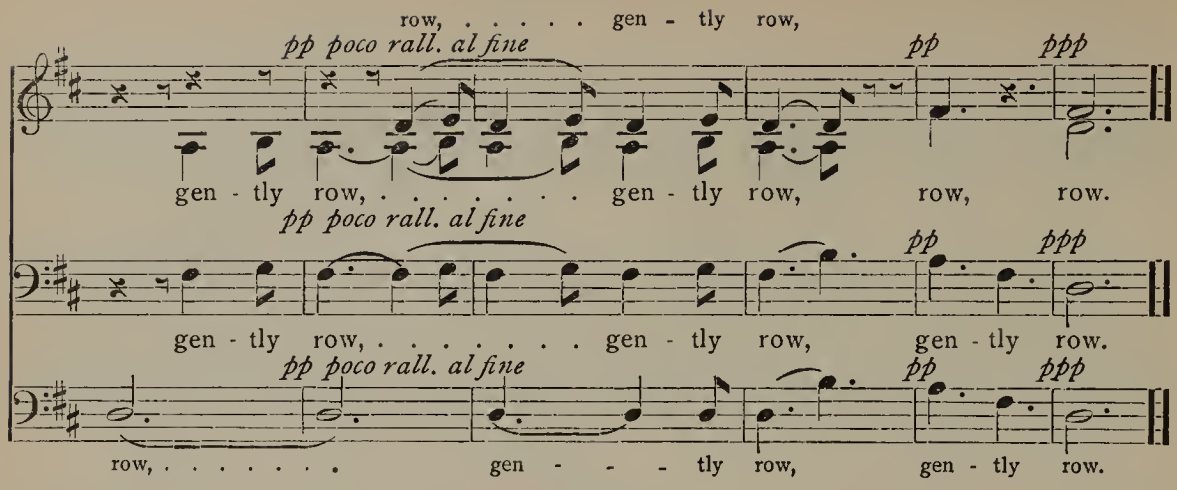
TENORS I, II



BOAT SONG


Trem - - bling 'neath the sum - mer
Sweet - - - ly har - mo - niz - ing
cres. mp dim.
Flow-'rets fair and state - ly trees, Trem-bling 'neath . . . the sum - mer
Rip-pling wave-lets rise and fall, Sweet - ly har - - mo - niz - ing
Flow-'rets fair and state - - ly trees, . Trem-bling 'neath the sum - mer
Rip-pling wave - lets rise . . . . . and fall, . . Sweet - ly har - mo - niz - ing
Flow-'rets fair and state - ly trees, . . . Trem - bling 'neath the
Rip-pling wave - lets rise and fall, ... Sweet - ly har - mo -
p dim. cres.
breeze! Row, gen - tly row, row, gen - tly row, As the
all!
breeze! Row, . . . gen - tly row, ... gen - tly row, . As the
all!
breeze! Row, gen - tly row, row, gen - tly row,
nize!
dim. p
sil - v'ry wa - ters flow, Breath - ing mu - sic soft and low,
sil - v'ry wa - ters flow, . Breath - ing mu - sic soft and low,
soft and low, gen-tly

BOAT SONG

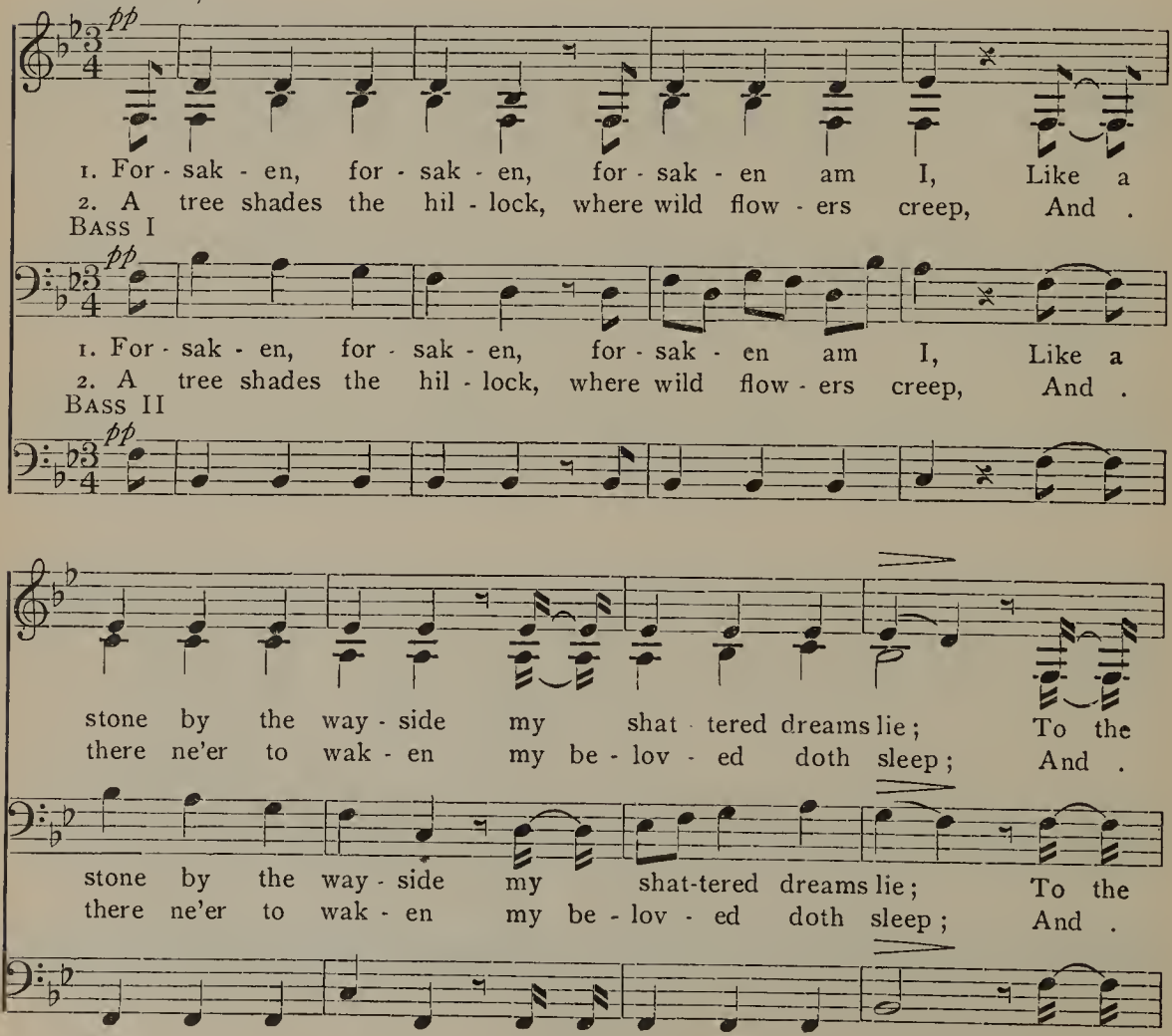


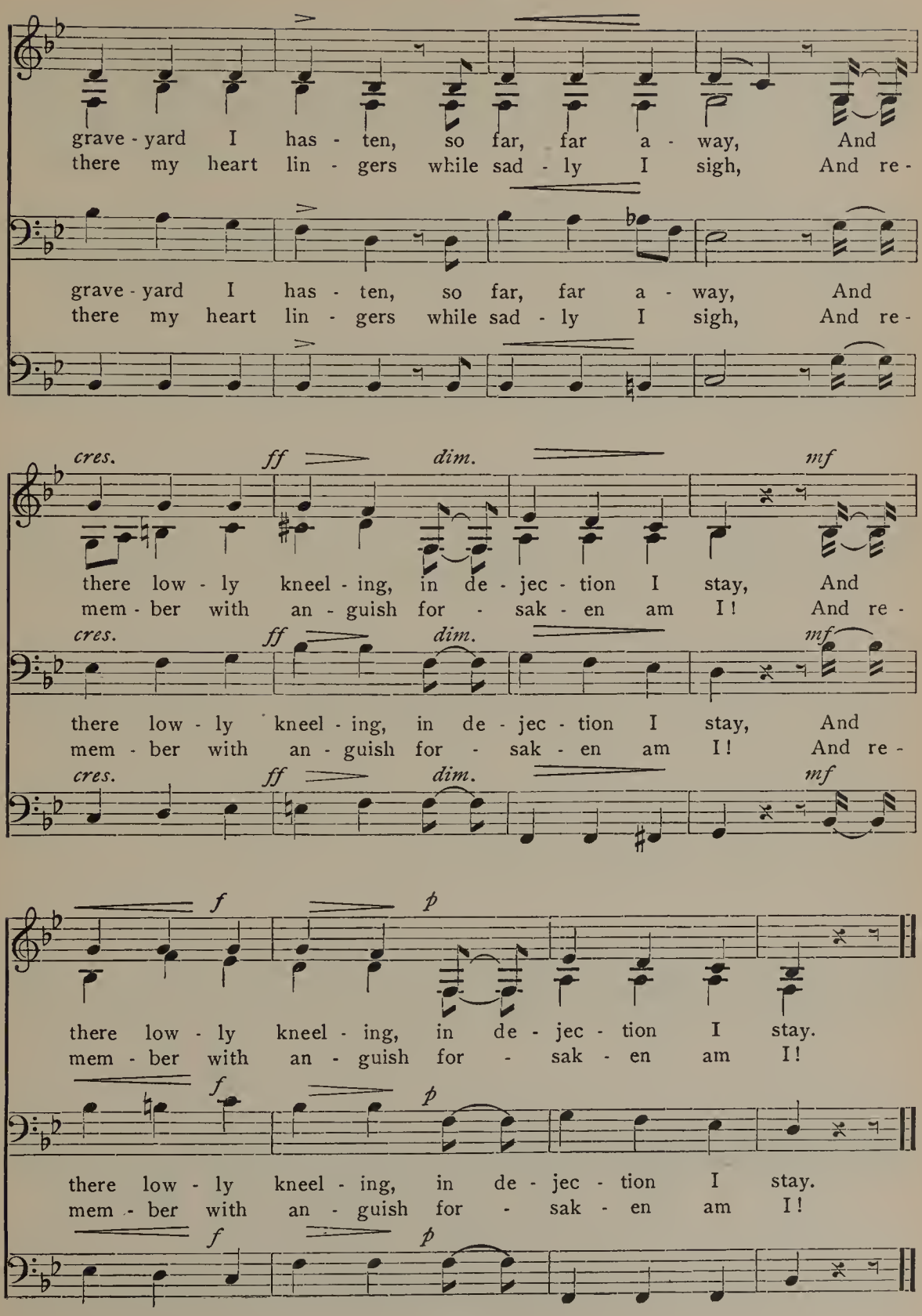
No. 28

FORSAKEN

THOMAS KOSCHAT
Moderato
TENORS I, II

THOMAS KOSCHAT
Arr. by C. E. W.




grave - yard I has - ten, so far, far a - way, And
there my heart lin - gers while sad - ly I sigh, And re -
grave - yard I has - ten, so far, far a - way, And
there my heart lin - gers while sad - ly I sigh, And re -
cres. ff dim. mf
there low - ly kneel - ing, in de - jec - tion I stay, And
mem - ber with an - guish for - sak - en am I! And re -
cres. ff dim. mf
there low - ly kneel - ing, in de - jec - tion I stay, And
mem - ber with an - guish for - sak - en am I! And re -
cres. ff dim. mf
f p
there low - ly kneel - ing, in de - jec - tion I stay.
mem - ber with an - guish for - sak - en am I!
f p
there low - ly kneel - ing, in de - jec - tion I stay.
mem - ber with an - guish for - sak - en am I!
f p

No. 29

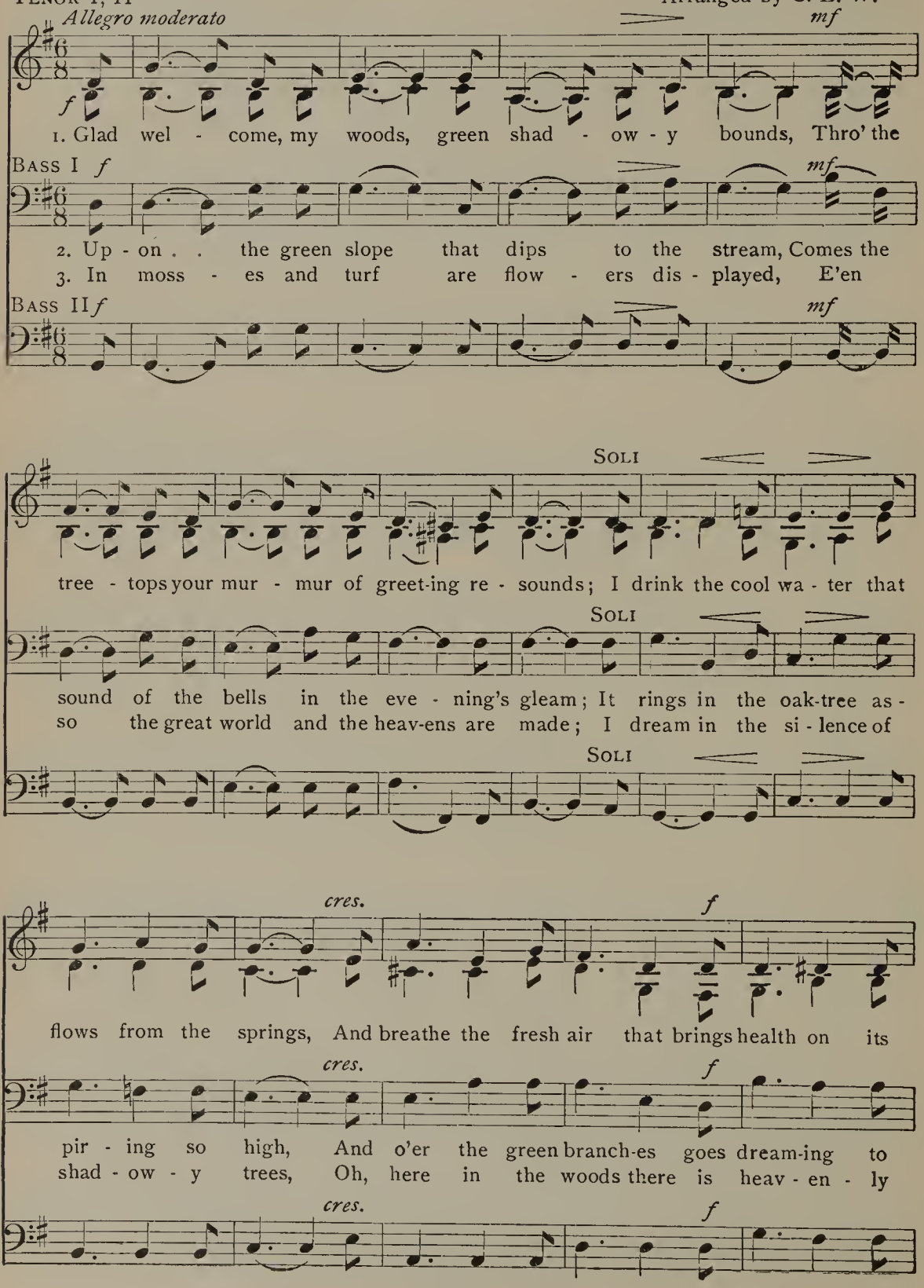
WELCOME, MY WOODS

WM. OSTERRATH

ROBERT FRANZ
Arranged by C. E. W.

TENOR I, II

Allegro moderato



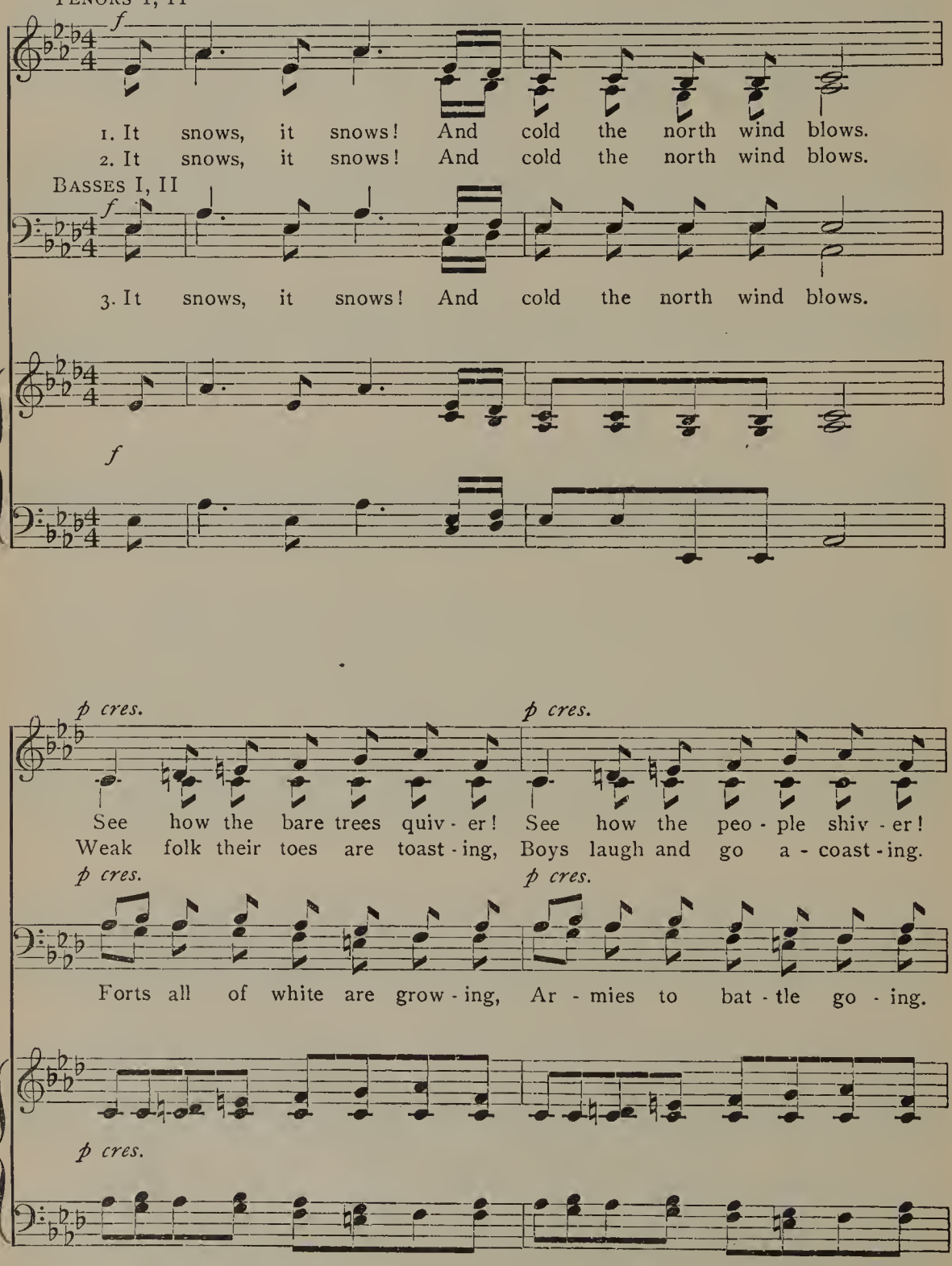

Tutti
dim.
mf
wings, that brings health on . . . . its wings; I drink the cool
Tutti
dim.
mf
die, and goes dream - ing . . . . to die; . It rings in the
peace! there is heav - en - - ly peace; I dream in the
Tutti
dim.
mf
cres.
dim.
f
wa - ter that flows from the springs, And breathe the fresh air that brings
cres.
dim.
f
oak - tree, as - pir - ing so high, . And o'er the green branch-es goes
si - lence of shad - ow - y trees, . Oh, here in the woods there is
cres.
dim.
f
cres.
dim.
health on its wings, that brings health . on . . . . its wings. .
cres.
dim.
dream - ing to die, and goes dream - ing . . . to die. . .
heav - en - ly peace! there is heav - en - - ly peace! .
cres.
dim.

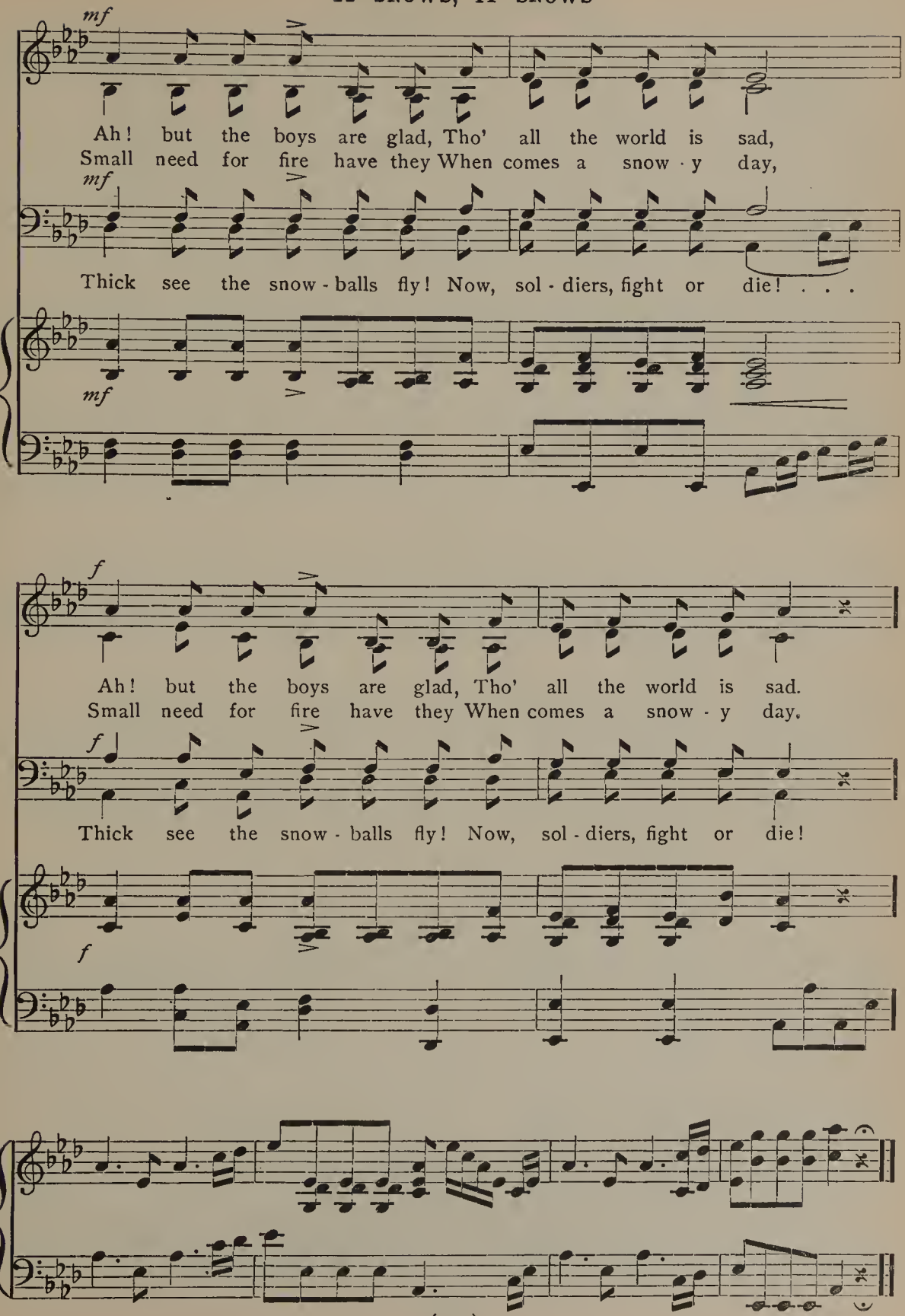
No. 30

IT SNOWS, IT SNOWS

KARL ATTENHOFER
Arr. by C. E. W.

Allegro



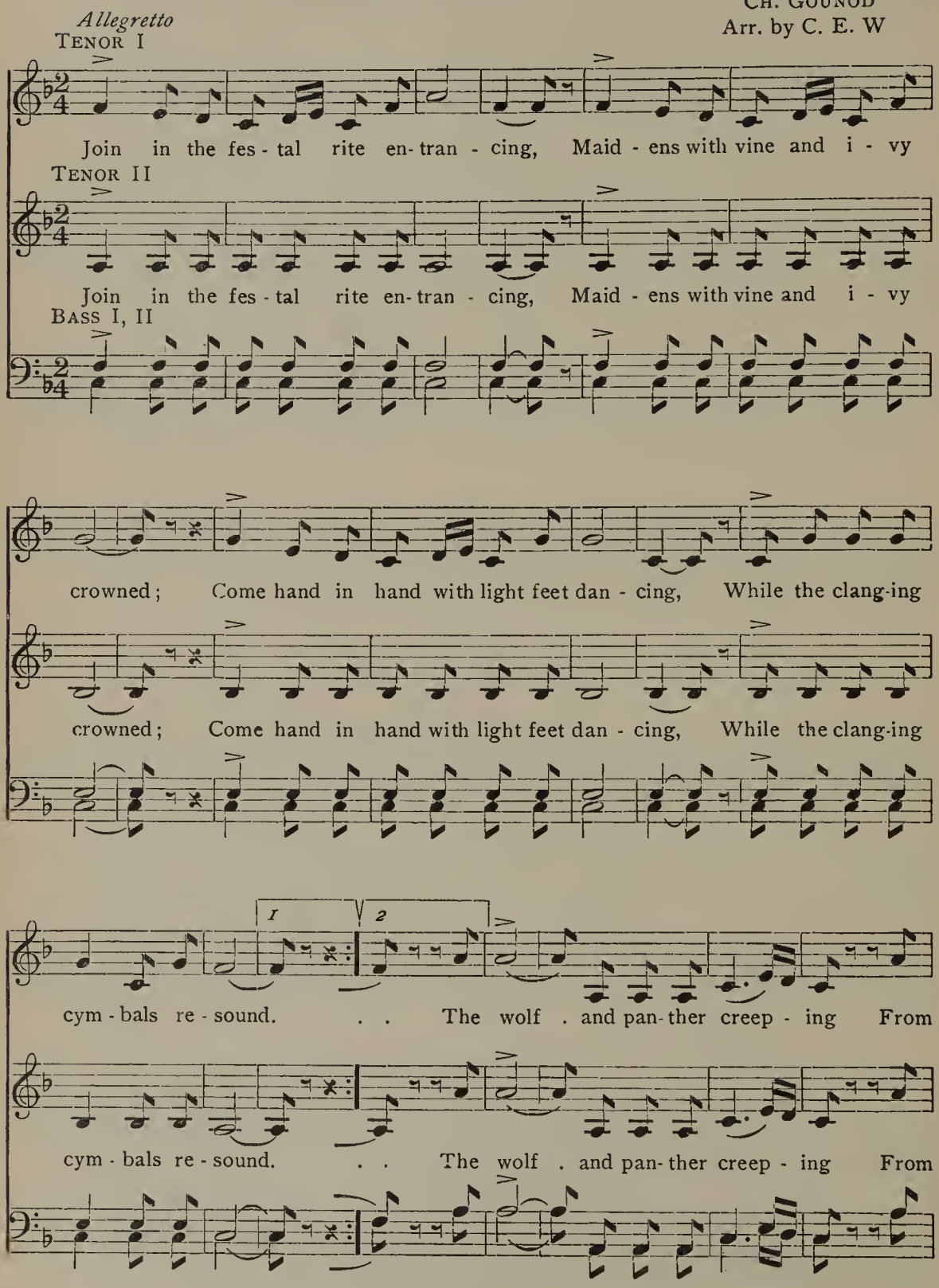

mf
Ah! but the boys are glad, Tho' all the world is sad,
Small need for fire have they When comes a snow - y day,
mf
Thick see the snow - balls fly! Now, sol - diers, fight or die! . . .
mf
f
Ah! but the boys are glad, Tho' all the world is sad.
Small need for fire have they When comes a snow - y day.
f
Thick see the snow - balls fly! Now, sol - diers, fight or die!
f

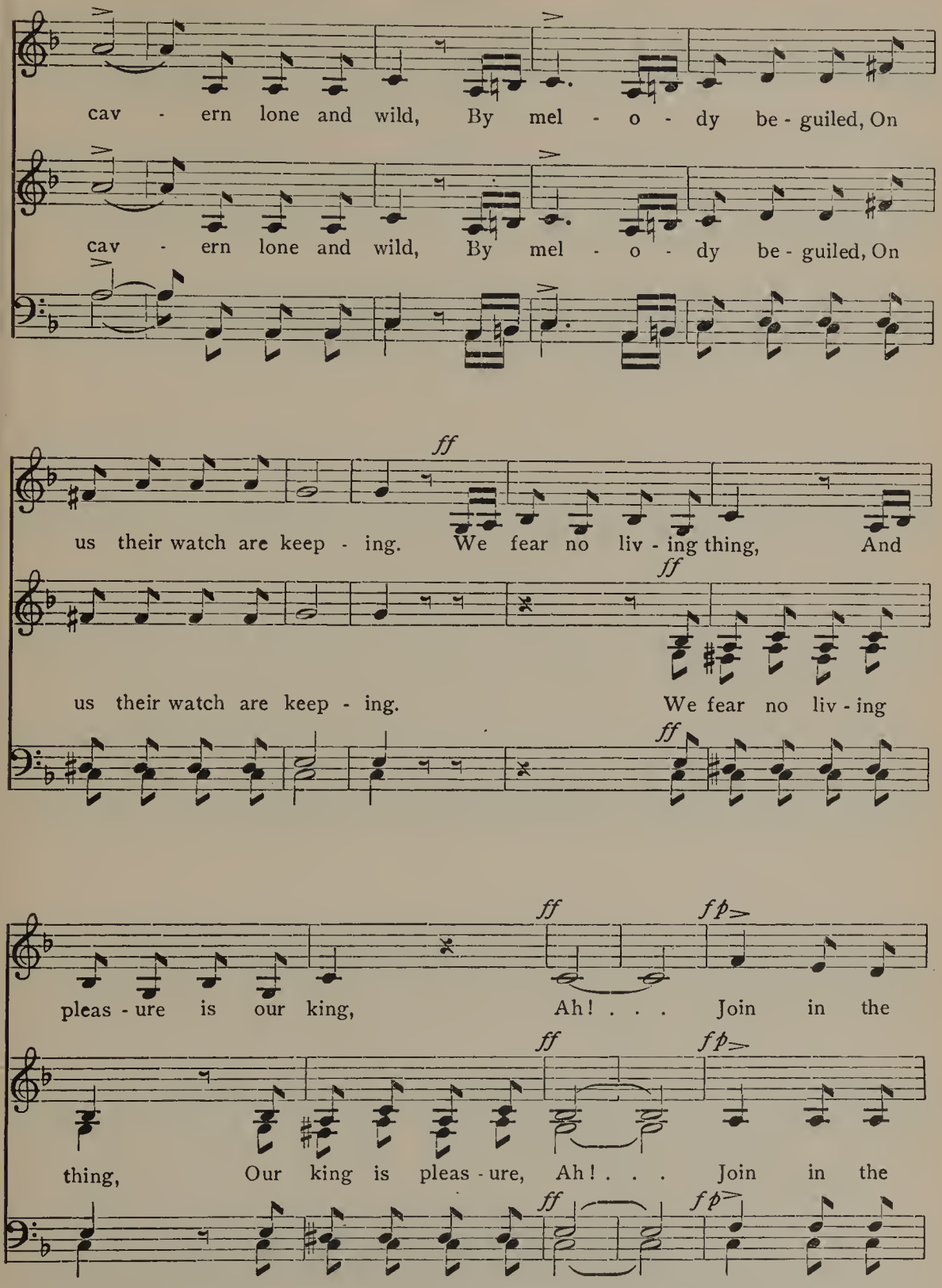
No. 31

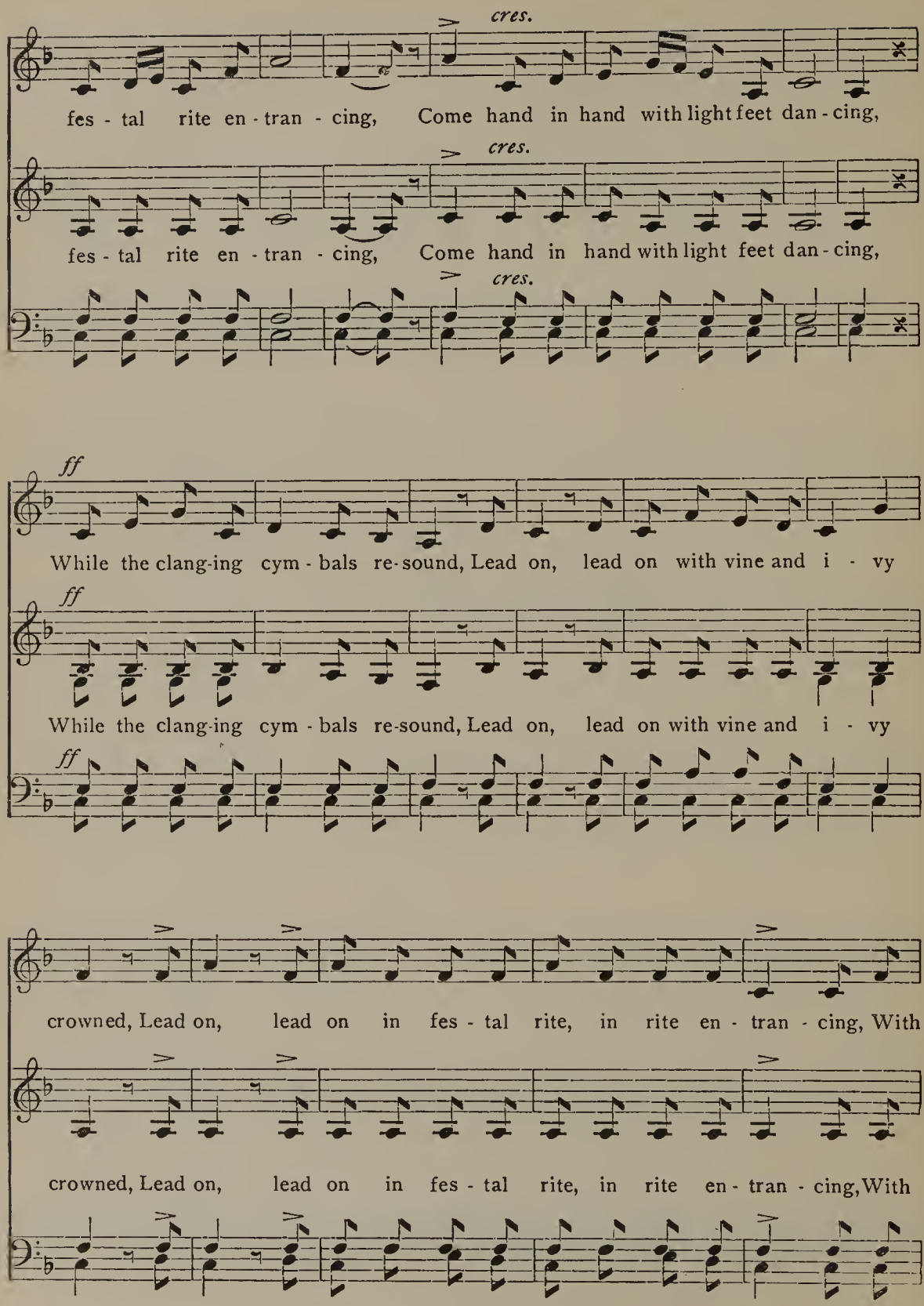
REVELERS' CHORUS

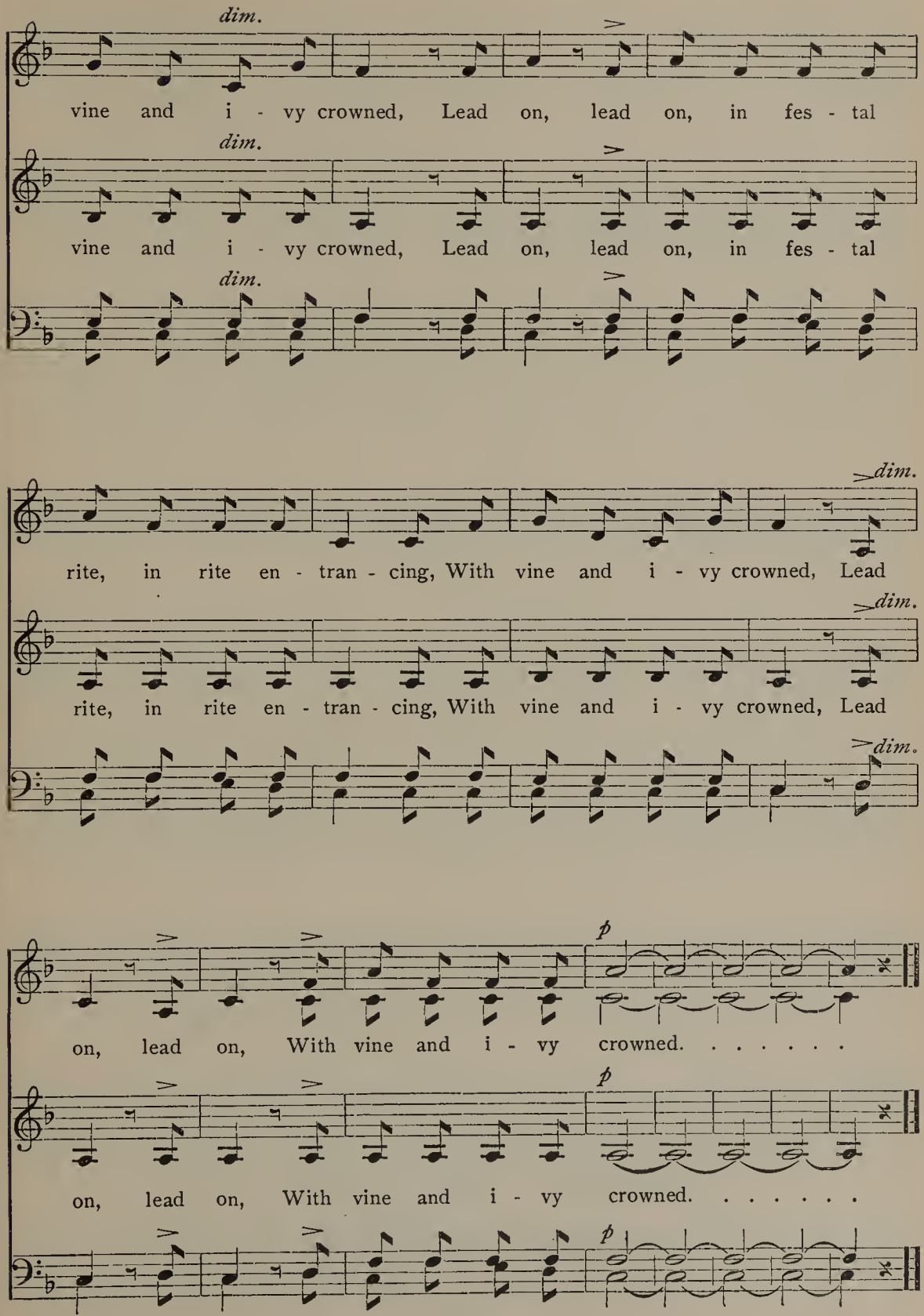
(PHILEMON AND BAUCIS)

CH. GOUNOD
Arr. by C. E. W




cav - ern lone and wild, By mel - o - dy be - guiled, On
cav - ern lone and wild, By mel - o - dy be - guiled, On
ff
us their watch are keep - ing. We fear no liv - ing thing, And
ff
us their watch are keep - ing. We fear no liv - ing
ff
ff
fp
pleas - ure is our king, Ah! . . . Join in the
ff
fp
thing, Our king is pleas - ure, Ah! . . . Join in the
ff
fp


cres.
fes - tal rite en - tran - cing, Come hand in hand with light feet dan - cing,
cres.
fes - tal rite en - tran - cing, Come hand in hand with light feet dan - cing,
cres.
ff
While the clang-ing cym - bals re-sound, Lead on, lead on with vine and i - vy
ff
While the clang-ing cym - bals re-sound, Lead on, lead on with vine and i - vy
ff
crowned, Lead on, lead on in fes - tal rite, in rite en - tran - cing, With
crowned, Lead on, lead on in fes - tal rite, in rite en - tran - cing, With


dim.
vine and i - vy crowned, Lead on, lead on, in fes - tal
dim.
vine and i - vy crowned, Lead on, lead on, in fes - tal
dim.
rite, in rite en - tran - cing, With vine and i - vy crowned, Lead
dim.
rite, in rite en - tran - cing, With vine and i - vy crowned, Lead
dim.
p
on, lead on, With vine and i - vy crowned. . . . . .
p
on, lead on, With vine and i - vy crowned. . . . . .
p

No. 32

THE SONG OF THE TRITON

F. C. BURNAND

Vivace

J. L. MOLLOY
Arr. by C. E. W.

BASS I SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS

1. Once on a time, so I've been told,
2. "Come dwell with me," the Tri - ton cried,

TENOR

1. Once on a time, so I've been told,
2. "Come dwell with me," the Tri - ton cried,

p

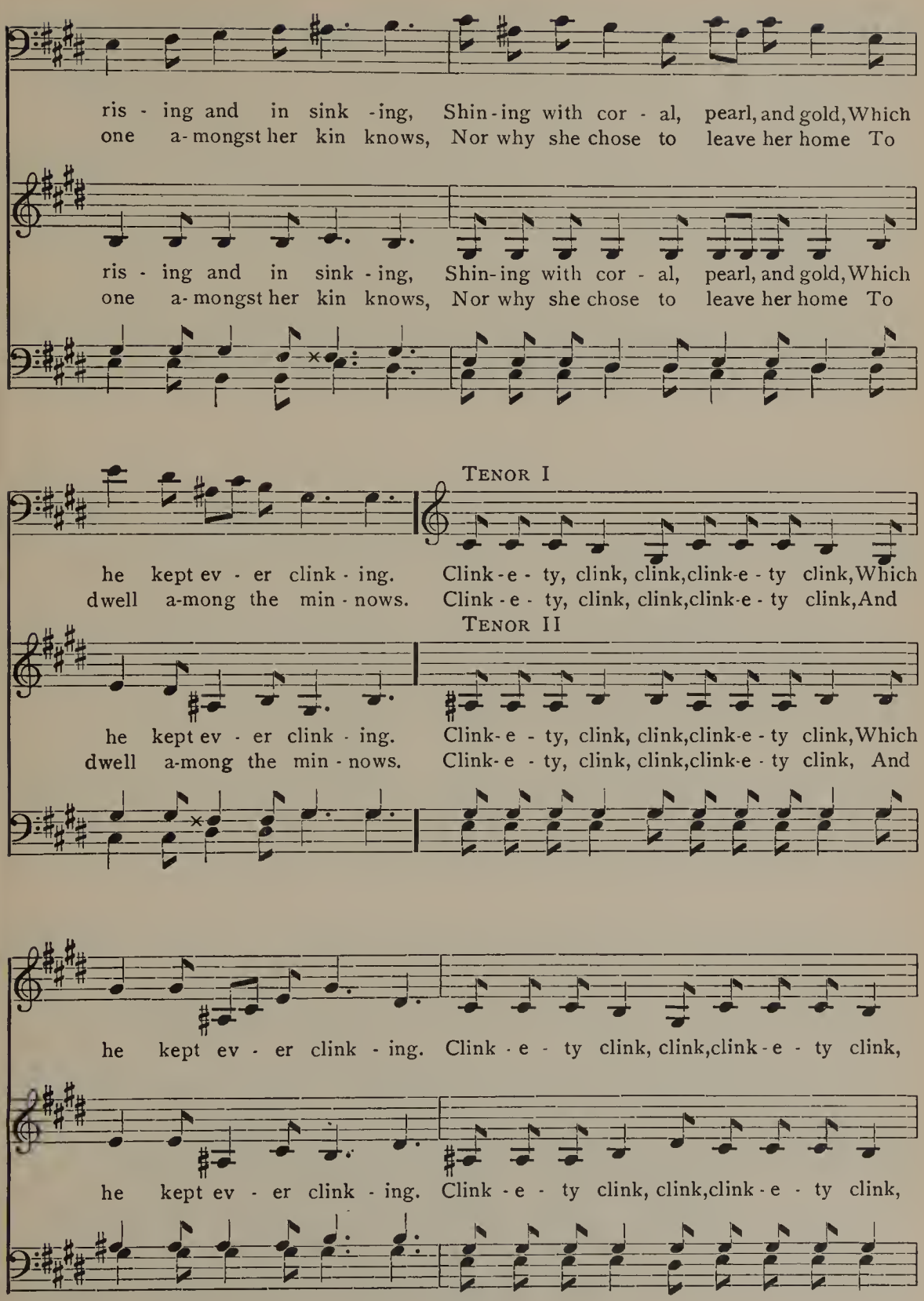
BASS I, II

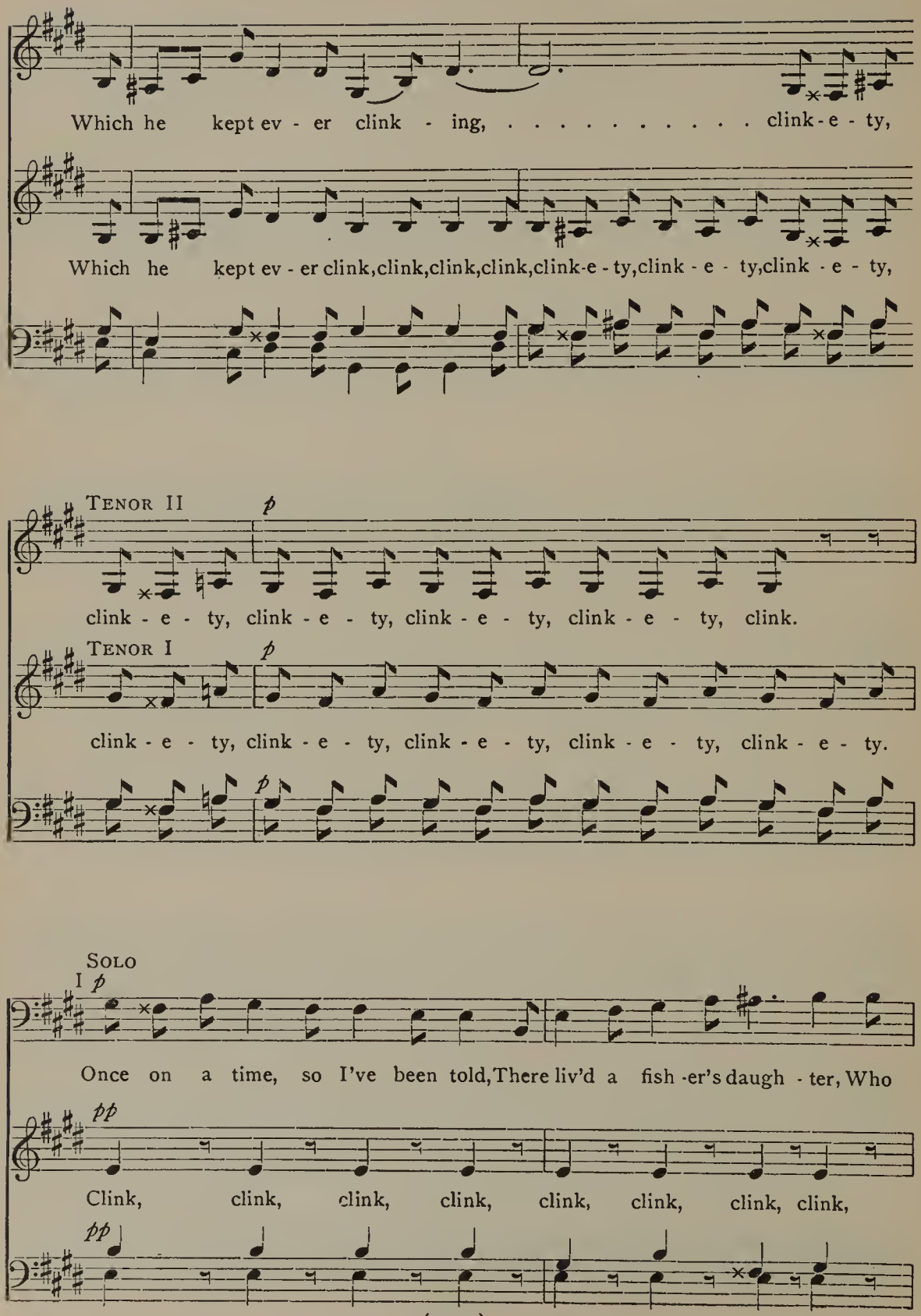
There liv'd a fish - er's daughter, Who lov'd, they said, a Tri - ton bold, Who
And laughed a smile so sun - ny; "Yes, I will come," the maid re- plied, "For

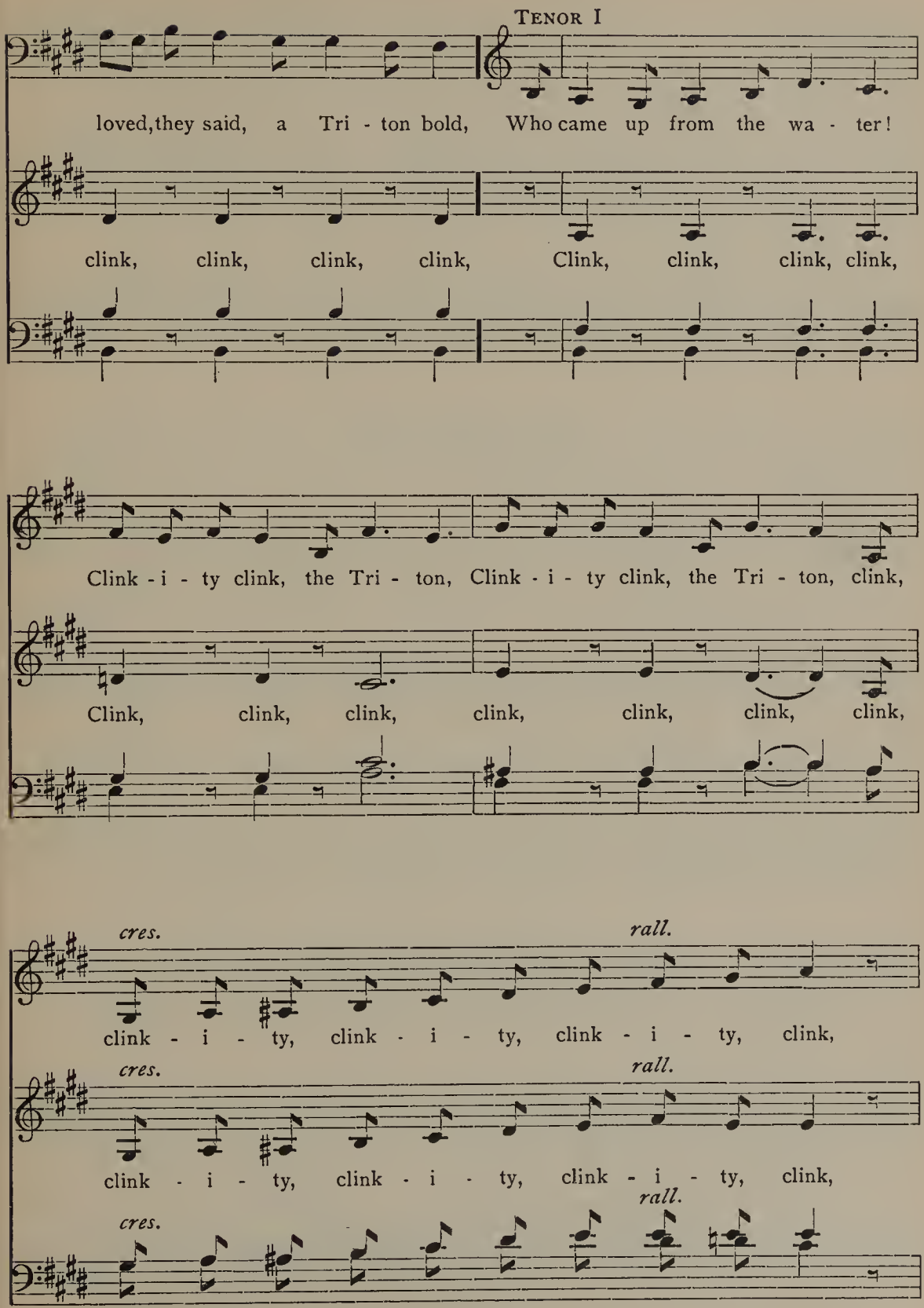
There liv'd a fish - er's daughter, Who lov'd, they said, a Tri - ton bold, Who
And laughed a smile so sun - ny; "Yes, I will come," the maid re- plied, "For

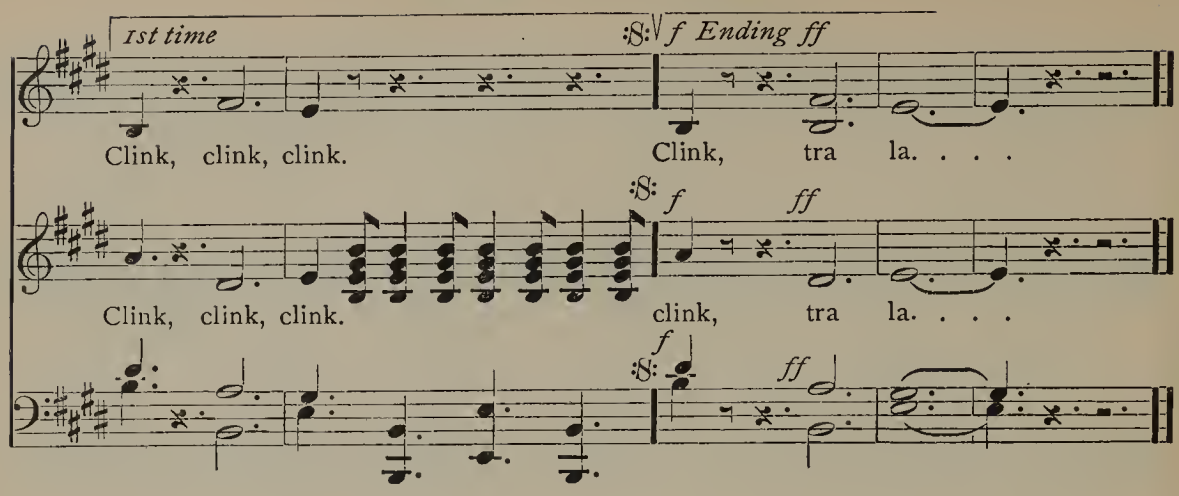
came up from the wa - ter; He in his hands a net did hold, In
love and not for mon - ey"; Then she leapt in, and of her fate No

came up from the wa - ter; He in his hands a net did hold, In
love and not for mon - ey"; Then she leapt in, and of her fate No


ris - ing and in sink - ing, Shin - ing with cor - al, pearl, and gold, Which
one a - mongst her kin knows, Nor why she chose to leave her home To
ris - ing and in sink - ing, Shin - ing with cor - al, pearl, and gold, Which
one a - mongst her kin knows, Nor why she chose to leave her home To
TENOR I
he kept ev - er clink - ing. Clink - e - ty, clink, clink, clink - e - ty clink, Which
dwell a - mong the min - nows. Clink - e - ty, clink, clink, clink - e - ty clink, And
TENOR II
he kept ev - er clink - ing. Clink - e - ty, clink, clink, clink - e - ty clink, Which
dwell a - mong the min - nows. Clink - e - ty, clink, clink, clink - e - ty clink, And
he kept ev - er clink - ing. Clink - e - ty clink, clink, clink - e - ty clink,
he kept ev - er clink - ing. Clink - e - ty clink, clink, clink - e - ty clink,


Which he kept ev - er clink - ing, ... clink - e - ty,
Which he kept ev - er clink, clink, clink, clink, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty,
Tenor II
clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink.
Tenor I
clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty, clink - e - ty.
Solo
I
Once on a time, so I've been told, There liv'd a fish - er's daugh - ter, Who
Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink,


Tenor I
loved, they said, a Tri - ton bold, Who came up from the wa - ter!
clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink, clink,
Clink - i - ty clink, the Tri - ton, Clink - i - ty clink, the Tri - ton, clink,
Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink,
cres.
rall.
clink - i - ty, clink - i - ty, clink - i - ty, clink,
cres.
rall.
clink - i - ty, clink - i - ty, clink - i - ty, clink,
cres.
rall.

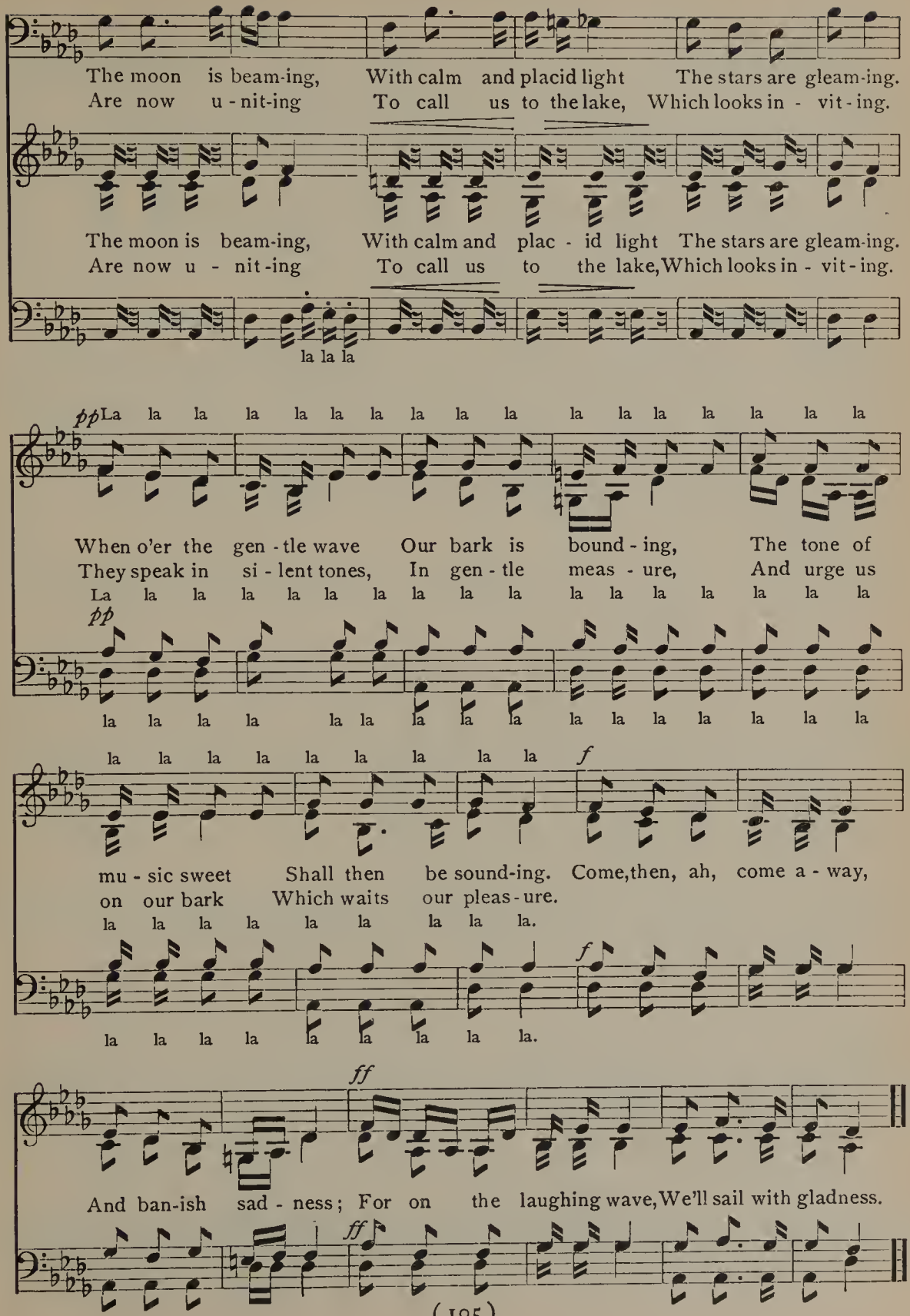


No. 33

ON THE LAKE

("SANTA LUCIA")




The moon is beam-ing, With calm and placid light The stars are gleam-ing.
Are now u-nit-ing To call us to the lake, Which looks in-vit-ing.
The moon is beam-ing, With calm and plac-id light The stars are gleam-ing.
Are now u-nit-ing To call us to the lake, Which looks in-vit-ing.
la la la
pp La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
When o'er the gen-tle wave Our bark is bound-ing, The tone of
They speak in si-lent tones, In gen-tle meas-ure, And urge us
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
pp
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la f
mu-sic sweet Shall then be sound-ing. Come, then, ah, come a-way,
on our bark Which waits our pleas-ure.
la la la la la la la la la.
f
la la la la la la la la la.
ff
And ban-ish sad-ness; For on the laughing wave, We'll sail with gladness.
ff

No. 34 IN DREAMS I'VE HEARD THE SERAPHS FAIR

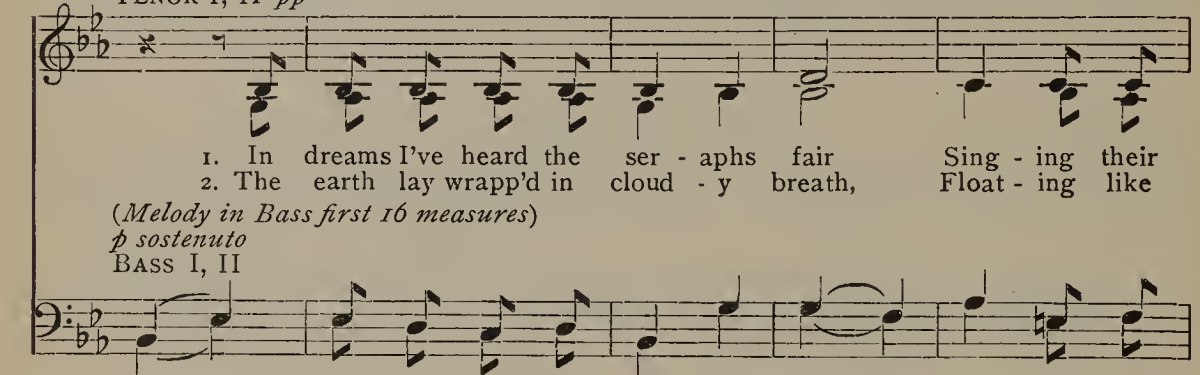
Text from the French
by J. BERTRAND

J. FAURE
Arr. by C. E. W.

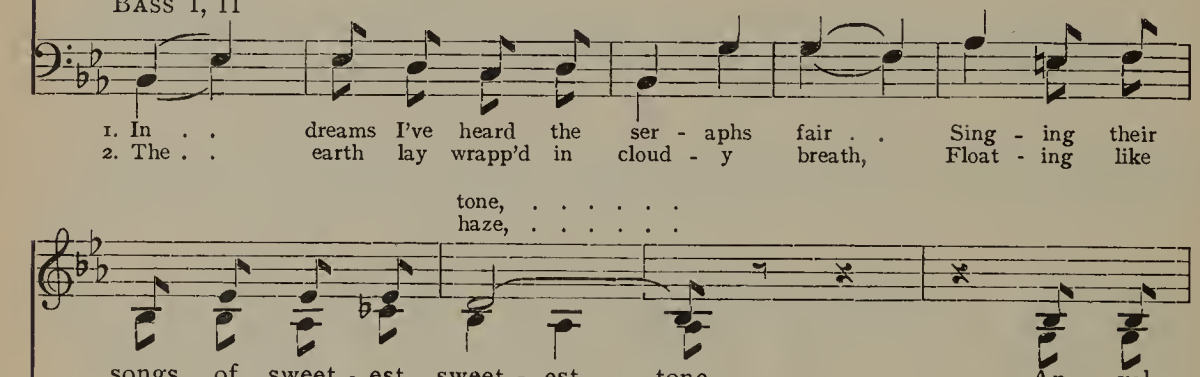
Andante religioso



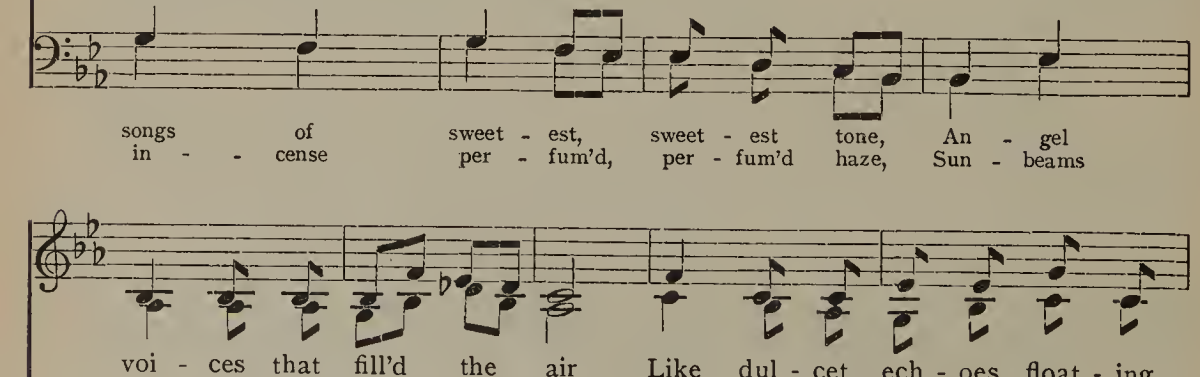
sostenuto
TENOR I, II *pp*

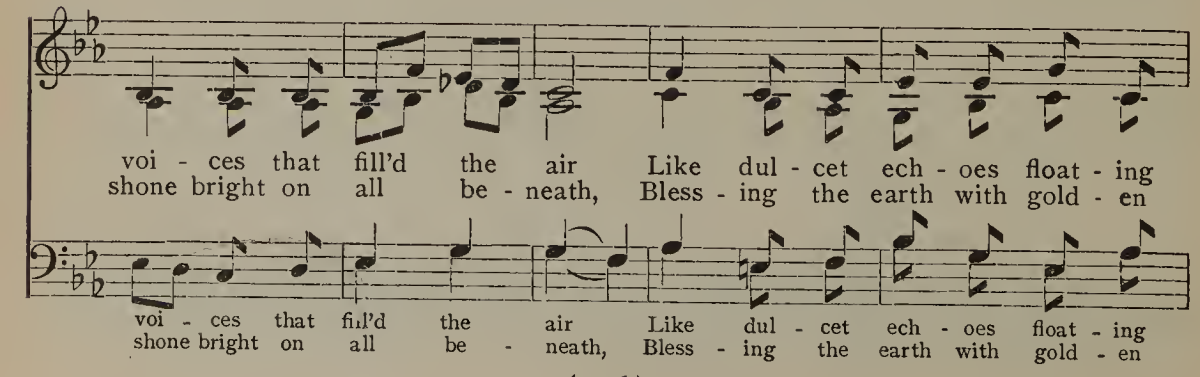


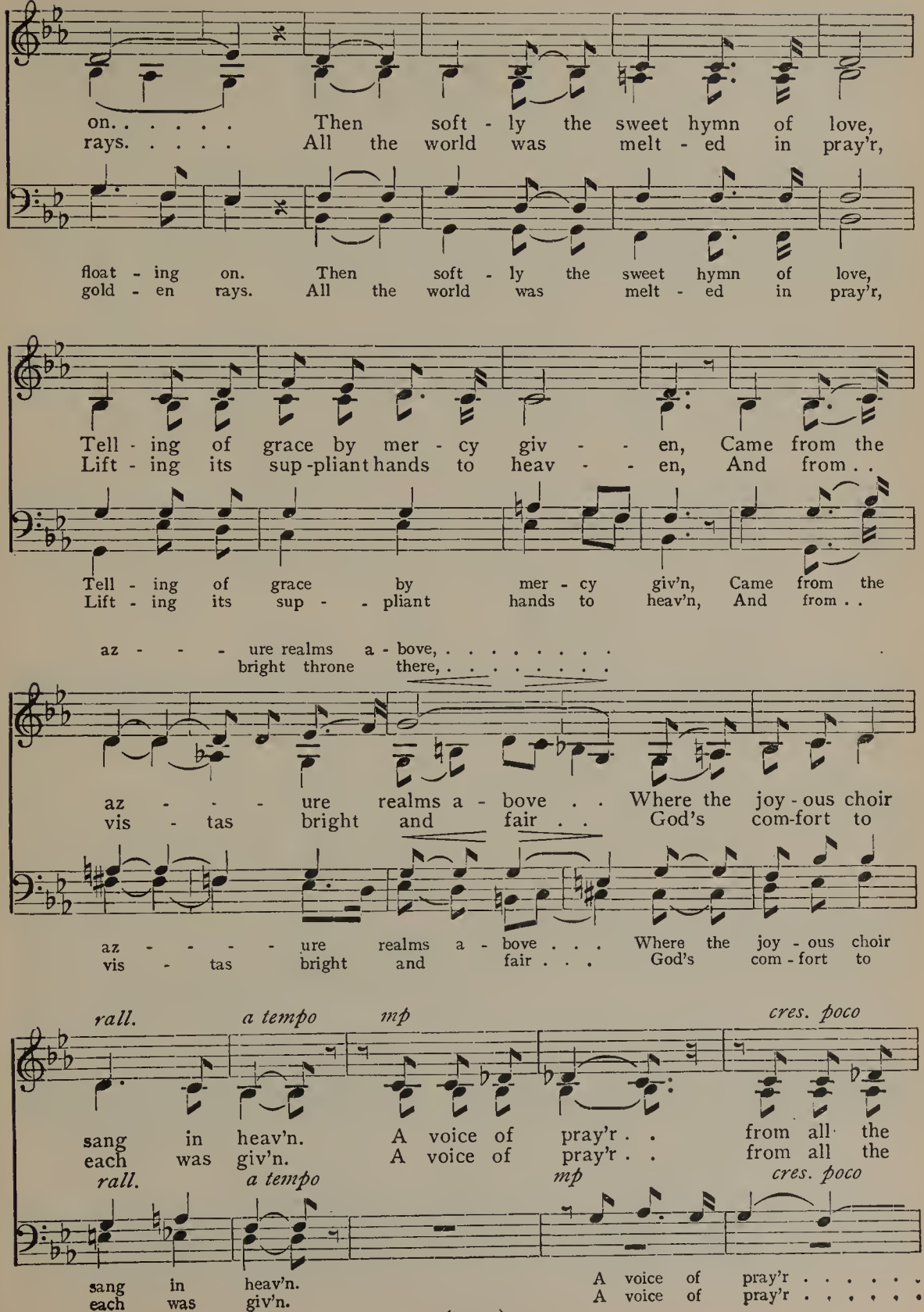
(*Melody in Bass first 16 measures*)
p sostenuto
BASS I, II

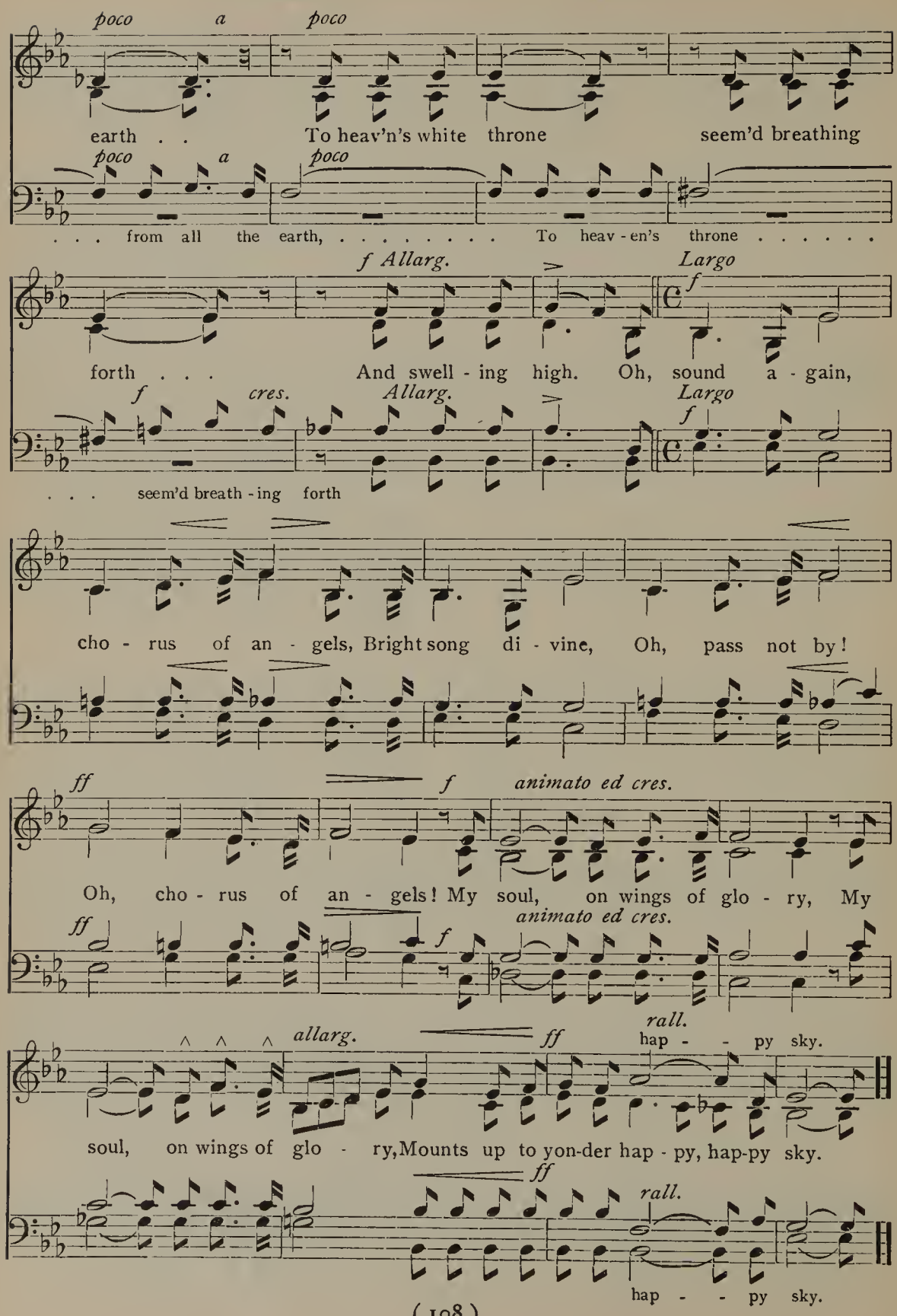


tone, ...
haze, ...






on. . . . . Then soft - ly the sweet hymn of love,
rays. . . . . All the world was melt - ed in pray'r,
float - ing on. Then soft - ly the sweet hymn of love,
gold - en rays. All the world was melt - ed in pray'r,
Tell - ing of grace by mer - cy giv - - en, Came from the
Lift - ing its sup-pliant hands to heav - - en, And from . .
Tell - ing of grace by mer - cy giv'n, Came from the
Lift - ing its sup - - pliant hands to heav'n, And from . .
az - - - ure realms a - bove, ...
bright throne there, ...
az - - - ure realms a - bove . . Where the joy - ous choir
vis - tas bright and fair . . God's com-fort to
az - - - - ure realms a - bove . . . Where the joy - ous choir
vis - tas bright and fair . . . God's com - fort to
rall.
a tempo
mp
cres. poco
sang in heav'n. A voice of pray'r . . from all the
each was giv'n. A voice of pray'r . . from all the
rall.
a tempo
mp
cres. poco
sang in heav'n.
each was giv'n.
A voice of pray'r . . . . . .
A voice of pray'r . . . . . .


poco a poco
earth . . To heav'n's white throne seem'd breathing
poco a poco
. . . from all the earth, ... To heav-en's throne . . . . . .
f Allarg. Largo
forth . . . And swell - ing high. Oh, sound a - gain,
f cres. Allarg. Largo
. . . seem'd breath - ing forth
cho - rus of an - gels, Bright song di - vine, Oh, pass not by!
ff f animato ed cres.
Oh, cho - rus of an - gels! My soul, on wings of glo - ry, My
ff f animato ed cres.
allarg. ff rall.
hap - - py sky.
soul, on wings of glo - ry, Mounts up to yon-der hap - py, hap-py sky.
ff rall.
hap - - py sky.

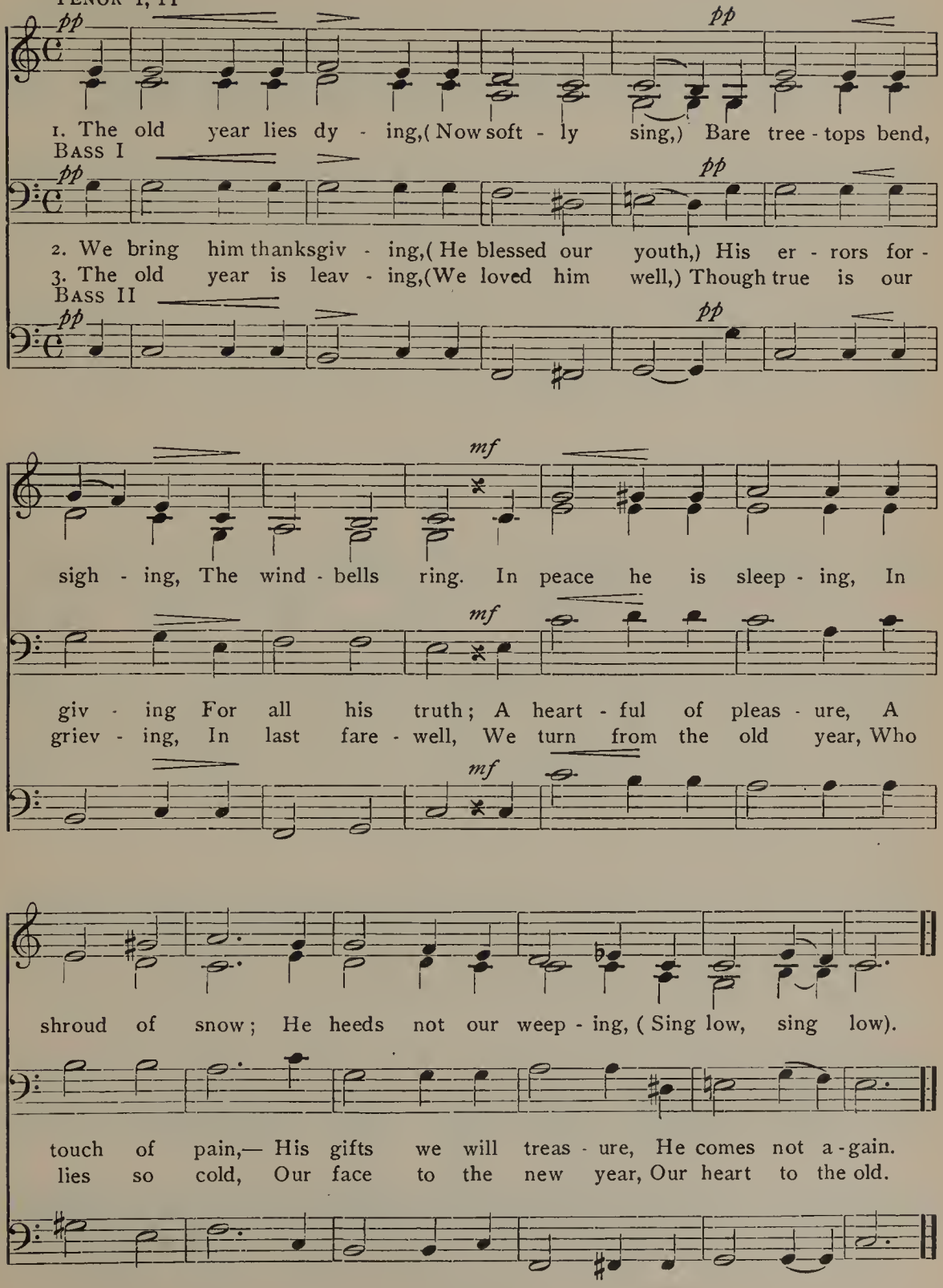
THE OLD YEAR

MABEL HAY BARROWS

KLOSS

Moderato

TENOR I, II



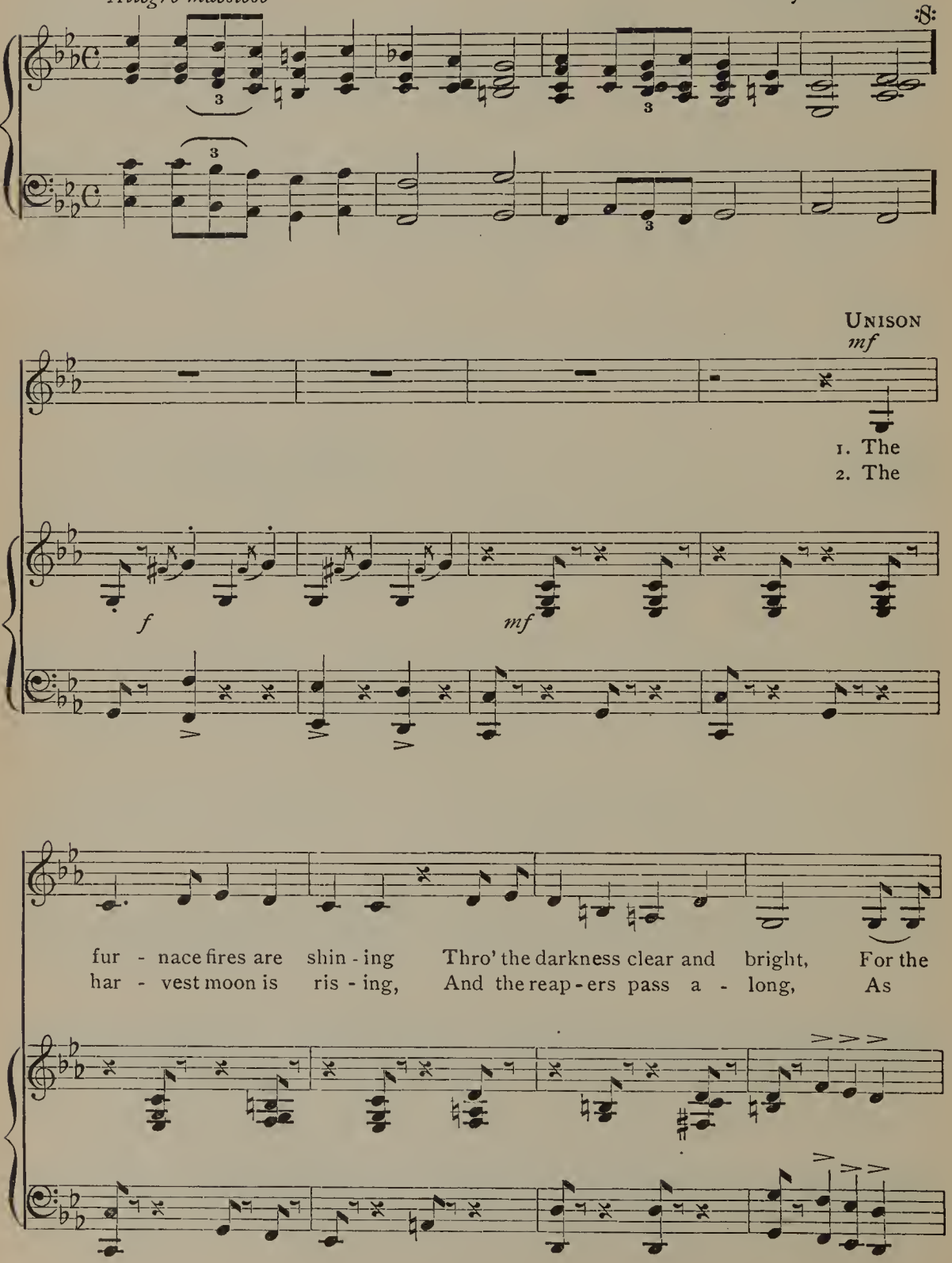
THE CLANG OF THE FORGE

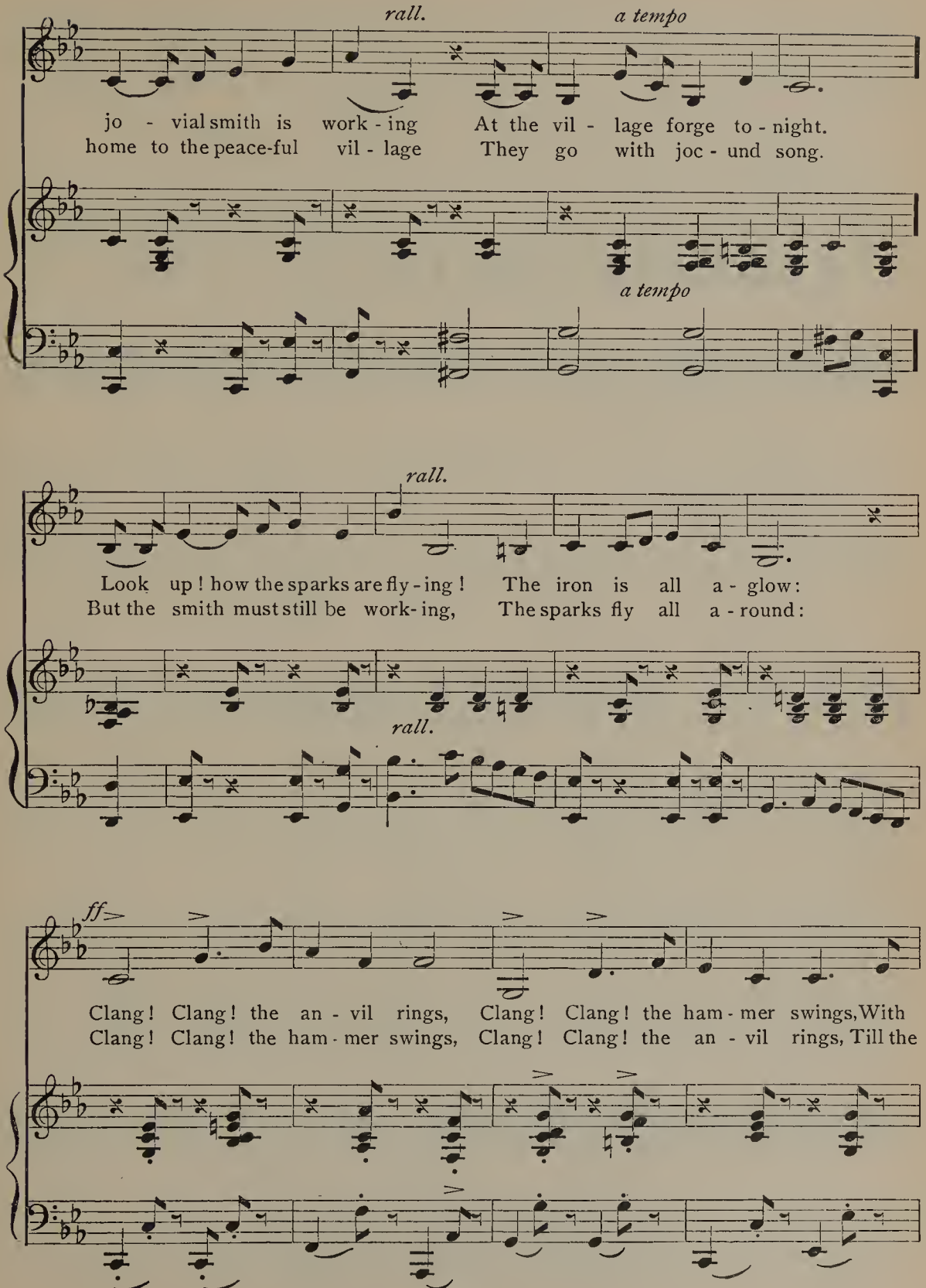
HENRY VAUGHAN

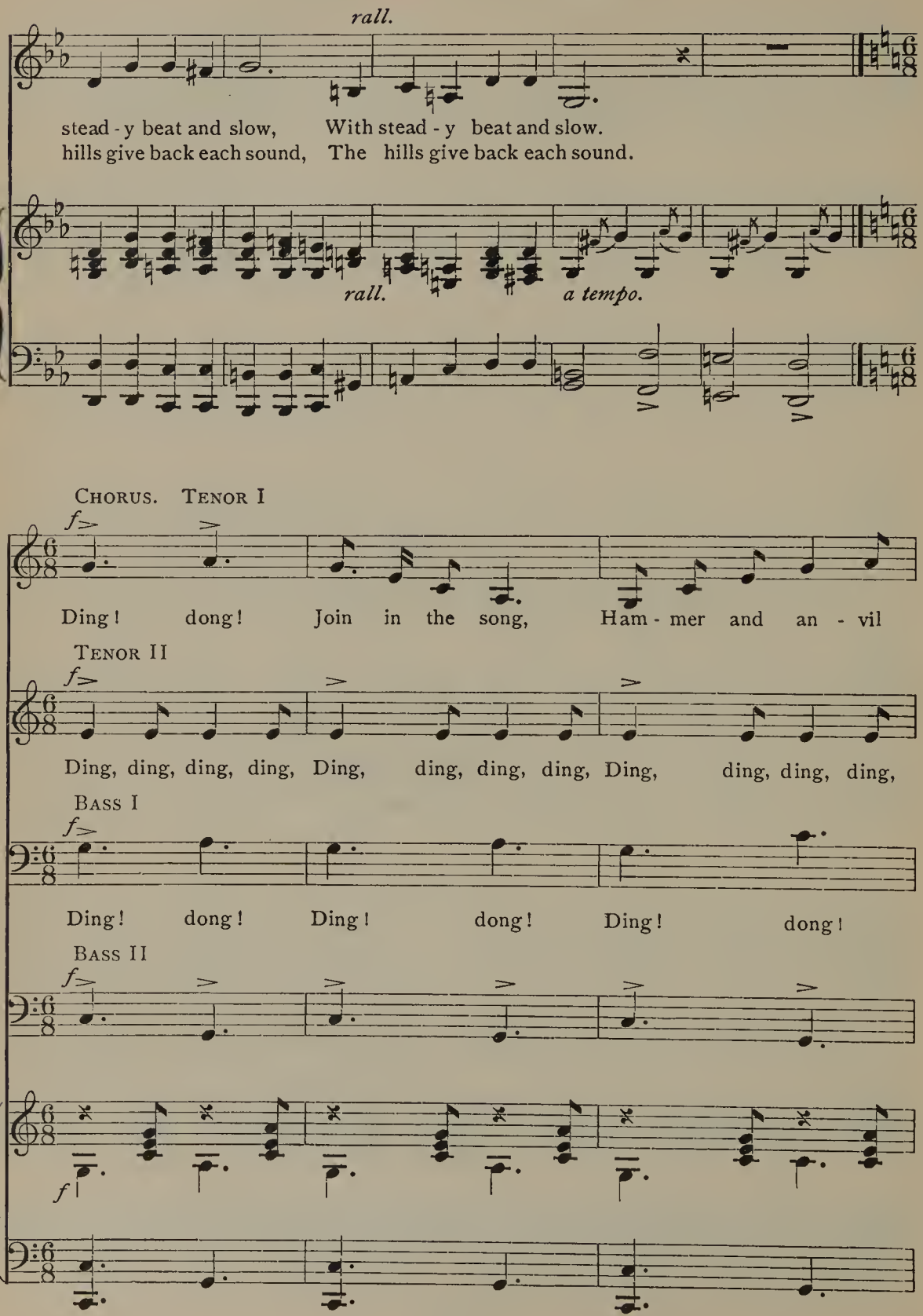
Allegro maestoso

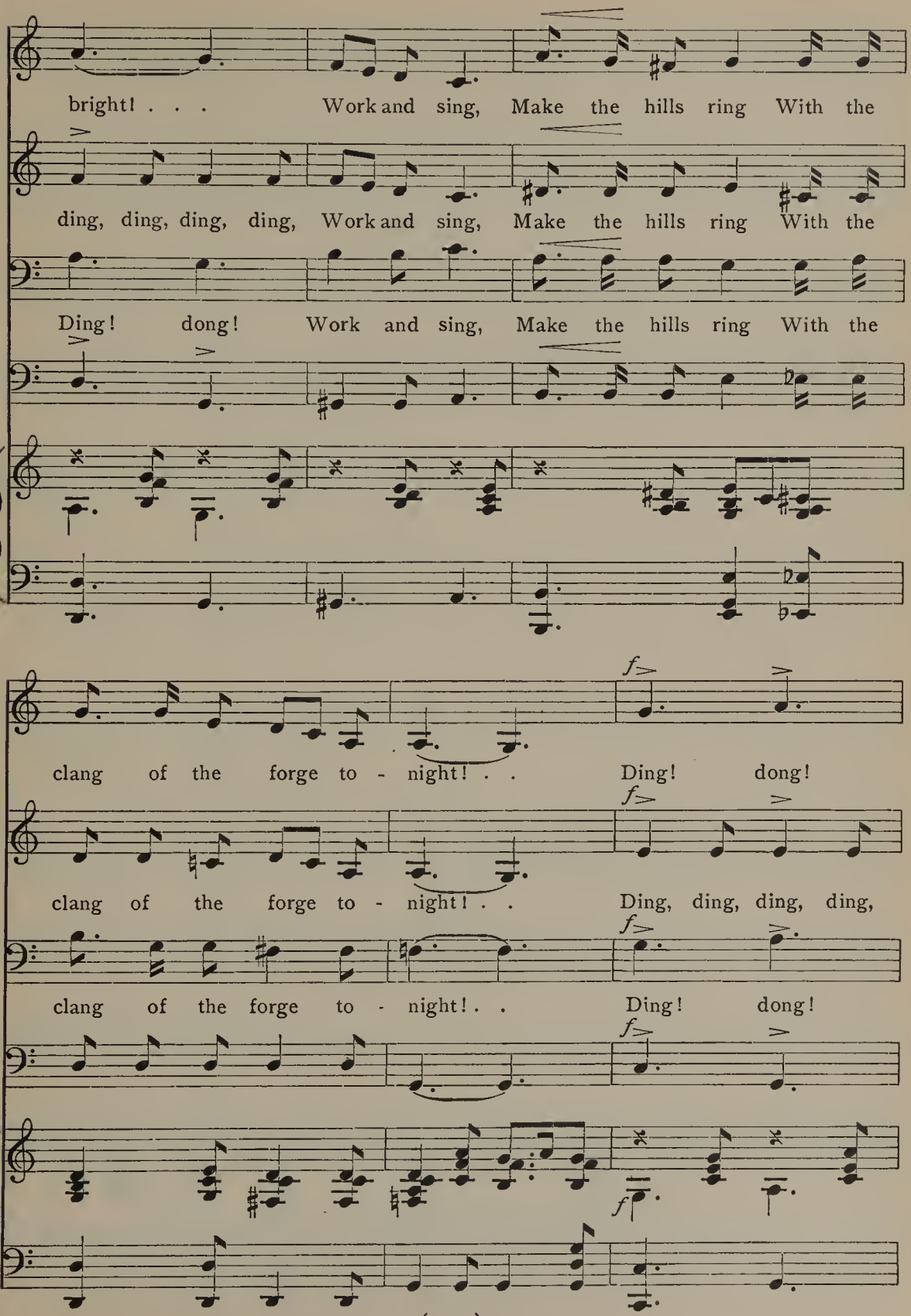
PAUL RODNEY

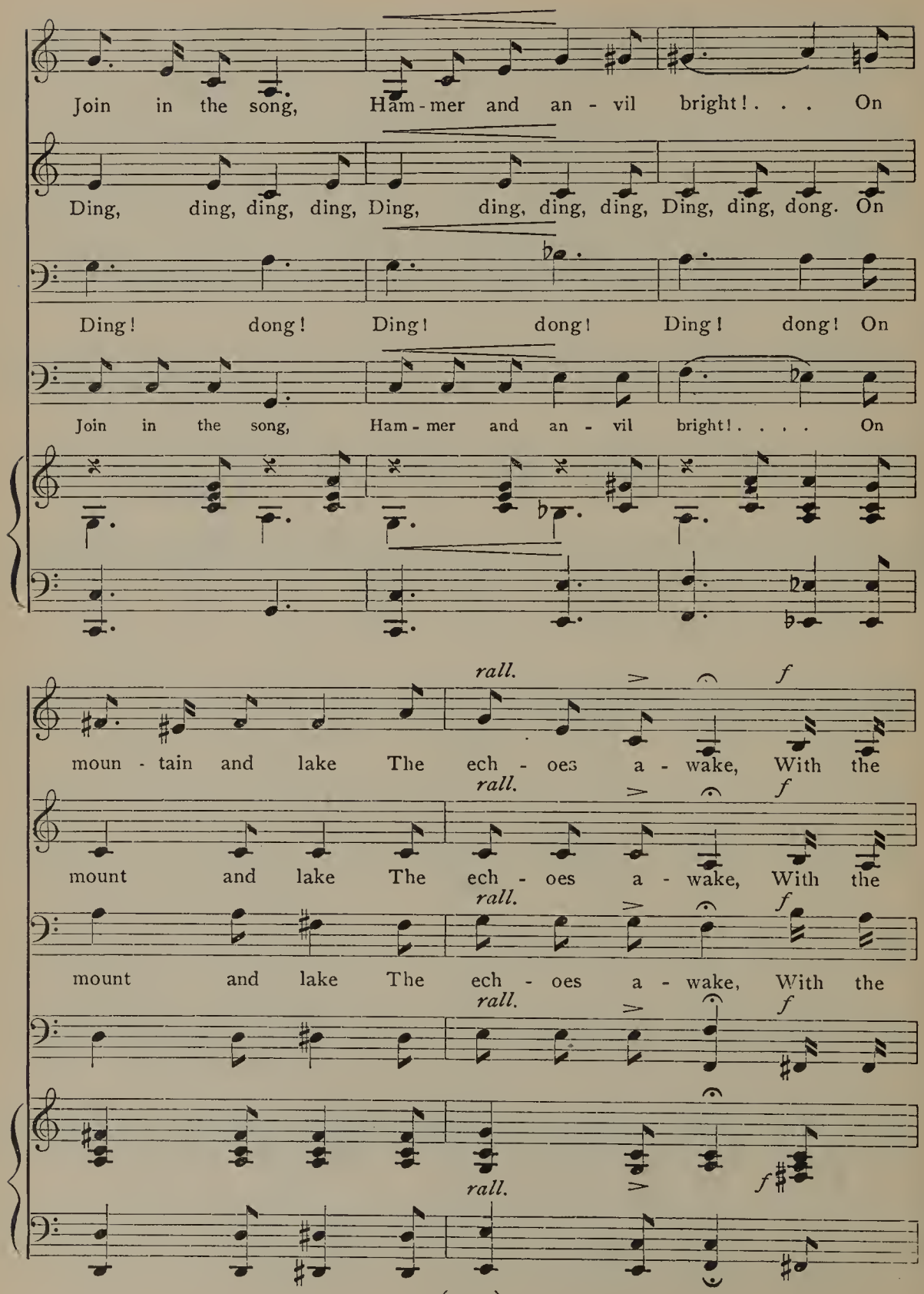
Arr. by C. E. W.

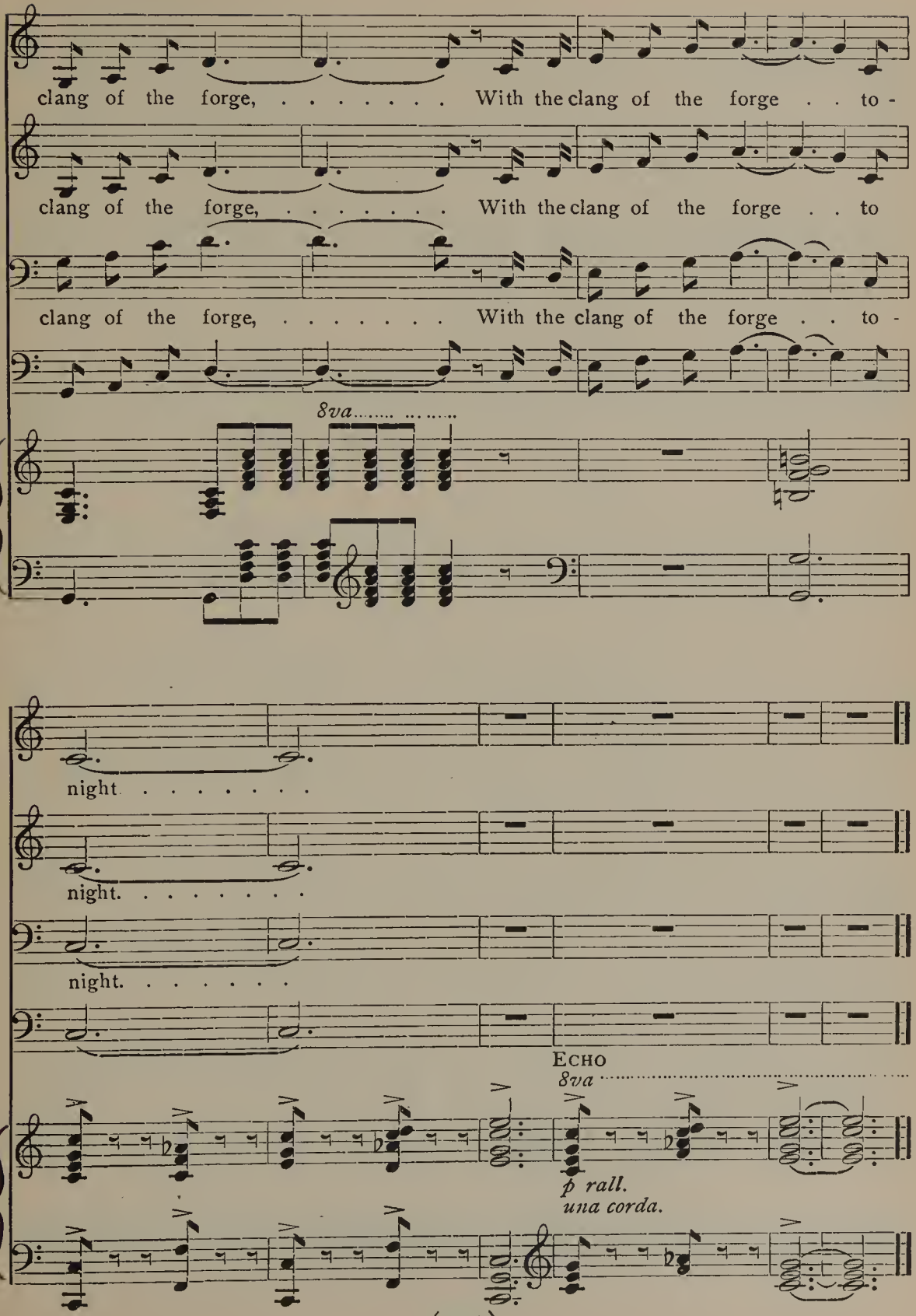



rall.
a tempo
jo - vial smith is work - ing At the vil - lage forge to - night.
home to the peace-ful vil - lage They go with joc - und song.
a tempo
rall.
Look up! how the sparks are fly - ing! The iron is all a - glow:
But the smith must still be work - ing, The sparks fly all a - round:
rall.
ff
Clang! Clang! the an - vil rings, Clang! Clang! the ham - mer swings, With
Clang! Clang! the ham - mer swings, Clang! Clang! the an - vil rings, Till the


rall.
stead - y beat and slow, With stead - y beat and slow.
hills give back each sound, The hills give back each sound.
rall.
a tempo.
Chorus. Tenor I
f
Ding! dong! Join in the song, Ham - mer and an - vil
Tenor II
f
Ding, ding, ding, ding, Ding, ding, ding, ding, Ding, ding, ding, ding,
Bass I
f
Ding! dong! Ding! dong! Ding! dong!
Bass II
f
f

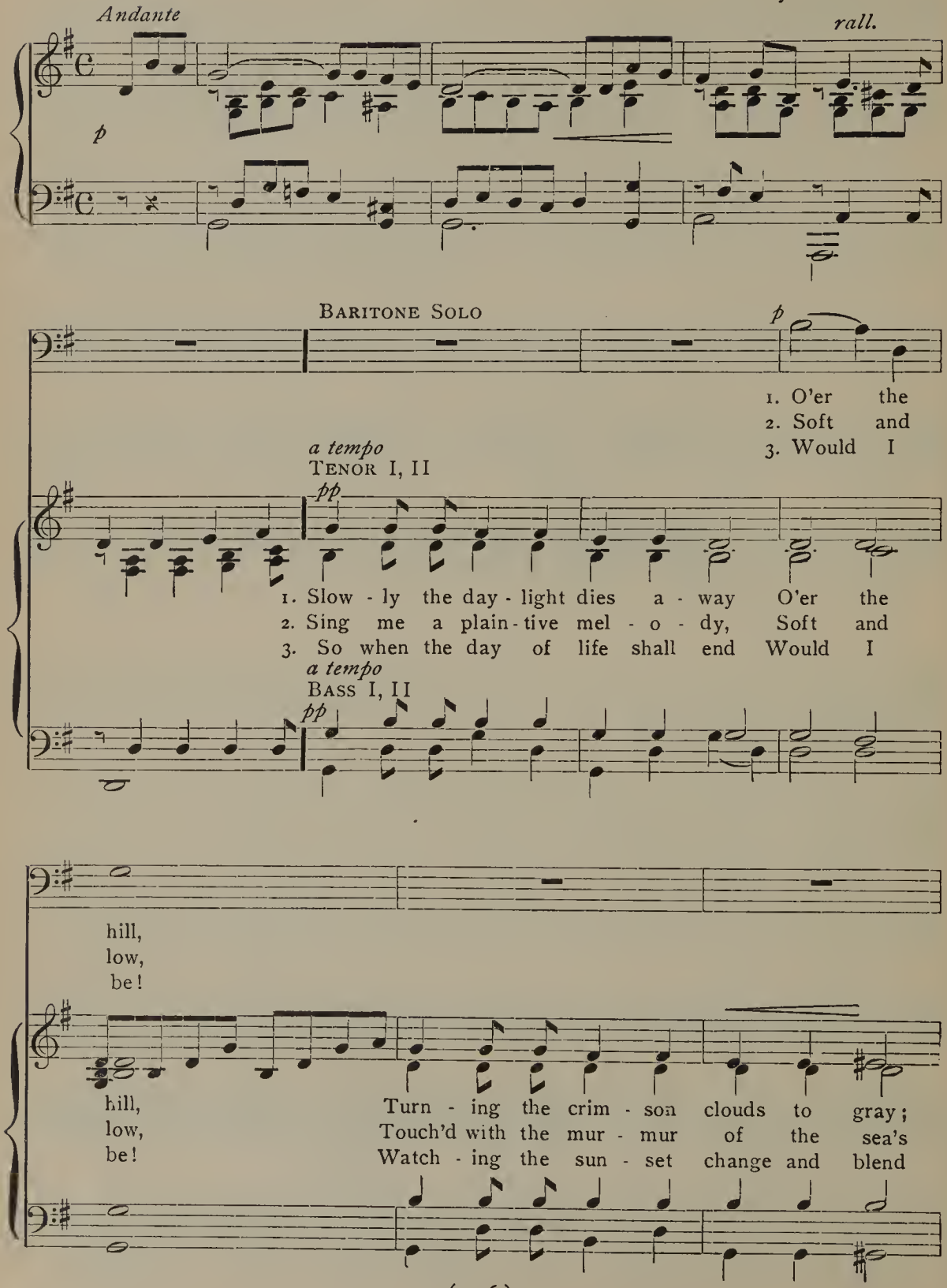

bright! . . . Work and sing, Make the hills ring With the
ding, ding, ding, ding, Work and sing, Make the hills ring With the
Ding! dong! Work and sing, Make the hills ring With the
clang of the forge to - night! . . Ding! dong!
clang of the forge to - night! . . Ding, ding, ding, ding,
clang of the forge to - night! . . Ding! dong!


Join in the song, Ham - mer and an - vil bright! . . . On
Ding, ding, ding, ding, Ding, ding, ding, ding, Ding, ding, dong. On
Ding! dong! Ding! dong! Ding! dong! On
Join in the song, Ham - mer and an - vil bright! . . . . On
rall.
f
moun - tain and lake The ech - oes a - wake, With the
mount and lake The ech - oes a - wake, With the
mount and lake The ech - oes a - wake, With the


clang of the forge, ... With the clang of the forge . . to -
clang of the forge, ... With the clang of the forge . . to
clang of the forge, ... With the clang of the forge . . to -
8va
night. . . . . .
night. . . . . .
night. . . . . .
Echo
8va
p rall.
una corda.

THE SWEETEST HOUR

H. Ernest Nichol
Arr. by C. E. W.




All . . . is still.
Ebb . . and flow,
O - ver me;
All is still.
Ebb and flow,
O - ver me;
Whis per - ing low, the eve - ning breeze
Calm as the ra - diance of the west,
Life's wea - ry la - bor o - ver - past,
a tempo
O sweet - est
rall.
Lin - gers to woo the pop - lar trees.
Fill'd with dear thoughts of those lov'd best.
Life's deep - est les - son learn'd at last.
rall.
hour . . . . . at set of sun, ... When all the
a tempo
pp
O sweet - est hour at set of sun,
pp


toil . . . . . of day is done; . . . . . When rest - less
When all the toil of day is done; . . .
waves . . . . . of sor - row cease, ... And mind and
cres.
When rest - less waves of sor - row cease,
cres.
rall. molto
soul . . . are all . . . . at peace.
And mind and soul are all at peace.
rall. molto
And soul at peace. . . .
And mind and soul at peace, are all at peace.
rall. molto
pp
And mind and soul at peace.

No. 38

THE WILD ROSE

GOETHE

MORITZ HAUPTMANN
Arr. by C. E. W.

Allegretto

TENOR I, II

mf

1. Once a boy a rose did spy, Rose a - mid the heath - er;
2. "I will pluck thee now," said he, "Rose a - mid the heath - er;"

BASS I

mf

3. But the boy would not re - frain, Rose a - mid the heath - er;

BASS II

mf

Fresh and fair it met the eye, And he hur - ried ea - ger - ly,
Rose - bud cried, "That shalt not be! Cru - el thorns I'll thrust in thee;

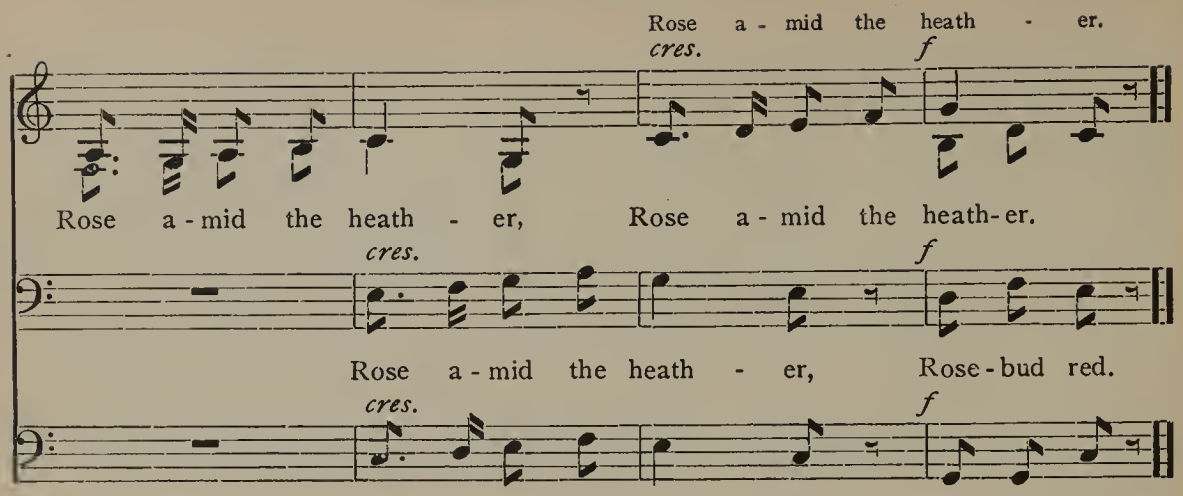
All re - sis - tance was in vain, Naught a - vailed it grief or pain,

cres.

All its sweets to gath - er! Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud red,
Leave me 'mid the heath - er!" Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud red,

cres.

Dy - ing 'mid the heath - er! Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud, rose - bud red,

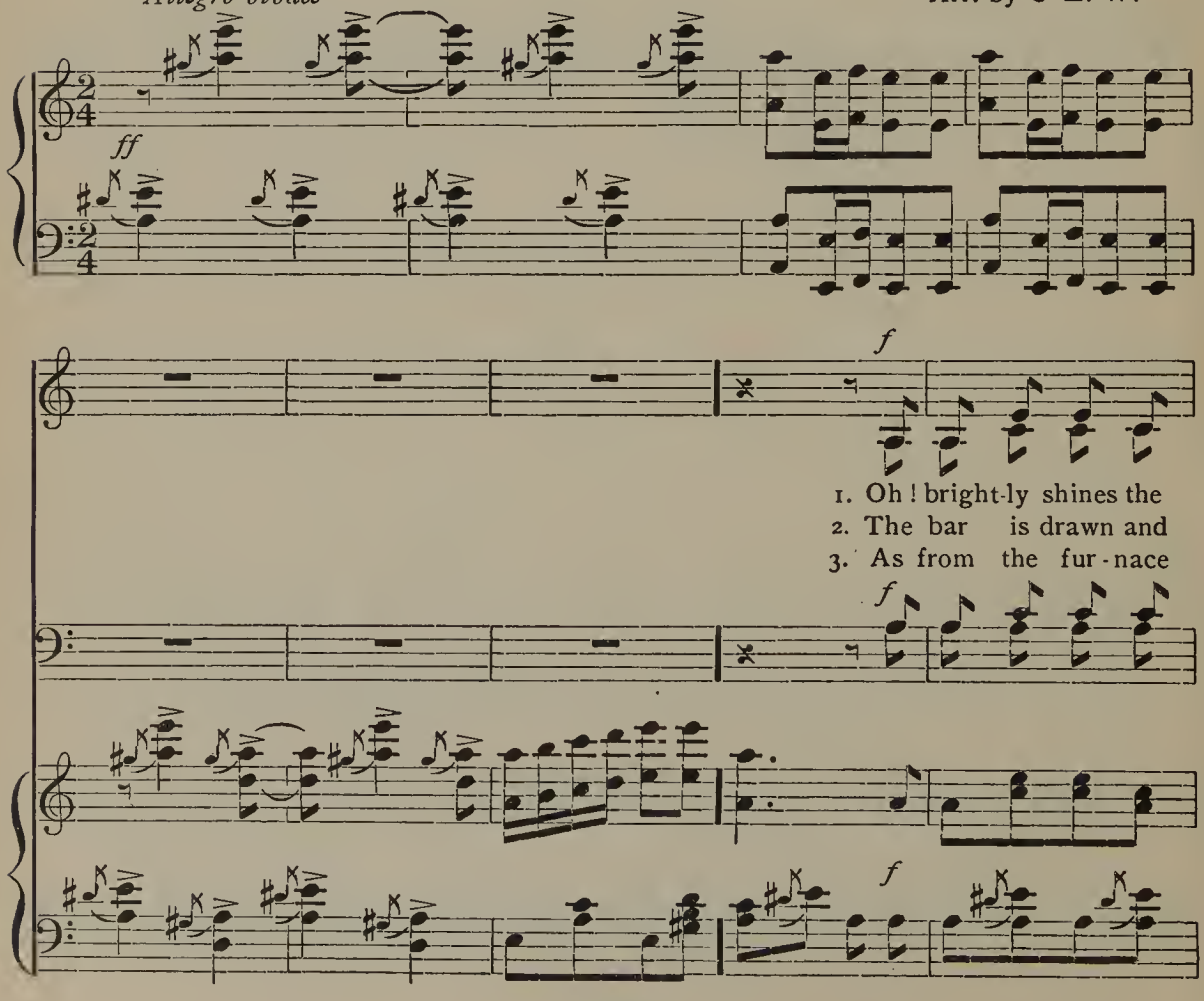


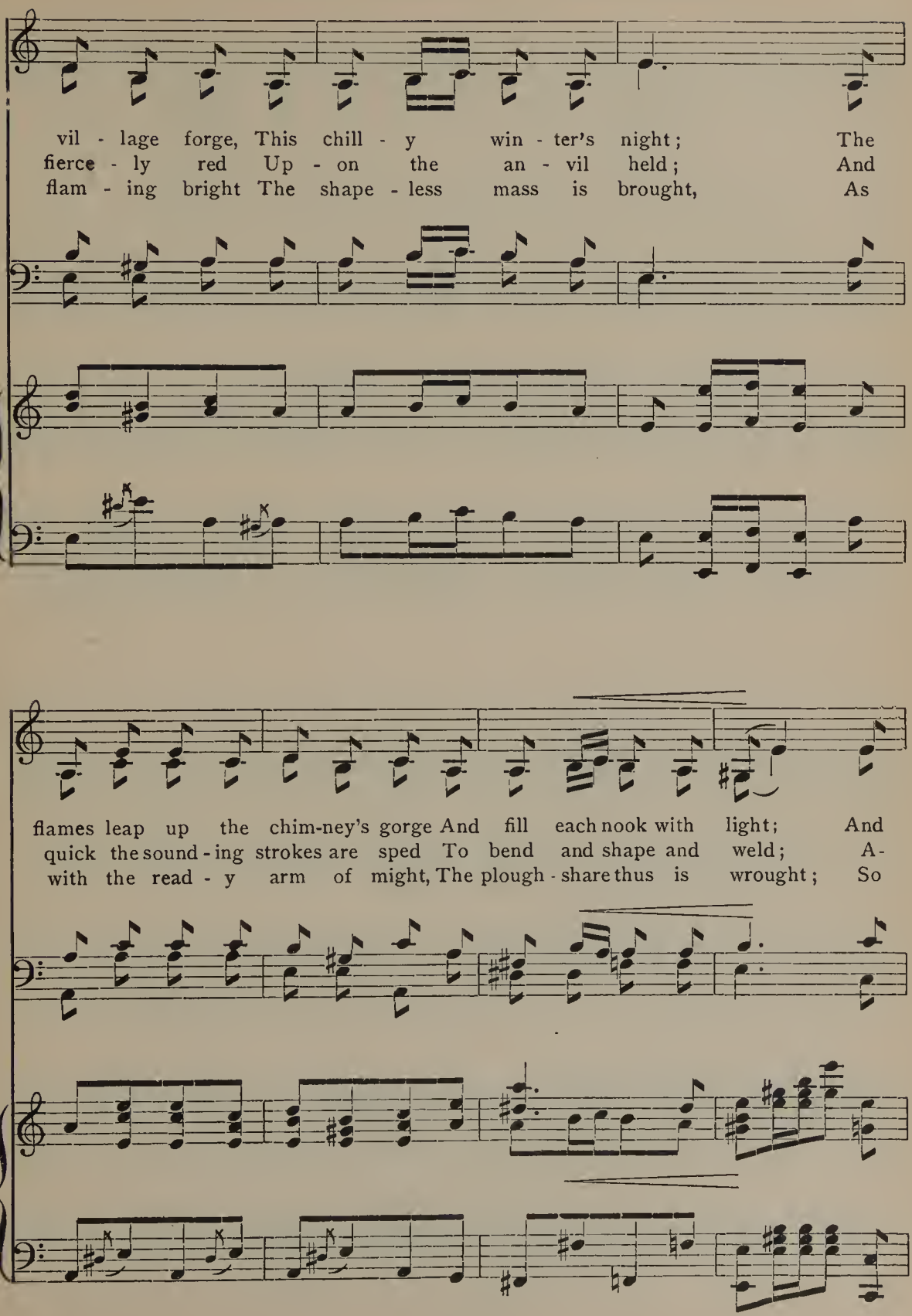
No. 39 OH, BRIGHTLY SHINES THE VILLAGE FORGE

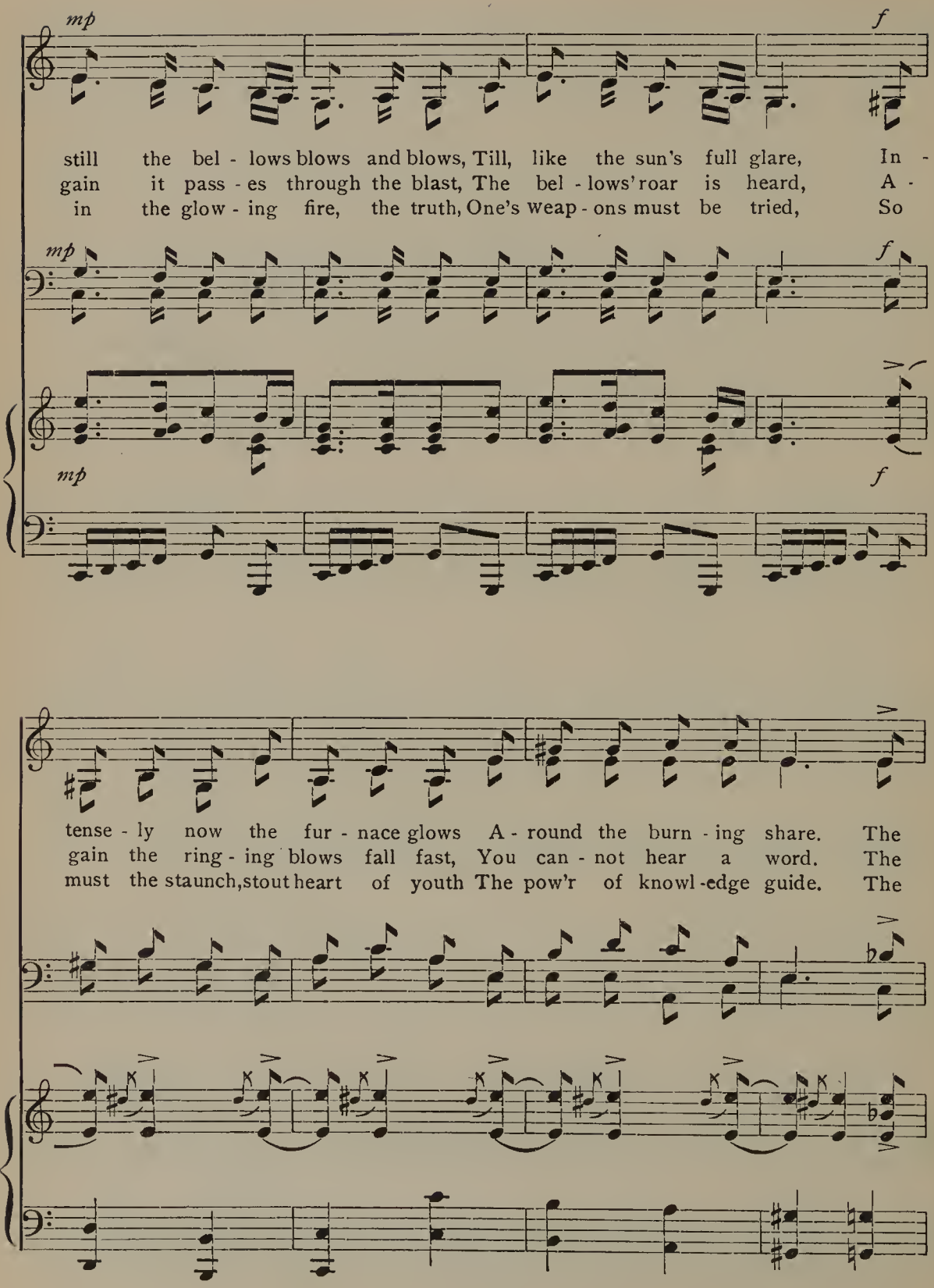
GEO. BENNETT

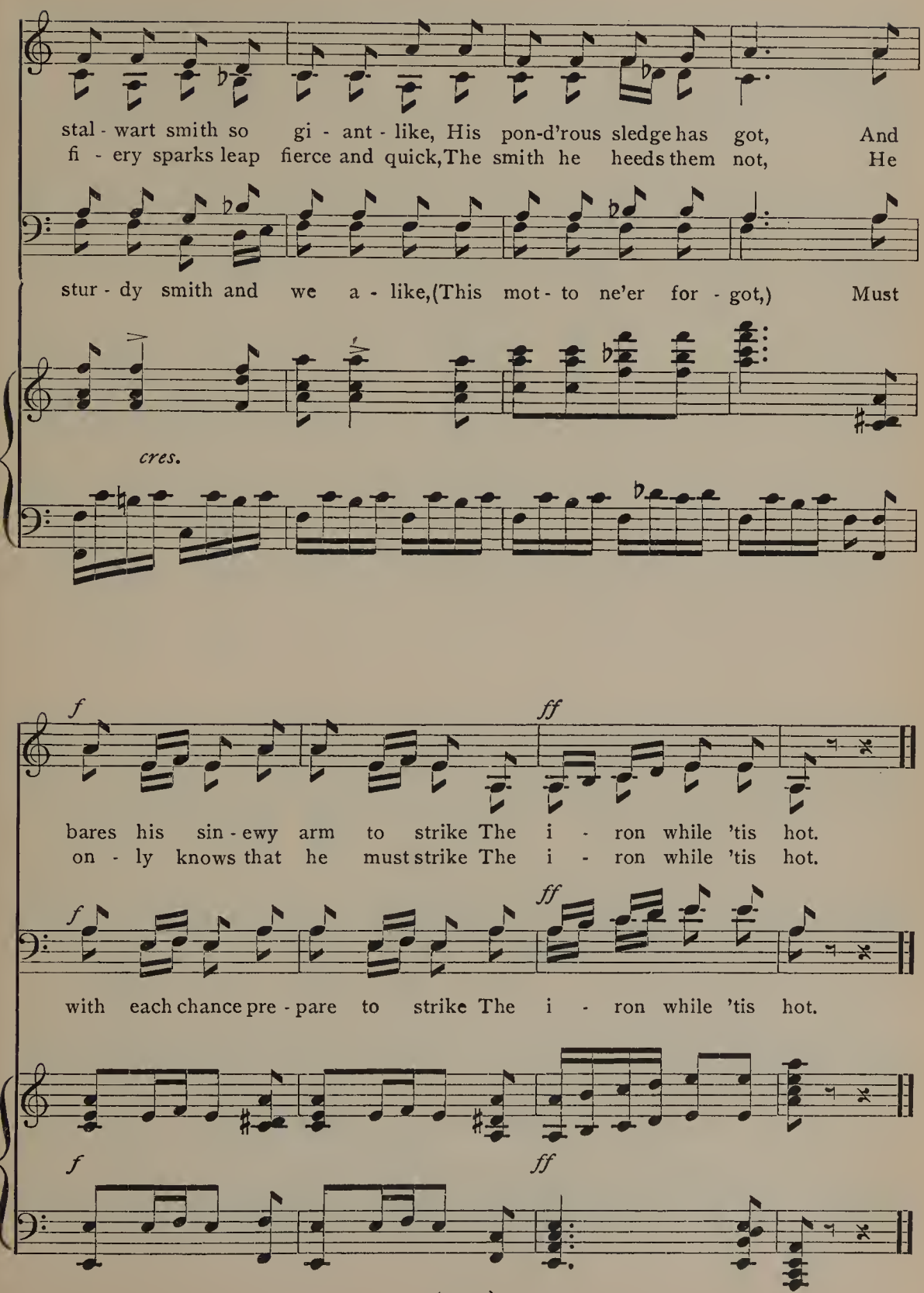
Allegro vivace

JOSIAH BOOTH
Arr. by C. E. W.




vil - lage forge, This chill - y win - ter's night; The
fierce - ly red Up - on the an - vil held; And
flam - ing bright The shape - less mass is brought, As
flames leap up the chim-ney's gorge And fill each nook with light; And
quick the sound - ing strokes are sped To bend and shape and weld; A-
with the read - y arm of might, The plough - share thus is wrought; So


mp
f
still the bel - lows blows and blows, Till, like the sun's full glare, In -
gain it pass - es through the blast, The bel - lows' roar is heard, A -
in the glow - ing fire, the truth, One's weap - ons must be tried, So
mp
f
mp
f
tense - ly now the fur - nace glows A - round the burn - ing share. The
gain the ring - ing blows fall fast, You can - not hear a word. The
must the staunch, stout heart of youth The pow'r of knowl - edge guide. The


stal - wart smith so gi - ant - like, His pon-d'rous sledge has got, And
fi - ery sparks leap fierce and quick, The smith he heeds them not, He
stur - dy smith and we a - like, (This mot - to ne'er for - got,) Must
cres.
f
ff
bares his sin - ewy arm to strike The i - ron while 'tis hot.
on - ly knows that he must strike The i - ron while 'tis hot.
with each chance pre - pare to strike The i - ron while 'tis hot.

No. 40

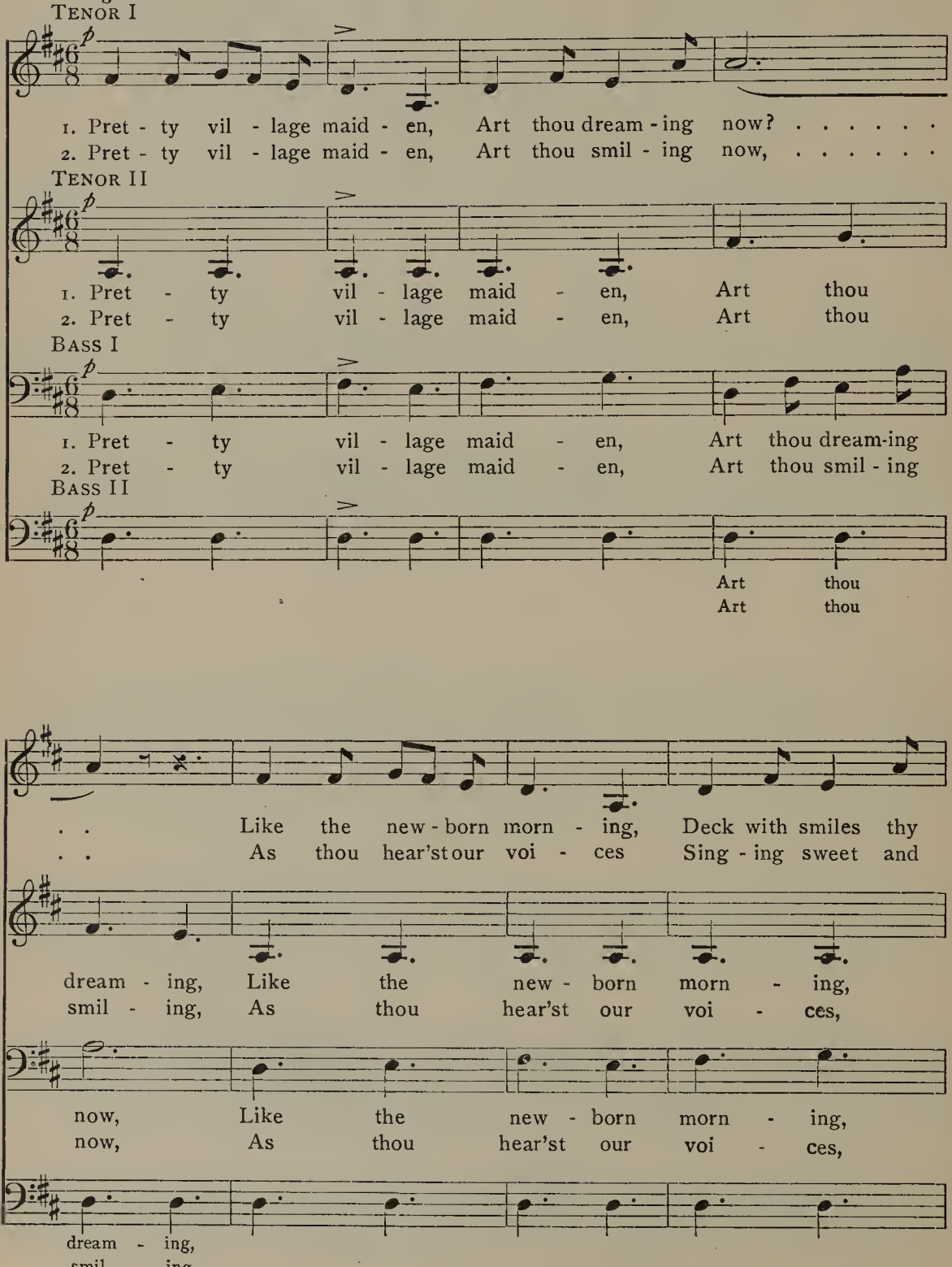
PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN

(PEASANTS' SERENADE)

C. J. ROWE

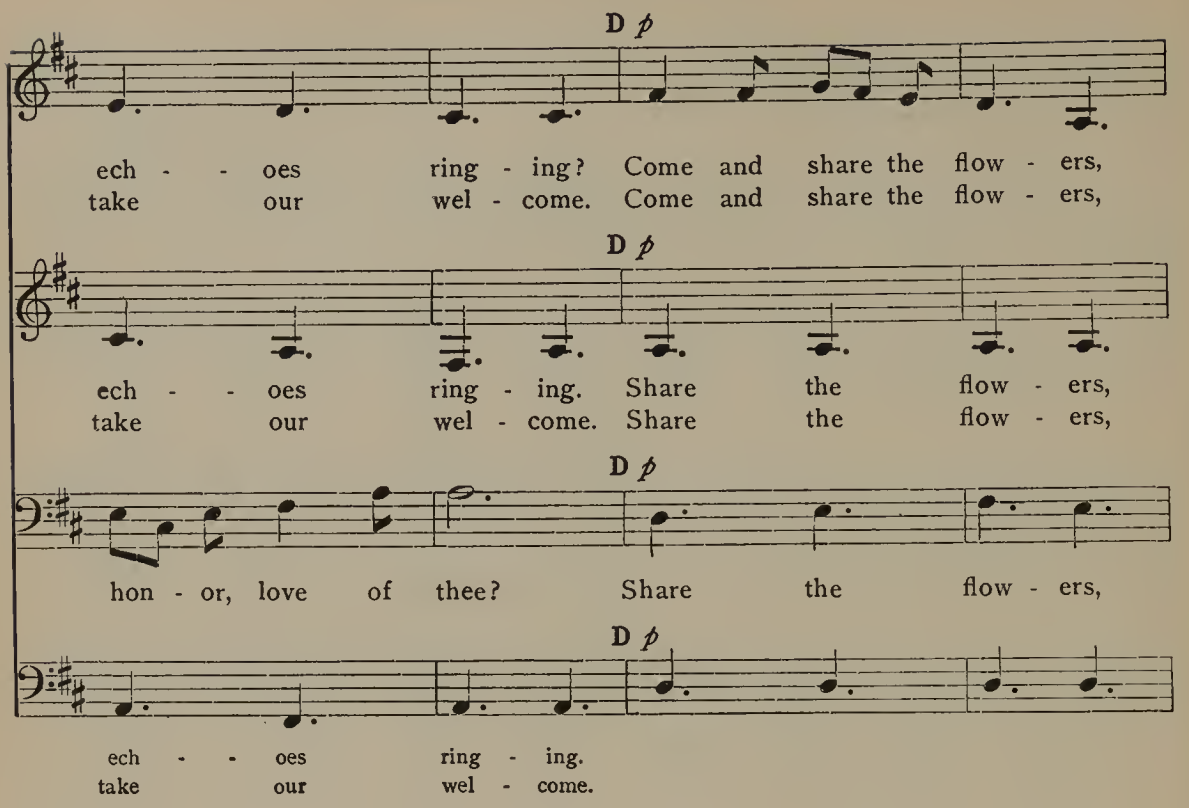
Arr. from GOUNOD'S "Faust" by C. E. W.

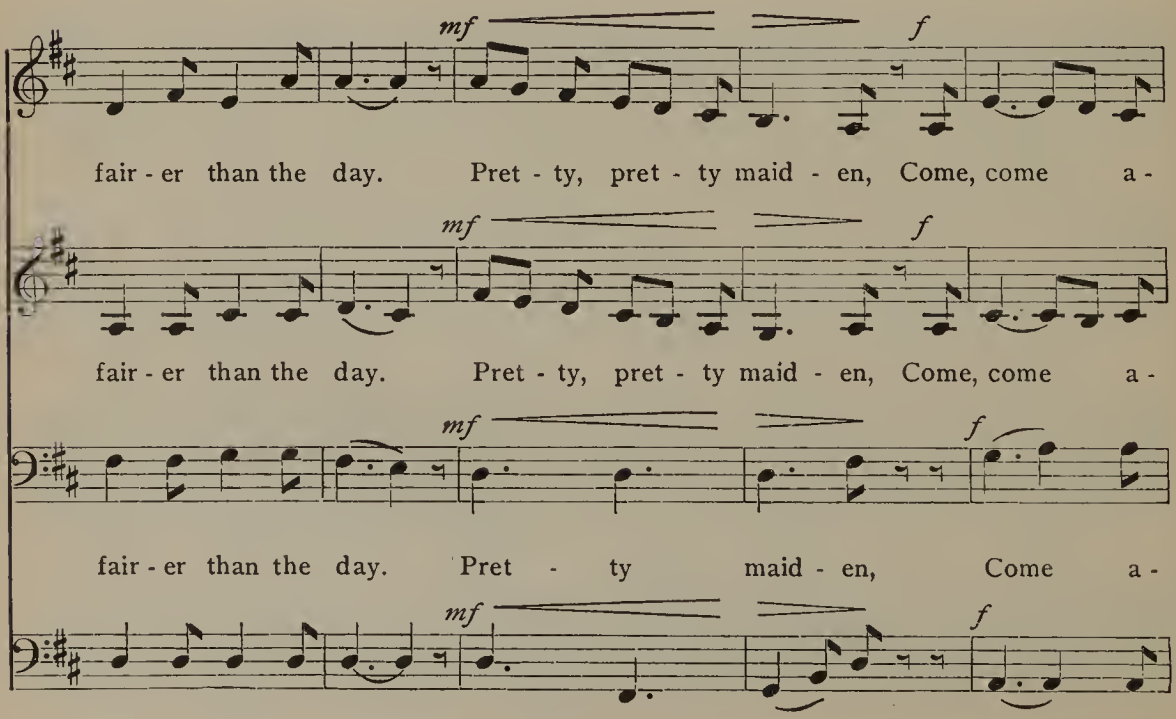
Allegretto

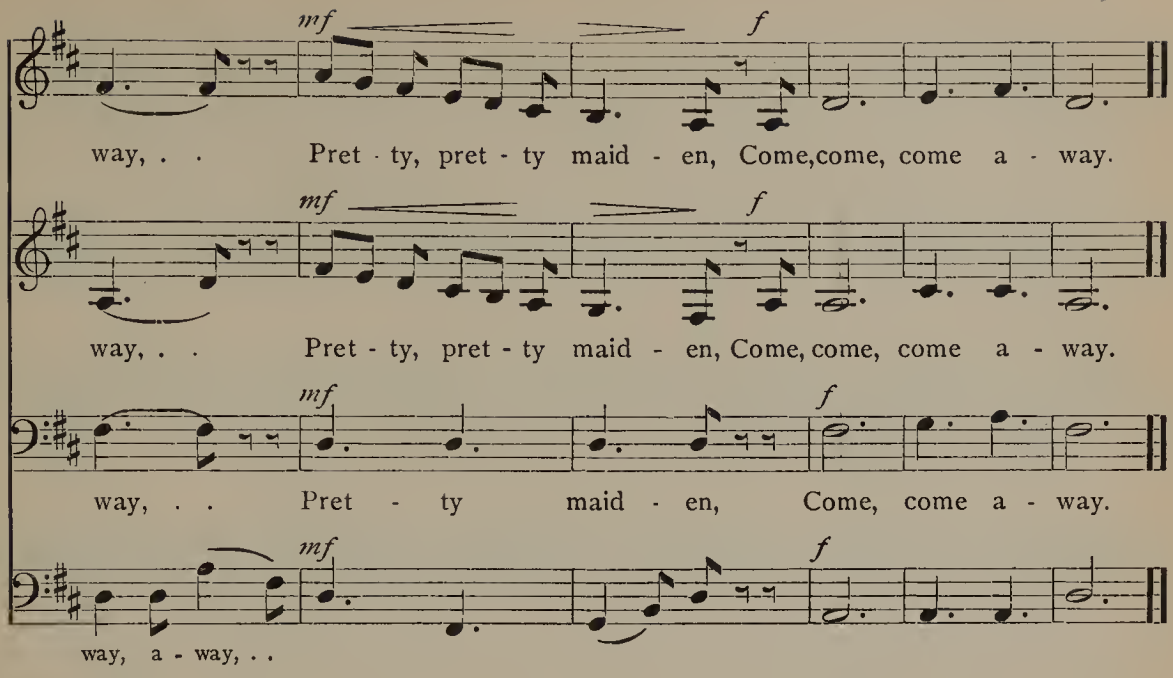



A mf
brow! . . . . . Hark! the birds are sing - ing; Dost
low? . . . . . Wake thou from thy slum - ber, Thou
A mf
Art thou smil - ing? Hark! the birds, the
Sweet - ly sing - ing? Wake thou, wake thou
A mf
Deck with smiles thy brow. Hark! the . . birds, the . .
Sing - ing sweet and low? Wake thou, . wake thou .
A mf
Art thou smil - ing?
Sweet - ly sing - ing?


hear, from tree to tree, . . Sweet their ech - oes . .
shouldst no lon - ger sleep. . Come and take, O . .
birds are sing - ing, Sweet their ech - oes,
from thy slum - ber, Come and take, O
birds are sing - ing, Sweet their ech - oes ring - ing, In
from thy slum - ber, Come and take, O take, . O take
Sweet their ech - oes,
Come and take, O


D p
ech - - oes ring - ing? Come and share the flow - ers,
take our wel - come. Come and share the flow - ers,
D p
ech - - oes ring - ing. Share the flow - ers,
take our wel - come. Share the flow - ers,
D p
hon - or, love of thee? Share the flow - ers,
D p
ech - - oes ring - ing.
take our wel - come.


mf
f
fair - er than the day. Pret - ty, pret - ty maid - en, Come, come a -
mf
f
fair - er than the day. Pret - ty, pret - ty maid - en, Come, come a -
mf
f
fair - er than the day. Pret - ty maid - en, Come a -
mf
f



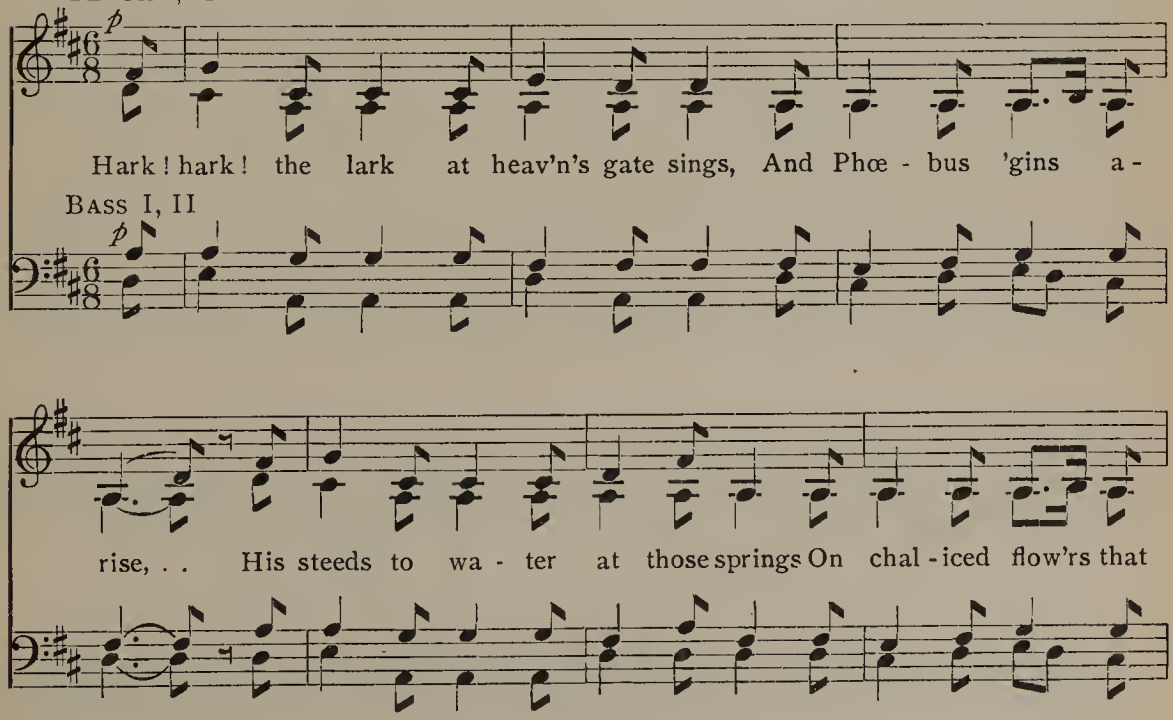
No. 41 HARK! HARK! THE LARK

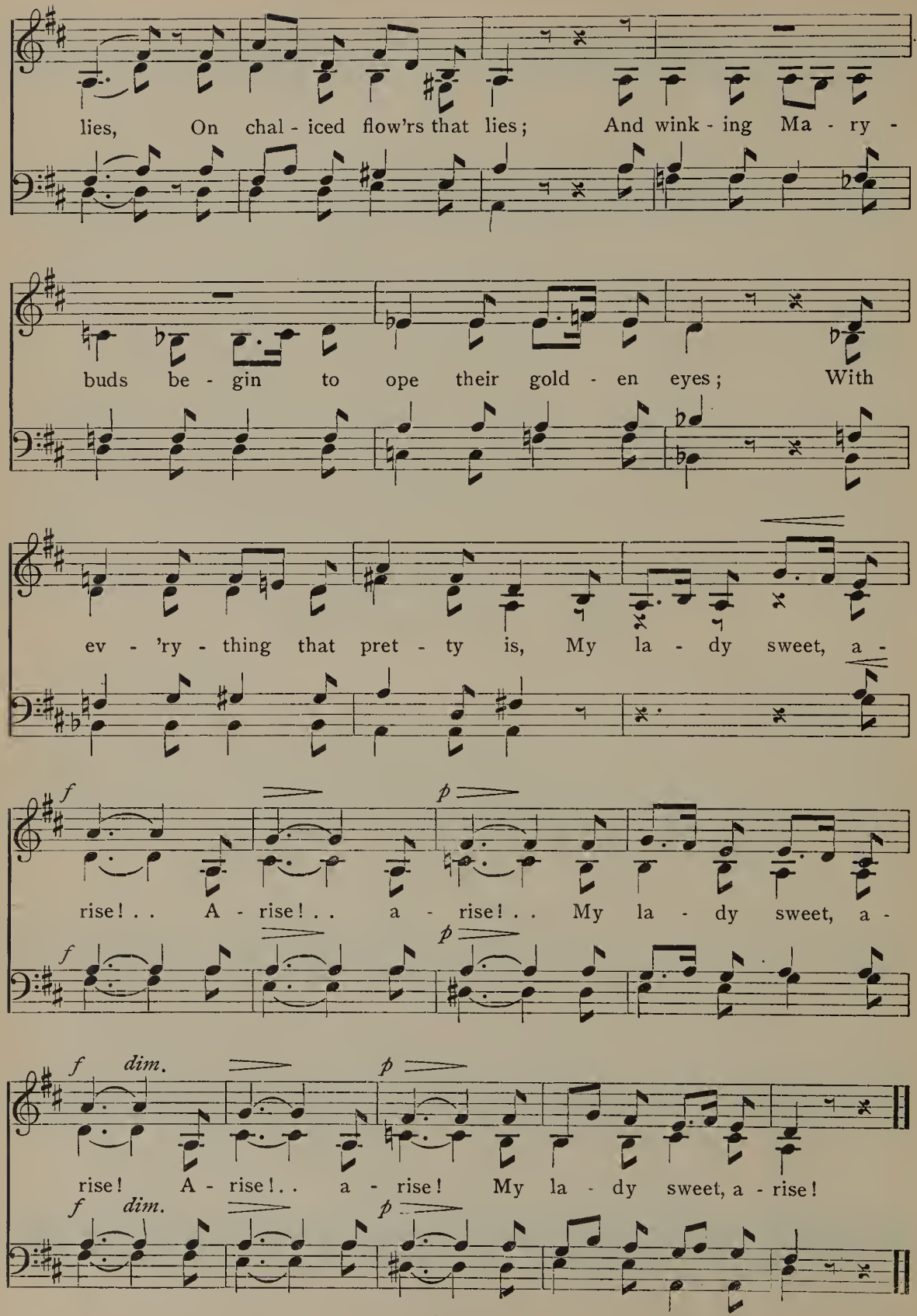
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, (1564–1616)

SCHUBERT, (1797–1828)
Arr. by C. E. W.

Allegretto

TENOR I, II




lies, On chal - iced flow'rs that lies; And wink - ing Ma - ry -
buds be - gin to ope their gold - en eyes; With
ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty is, My la - dy sweet, a -
f
p
rise! . . A - rise! . . a - rise! . . My la - dy sweet, a -
f
p
f dim.
p
rise! A - rise! . . a - rise! My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
f dim.
p

THE RHINE-RAFT SONG

FRIEDRICH ENOCH

CIRO PINSUTI
Arr. by F. E. C.

Allegretto moderato



No. 43

THE MOON

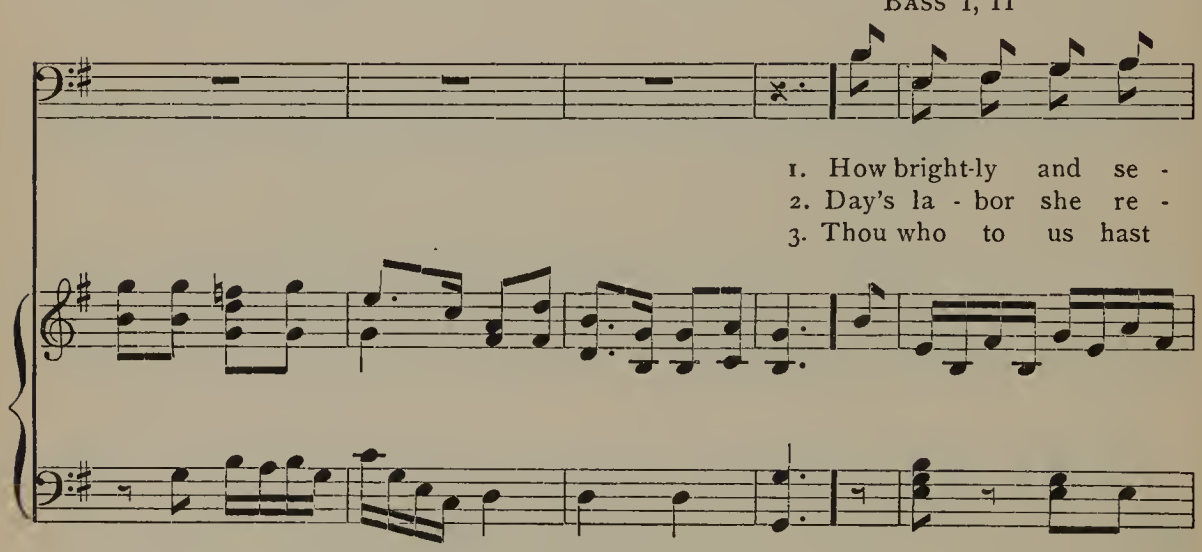
Tr. by BEARSFORD

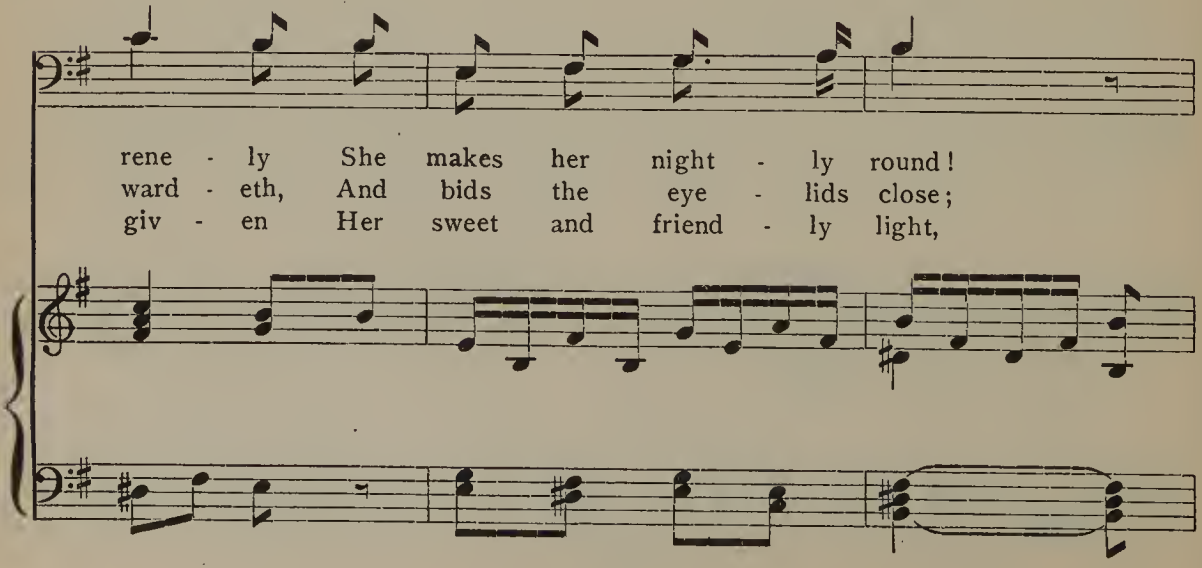
C. E. WHITING

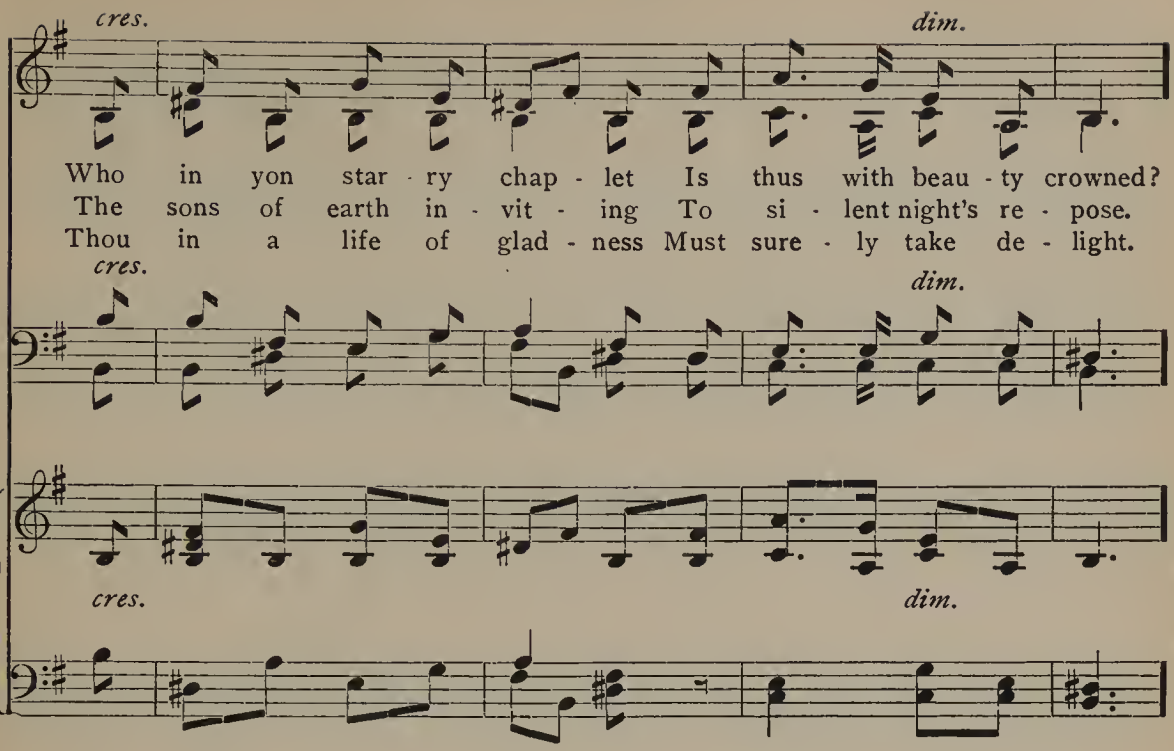
Moderato

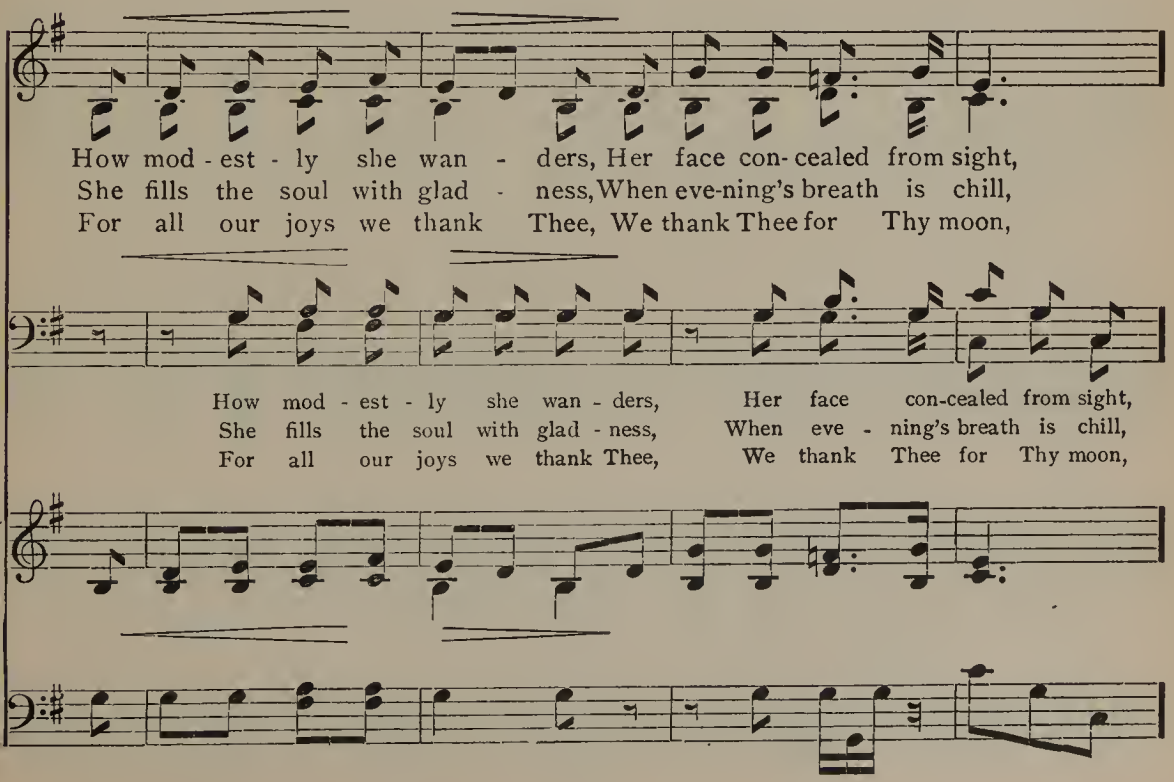


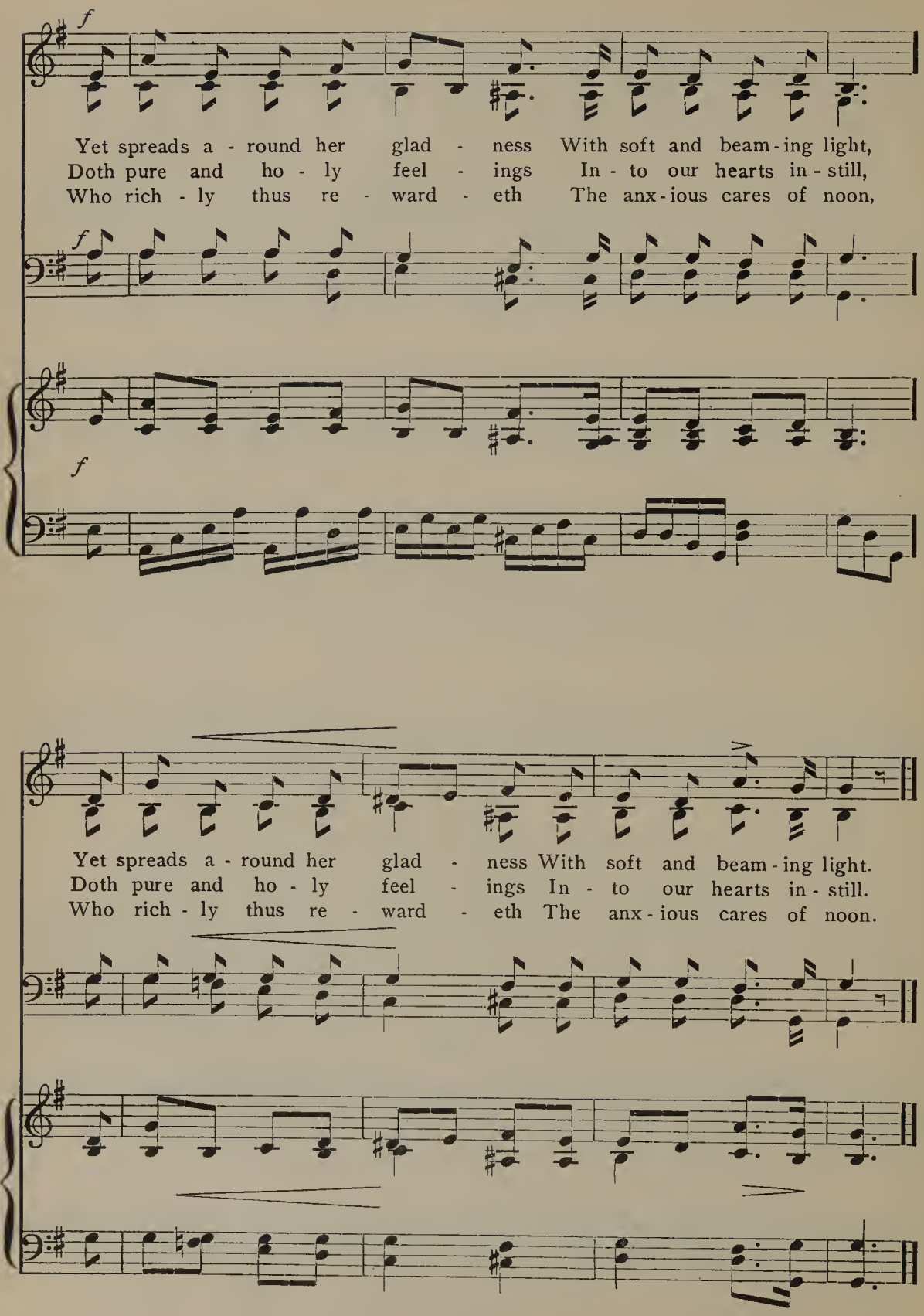
BASS I, II






cres.
dim.
Who in yon star - ry chap - let Is thus with beau - ty crowned?
The sons of earth in - vit - ing To si - lent night's re - pose.
Thou in a life of glad - ness Must sure - ly take de - light.
cres.
dim.
cres.
dim.


How mod - est - ly she wan - ders, Her face con- cealed from sight,
She fills the soul with glad - ness, When eve-ning's breath is chill,
For all our joys we thank Thee, We thank Thee for Thy moon,
How mod - est - ly she wan - ders, Her face con-cealed from sight,
She fills the soul with glad - ness, When eve - ning's breath is chill,
For all our joys we thank Thee, We thank Thee for Thy moon,


f
Yet spreads a - round her glad - ness With soft and beam - ing light,
Doth pure and ho - ly feel - ings In - to our hearts in - still,
Who rich - ly thus re - ward - eth The anx - ious cares of noon,
f
f
Yet spreads a - round her glad - ness With soft and beam - ing light.
Doth pure and ho - ly feel - ings In - to our hearts in - still.
Who rich - ly thus re - ward - eth The anx - ious cares of noon.

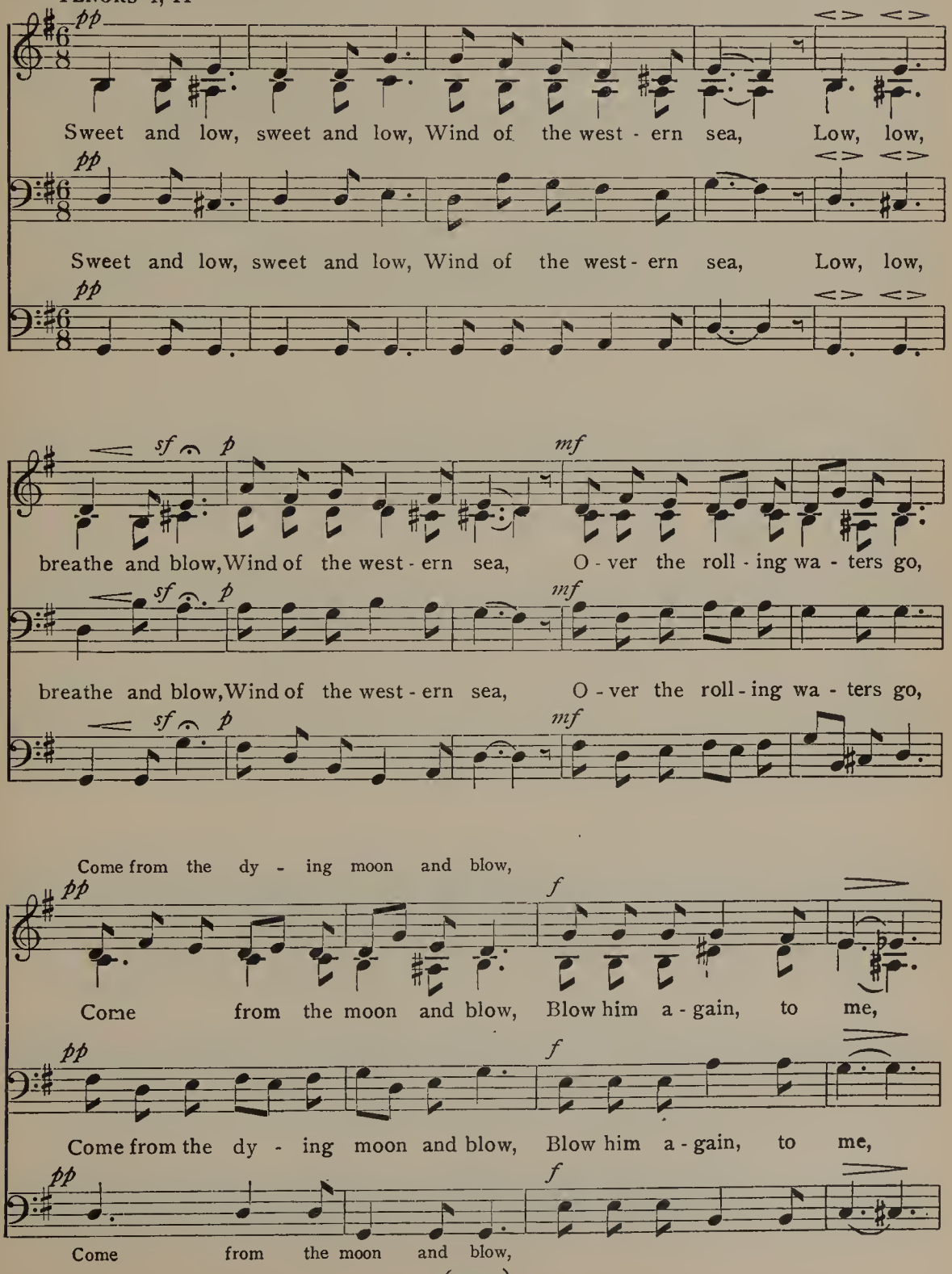
SWEET AND LOW

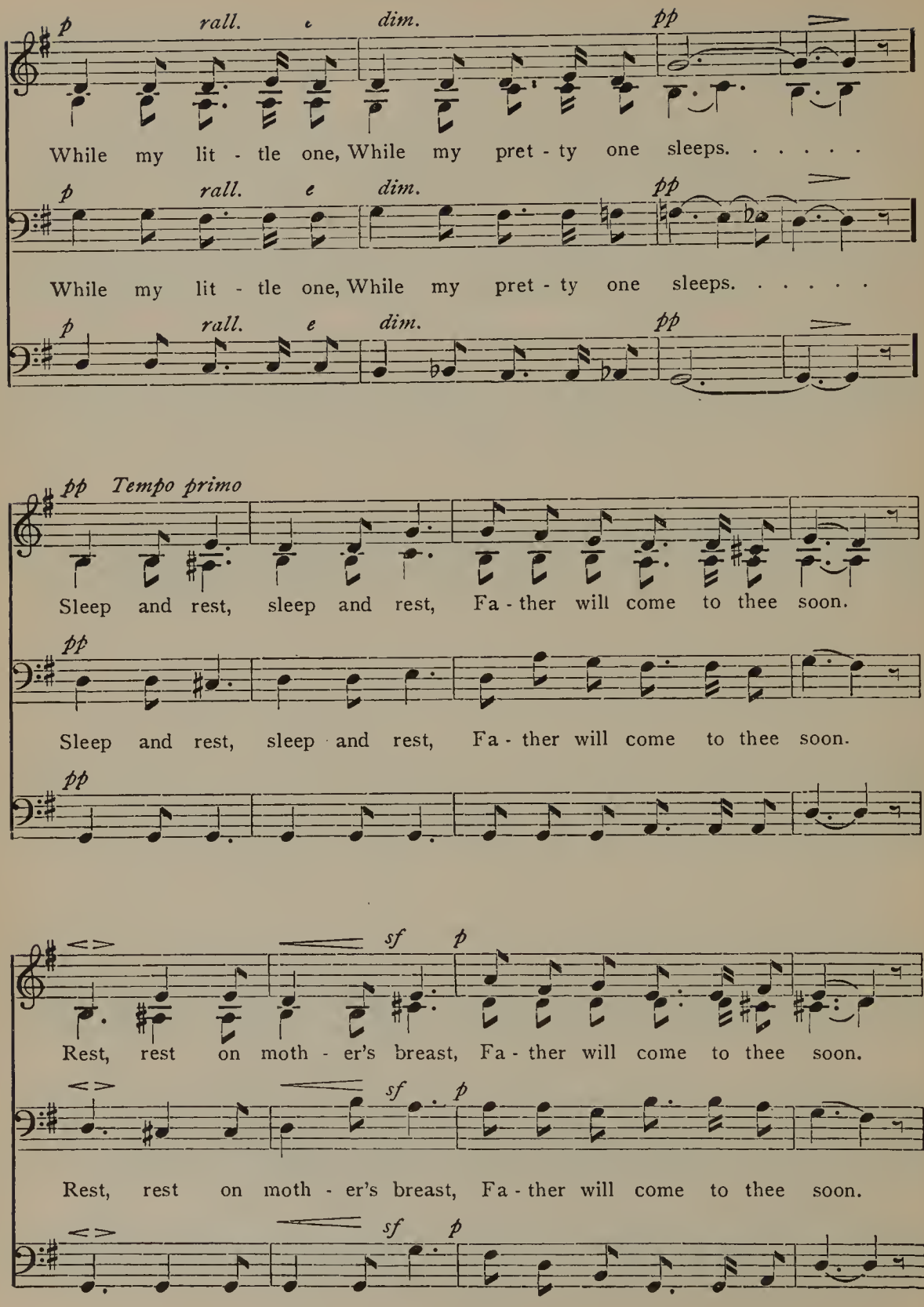
ALFRED TENNYSON

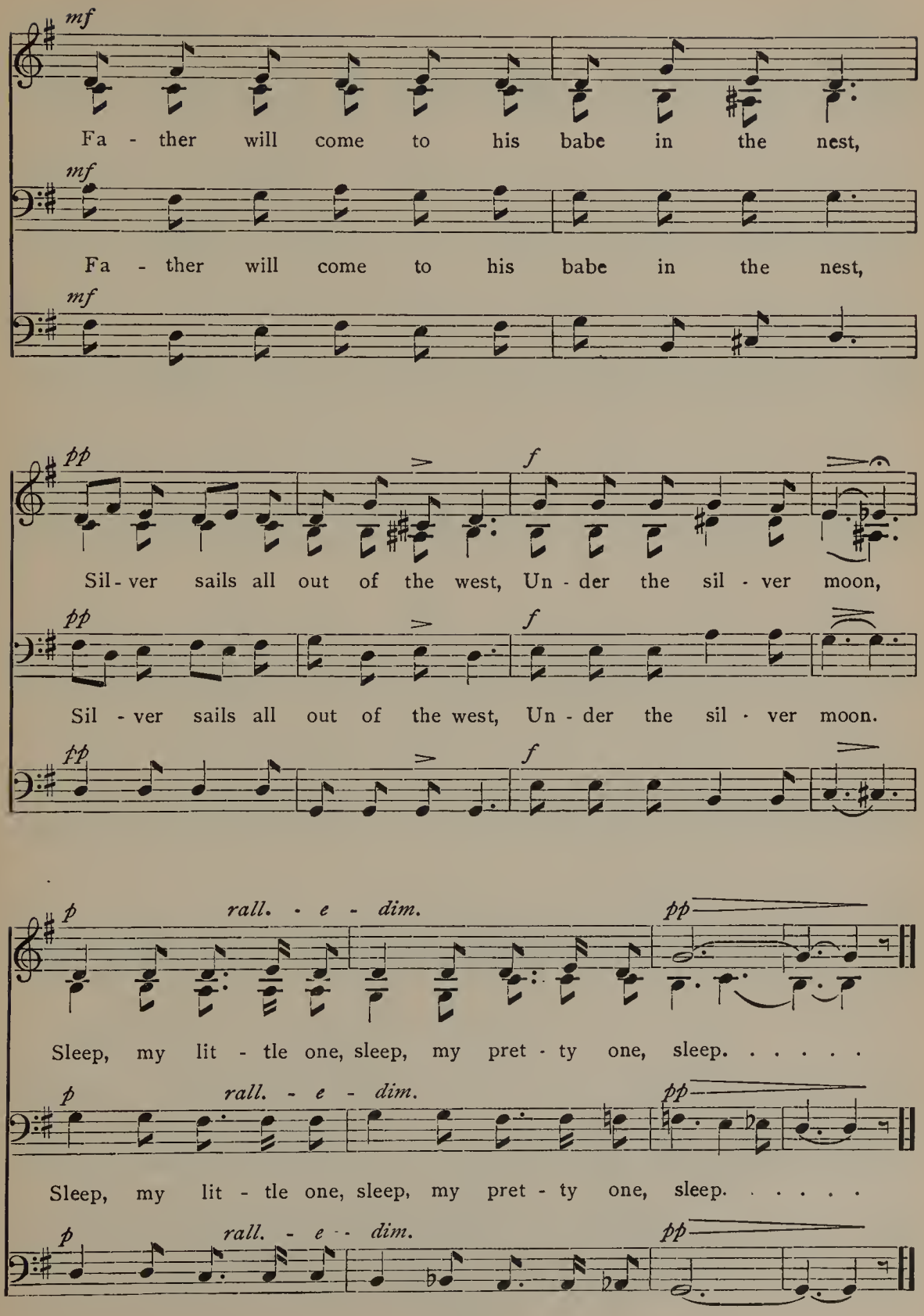
J. BARNBY
Arr. by C. E. W.

Larghetto

TENORS I, II




p rall. dim. pp
While my lit - tle one, While my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
p rall. dim. pp
While my lit - tle one, While my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
p rall. dim. pp
pp Tempo primo
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.
pp
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.
pp
sf p
Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.
sf p
Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.
sf p


mf
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest,
mf
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest,
mf
pp
f
Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,
pp
f
Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon.
pp
f
p
rall. - e - dim.
pp
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .
p
rall. - e - dim.
pp
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .
p
rall. - e - dim.
pp

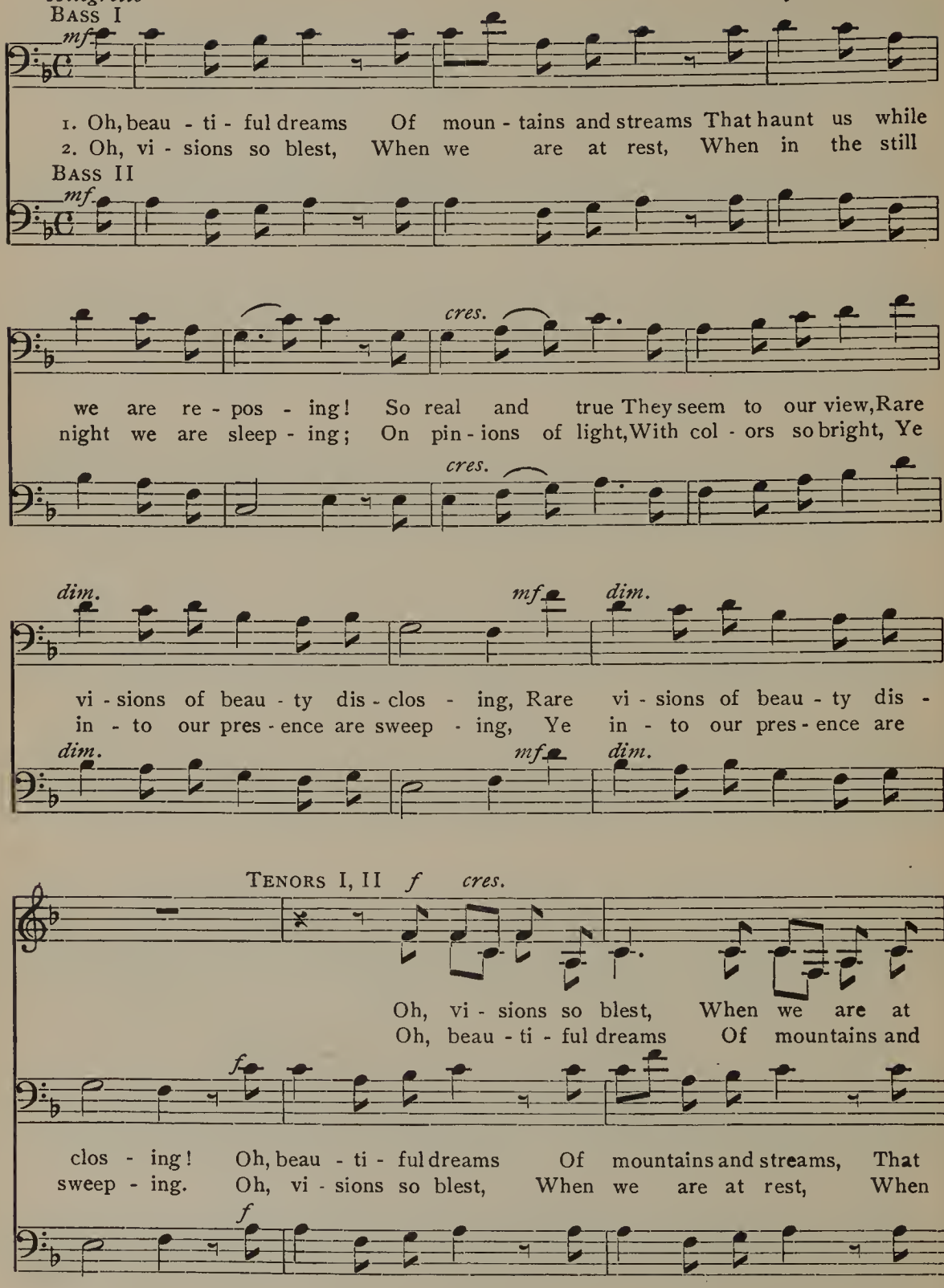
No. 45

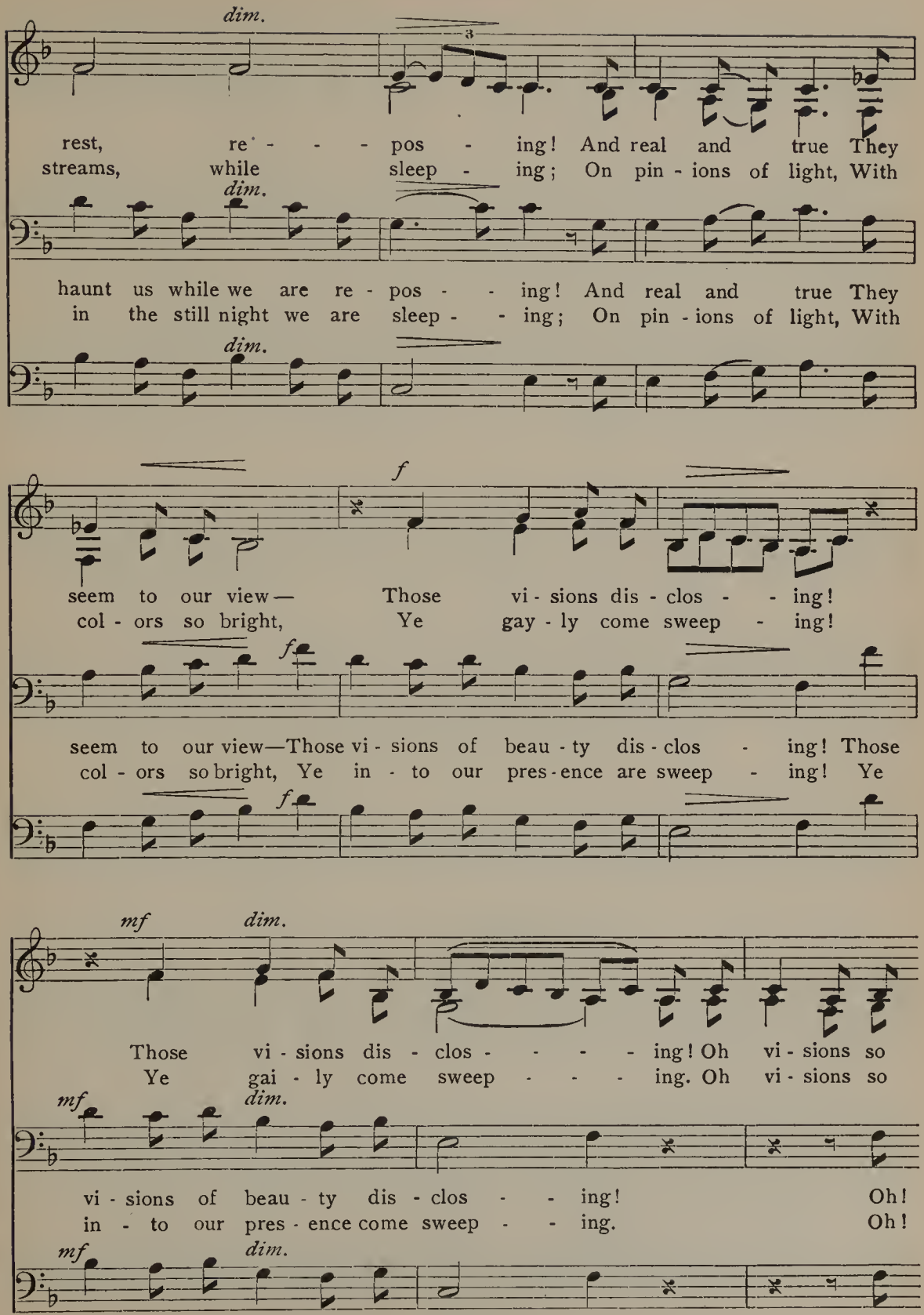
DREAMLAND

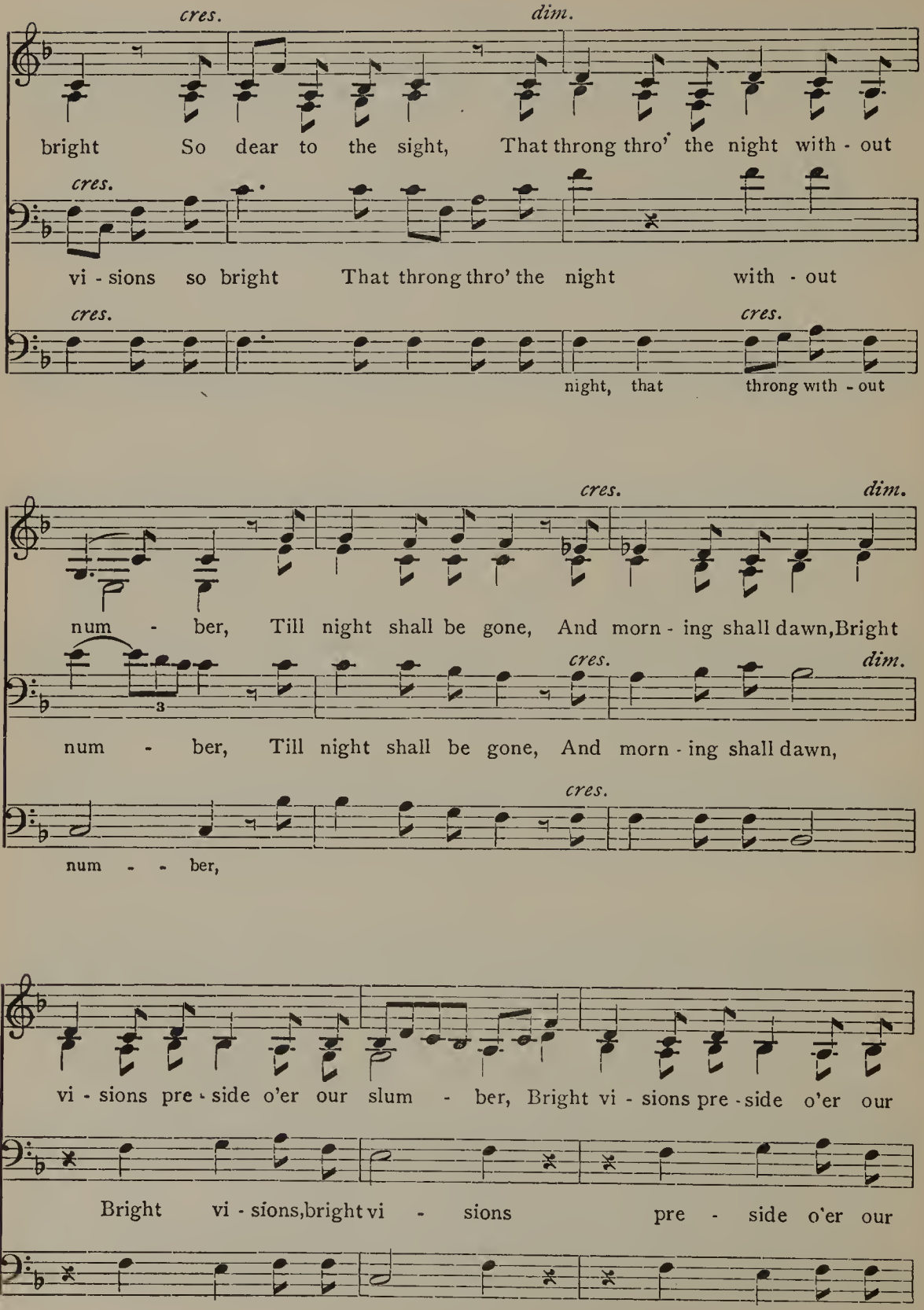
E. R. L.

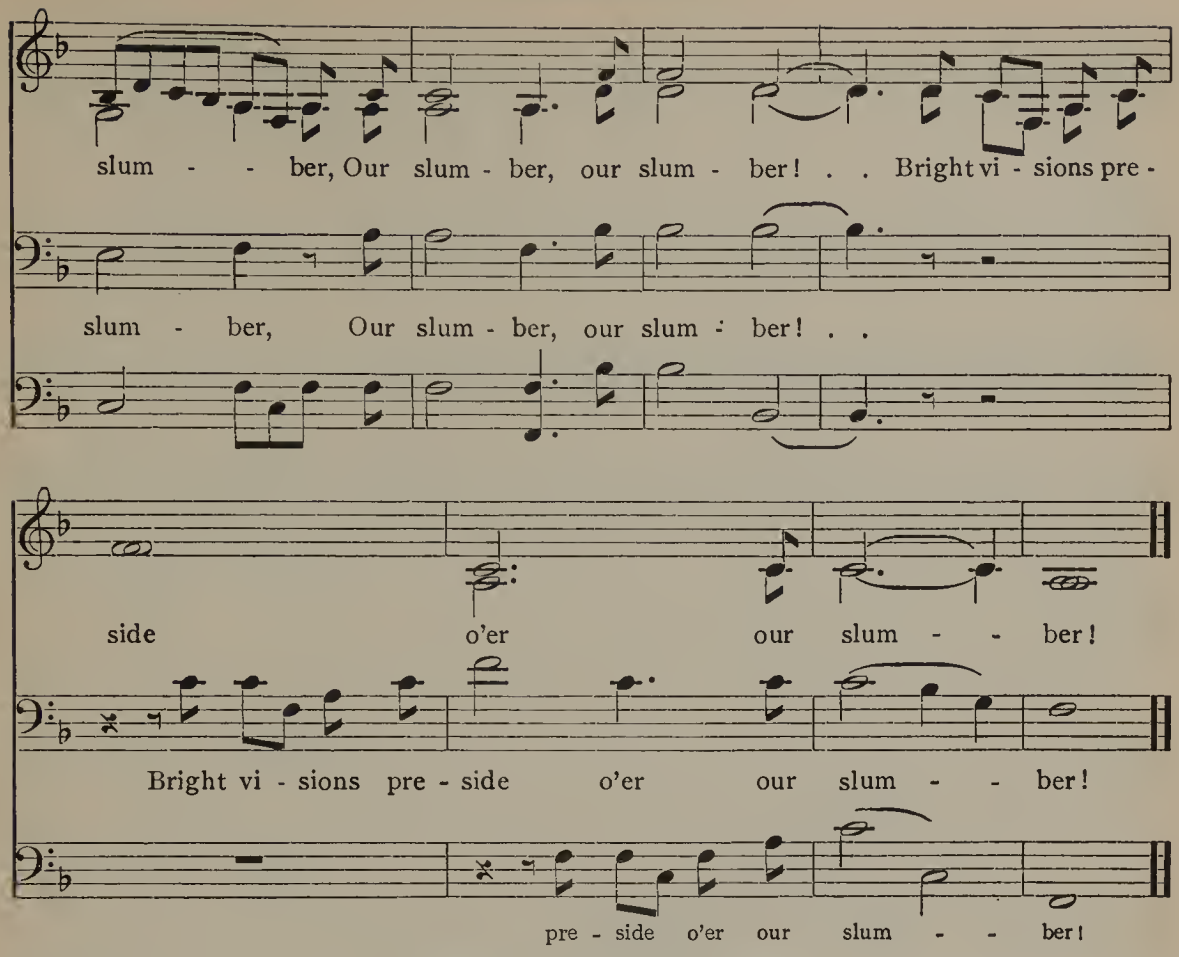
MENDELSSOHN
Arr. by C. E. W.

Allegretto




dim.
rest, re - - - pos - ing! And real and true They
streams, while sleep - ing; On pin - ions of light, With
dim.
haunt us while we are re - pos - - ing! And real and true They
in the still night we are sleep - - ing; On pin - ions of light, With
dim.
f
seem to our view— Those vi - sions dis - clos - - ing!
col - ors so bright, Ye gay - ly come sweep - ing!
f
seem to our view—Those vi - sions of beau - ty dis - clos - ing! Those
col - ors so bright, Ye in - to our pres - ence are sweep - ing! Ye
f
mf
dim.
Those vi - sions dis - clos - - - - ing! Oh vi - sions so
Ye gai - ly come sweep - - - ing. Oh vi - sions so
mf
dim.
vi - sions of beau - ty dis - clos - - ing! Oh!
in - to our pres - ence come sweep - - ing. Oh!
mf
dim.


cres.
dim.
bright So dear to the sight, That throng thro' the night with - out
cres.
vi - sions so bright That throng thro' the night with - out
cres.
cres.
night, that throng with - out
cres.
dim.
num - ber, Till night shall be gone, And morn - ing shall dawn, Bright
cres.
dim.
num - ber, Till night shall be gone, And morn - ing shall dawn,
cres.
num - - ber,
vi - sions pre - side o'er our slum - ber, Bright vi - sions pre - side o'er our
Bright vi - sions, bright vi - sions pre - side o'er our

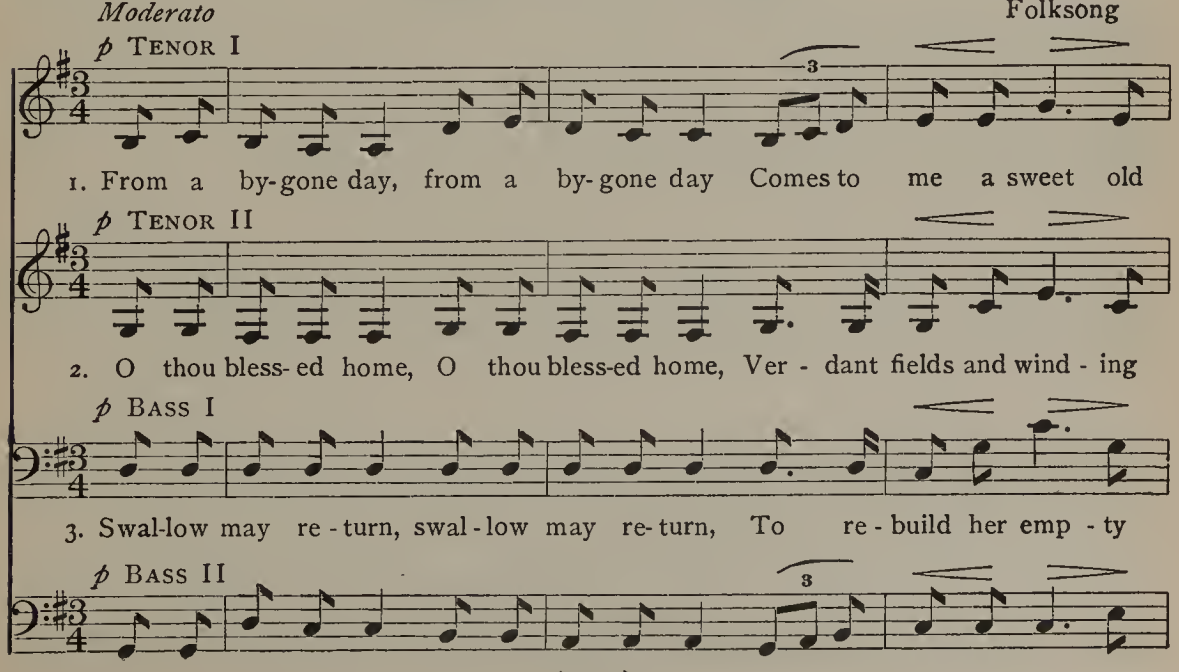


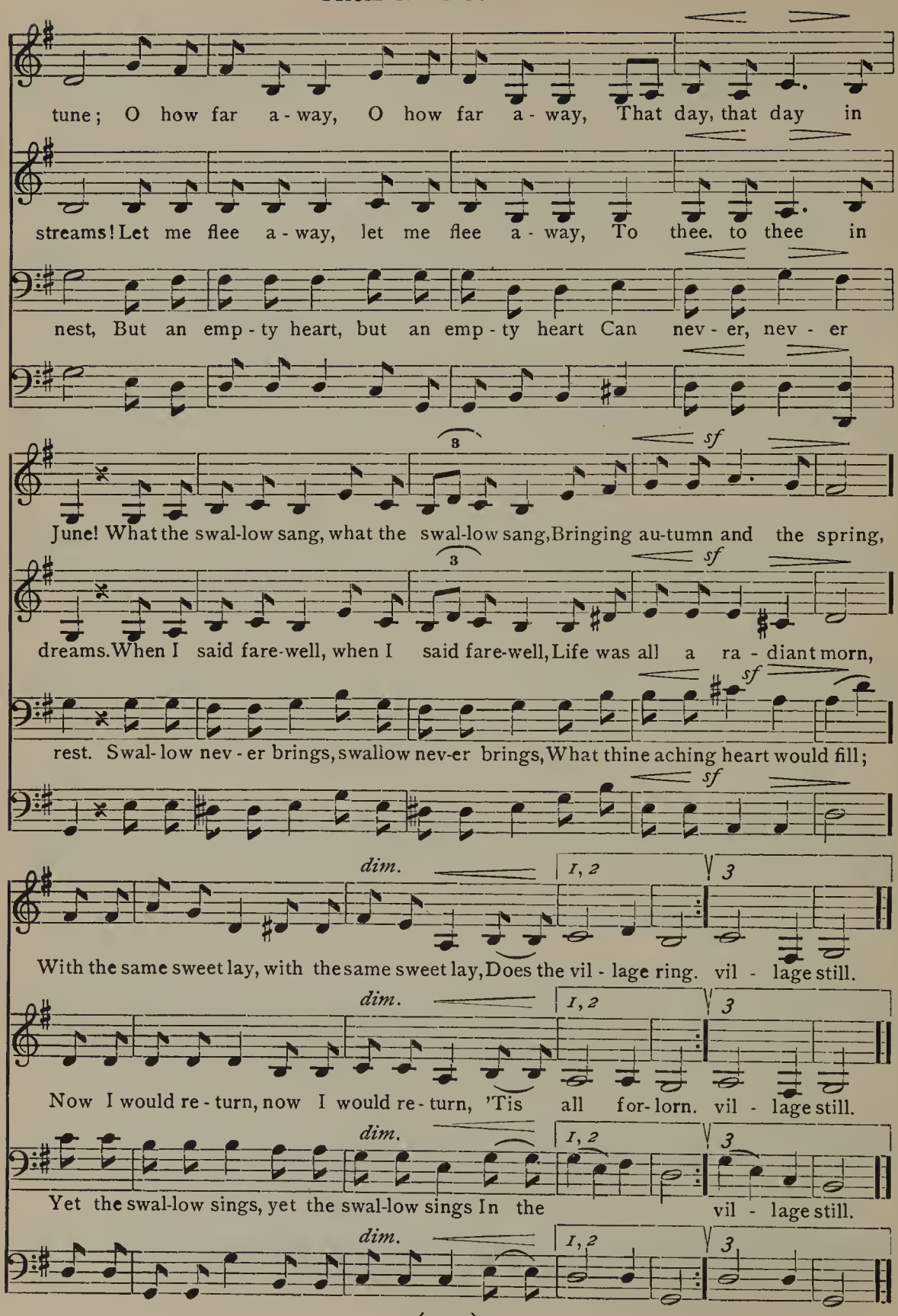
No. 46

FROM A BY-GONE DAY

Moderato

Folksong




tune; O how far a - way, O how far a - way, That day, that day in
streams! Let me flee a - way, let me flee a - way, To thee, to thee in
nest, But an emp - ty heart, but an emp - ty heart Can nev - er, nev - er
3
sf
June! What the swal-low sang, what the swal-low sang, Bringing au-tumn and the spring,
3
sf
dreams. When I said fare-well, when I said fare-well, Life was all a ra - diant morn,
sf
rest. Swal-low nev - er brings, swallow nev-er brings, What thine aching heart would fill;
sf
dim.
1, 2
3
With the same sweet lay, with the same sweet lay, Does the vil - lage ring. vil - lage still.
dim.
1, 2
3
Now I would re - turn, now I would re - turn, 'Tis all for-lorn. vil - lage still.
dim.
1, 2
3
Yet the swal-low sings, yet the swal-low sings In the vil - lage still.
dim.
1, 2
3

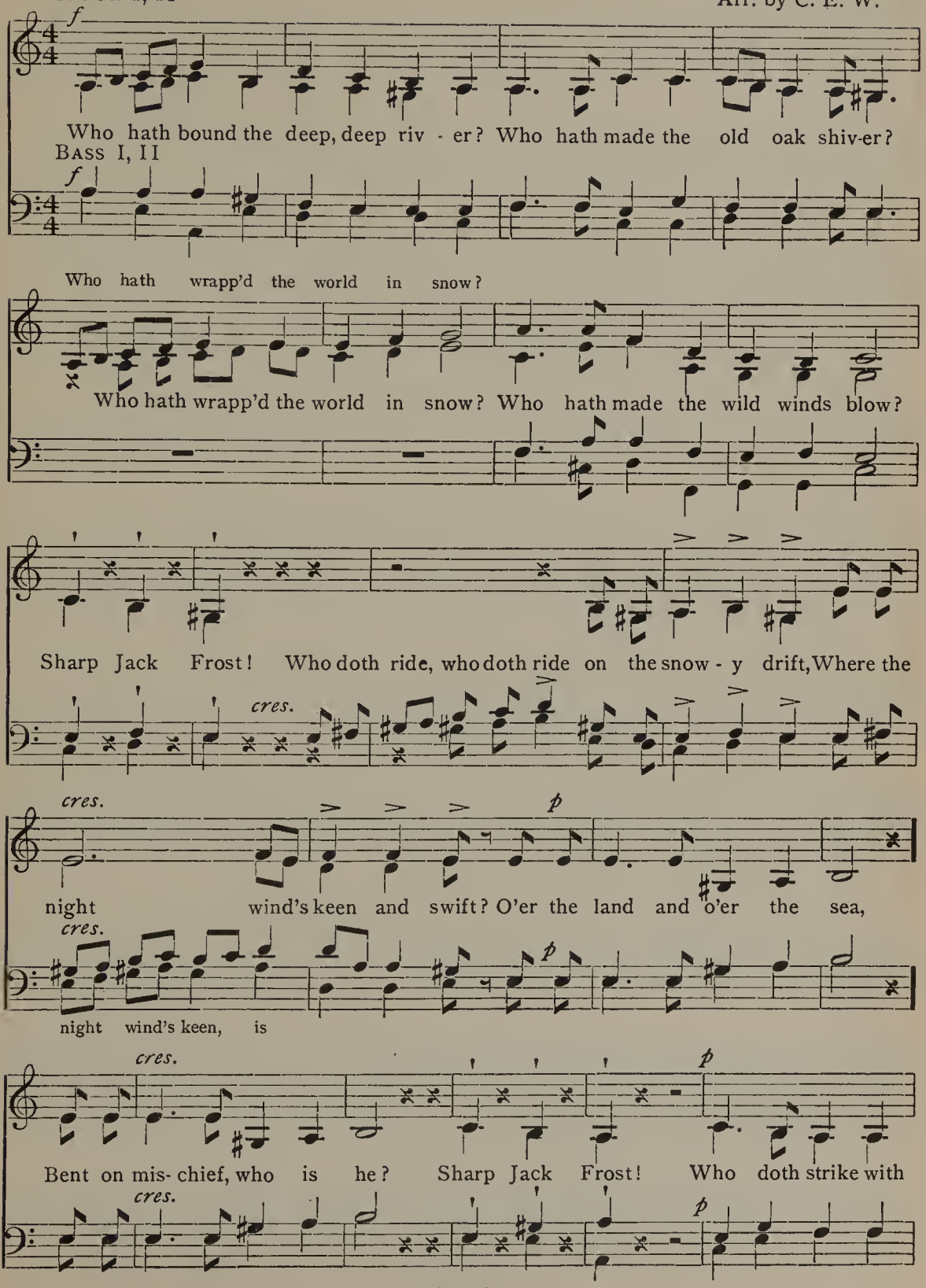
No. 47

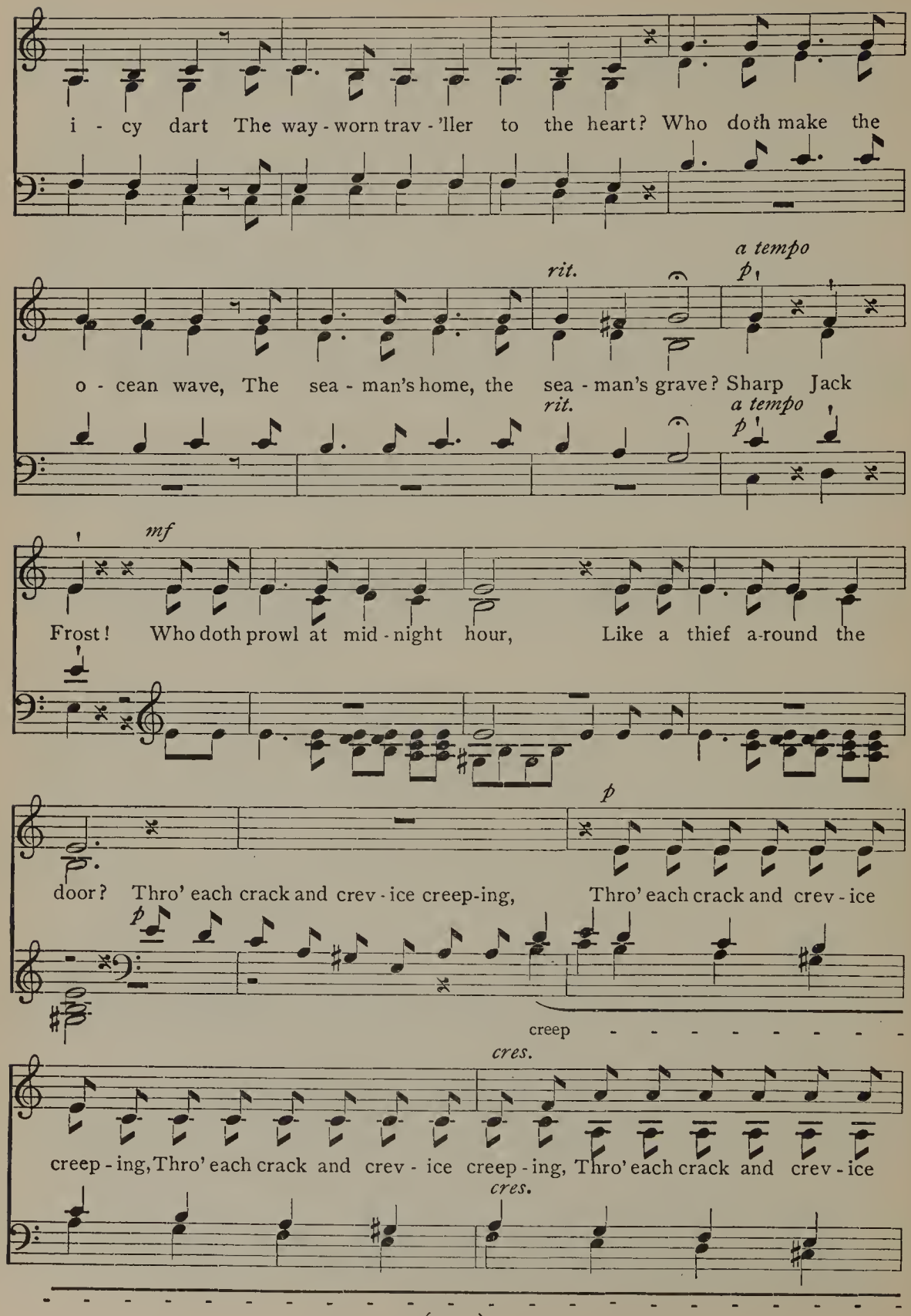
JACK FROST

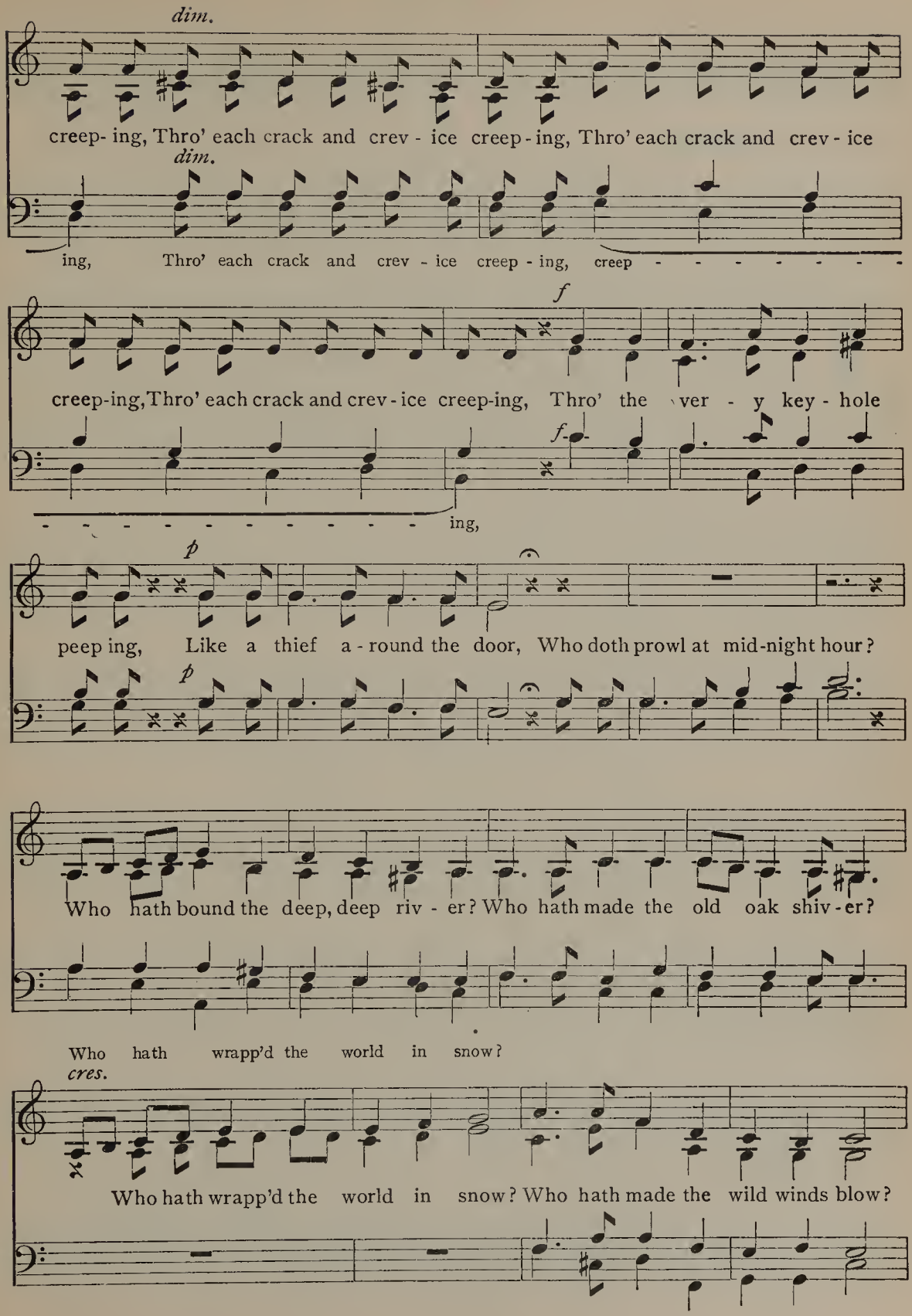
Allegro

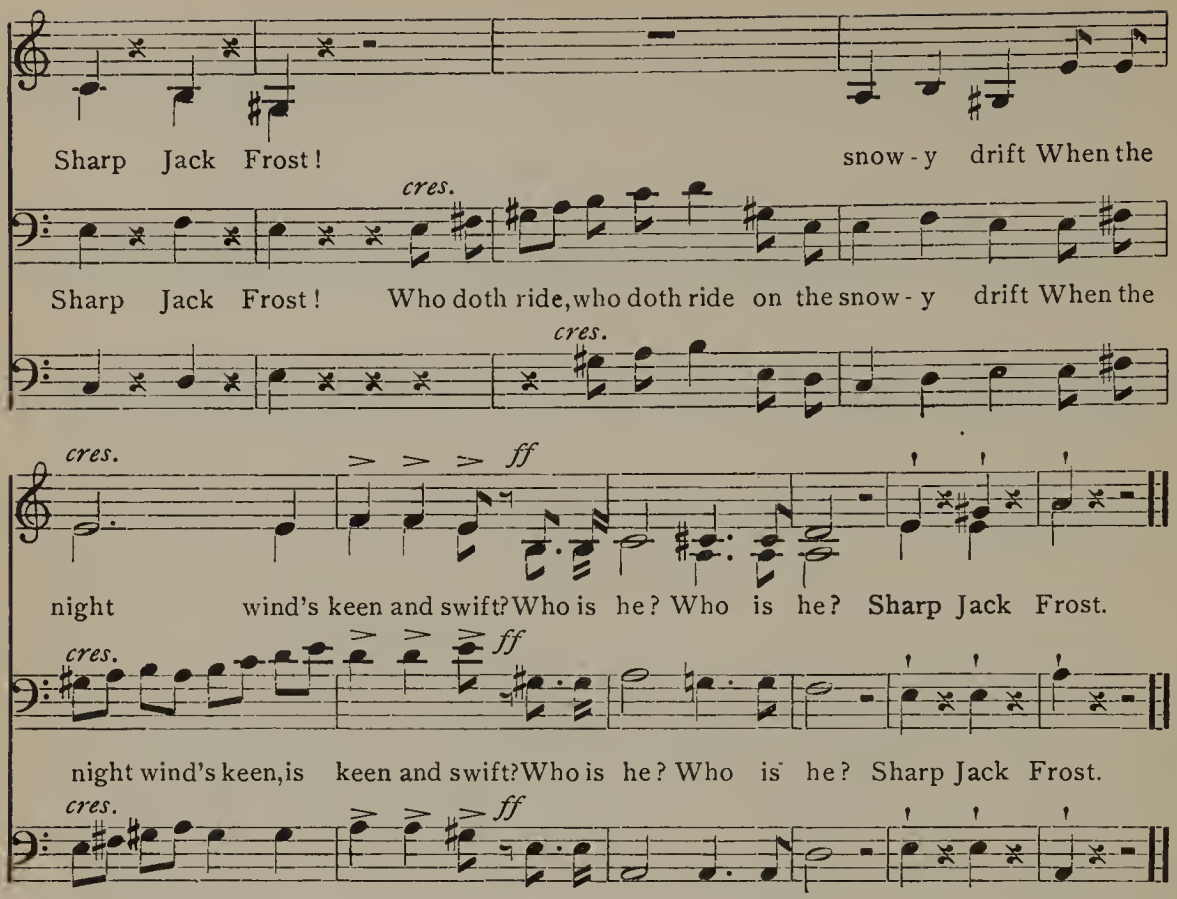
TENOR I, II

J. L. HATTON
Arr. by C. E. W.



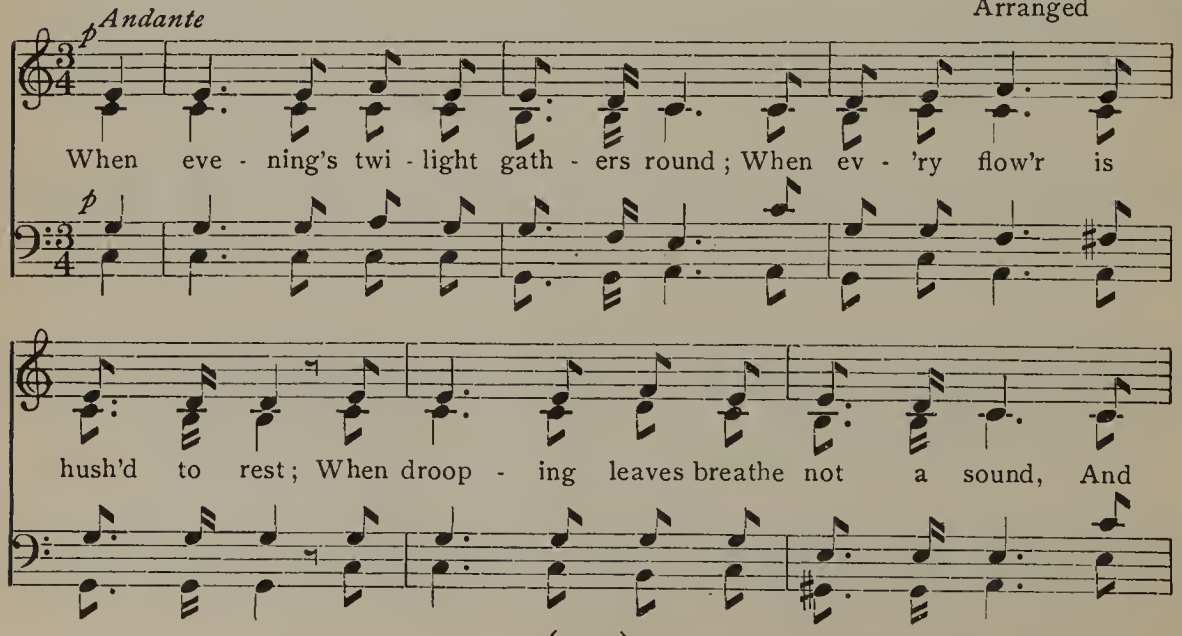

i - cy dart The way - worn trav - 'ller to the heart? Who doth make the
rit.
a tempo
p
o - cean wave, The sea - man's home, the sea - man's grave? Sharp Jack
rit.
a tempo
p
mf
Frost! Who doth prowl at mid - night hour, Like a thief a-round the
p
door? Thro' each crack and crev - ice creep-ing, Thro' each crack and crev - ice
p
creep
cres.
creep - ing, Thro' each crack and crev - ice creep - ing, Thro' each crack and crev - ice
cres.

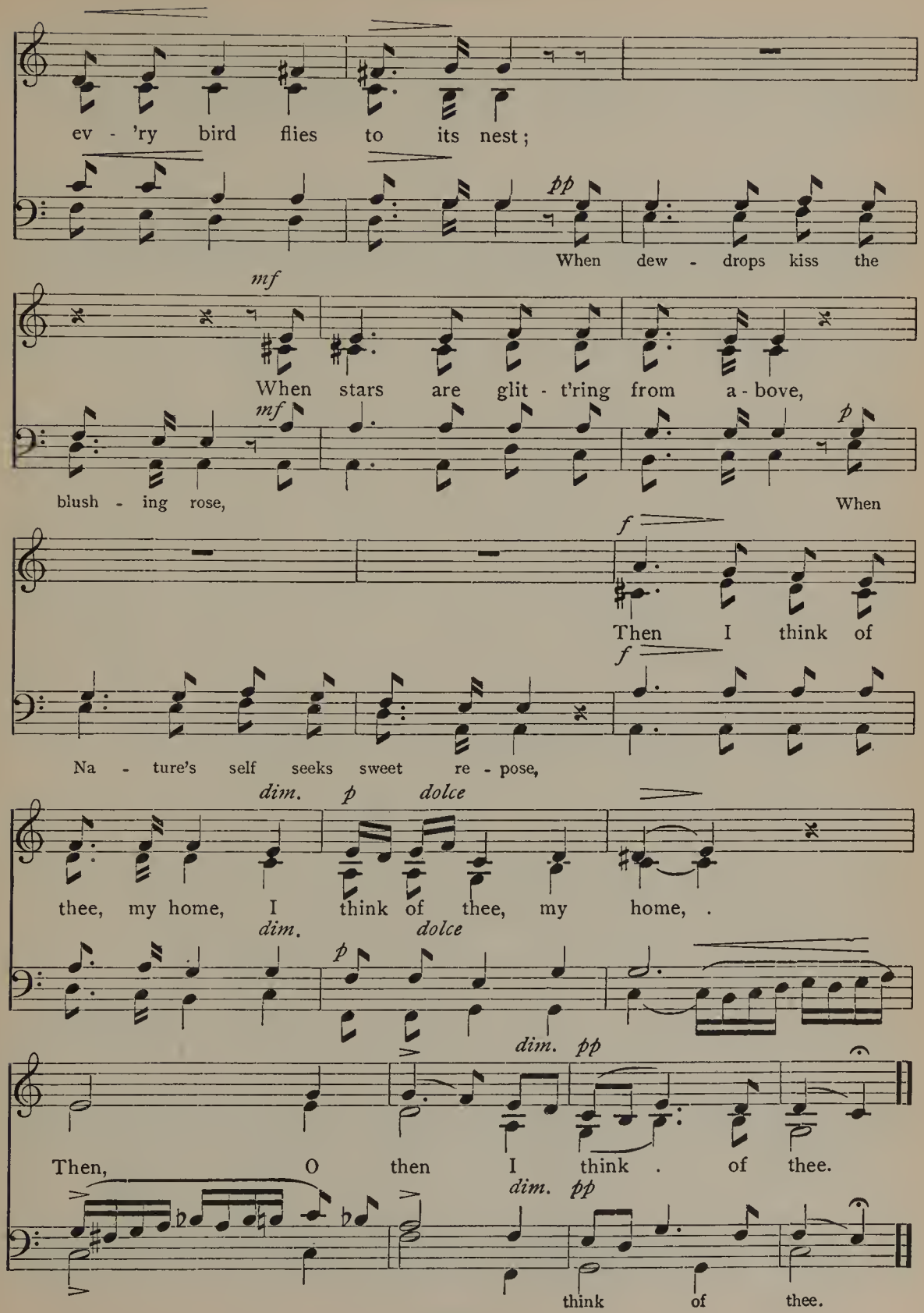

dim.
creep- ing, Thro' each crack and crev - ice creep - ing, Thro' each crack and crev - ice
dim.
ing, Thro' each crack and crev - ice creep - ing, creep - - - - - - - -
f
creep-ing, Thro' each crack and crev - ice creep-ing, Thro' the ver - y key - hole
f
- - - - - - - - - - - - - ing,
p
peep ing, Like a thief a - round the door, Who doth prowl at mid-night hour?
p
Who hath bound the deep, deep riv - er? Who hath made the old oak shiv - er?
Who hath wrapp'd the world in snow?
cres.
Who hath wrapp'd the world in snow? Who hath made the wild winds blow?



No. 48 WHEN EVENING'S TWILIGHT

J. L. HATTON
Arranged




ev - 'ry bird flies to its nest;
pp
When dew - drops kiss the
mf
When stars are glit - t'ring from a - bove,
mf
p
blush - ing rose,
When
f
Then I think of
f
Na - ture's self seeks sweet re - pose,
dim.
p
dolce
thee, my home, I think of thee, my home,
dim.
dolce
p
dim.
pp
Then, O then I think . of thee.
dim.
pp
think of thee.

No. 49

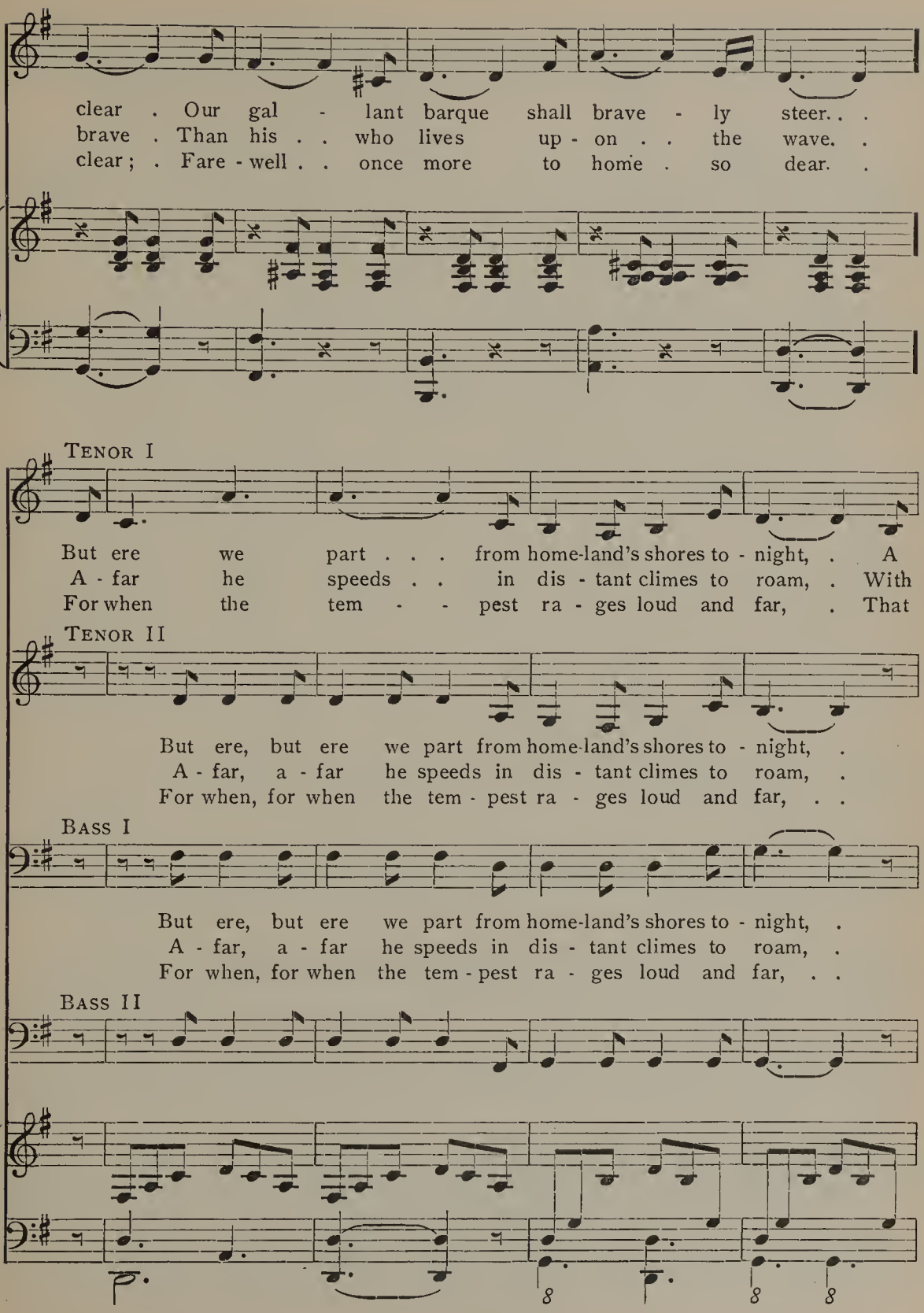
SAILING

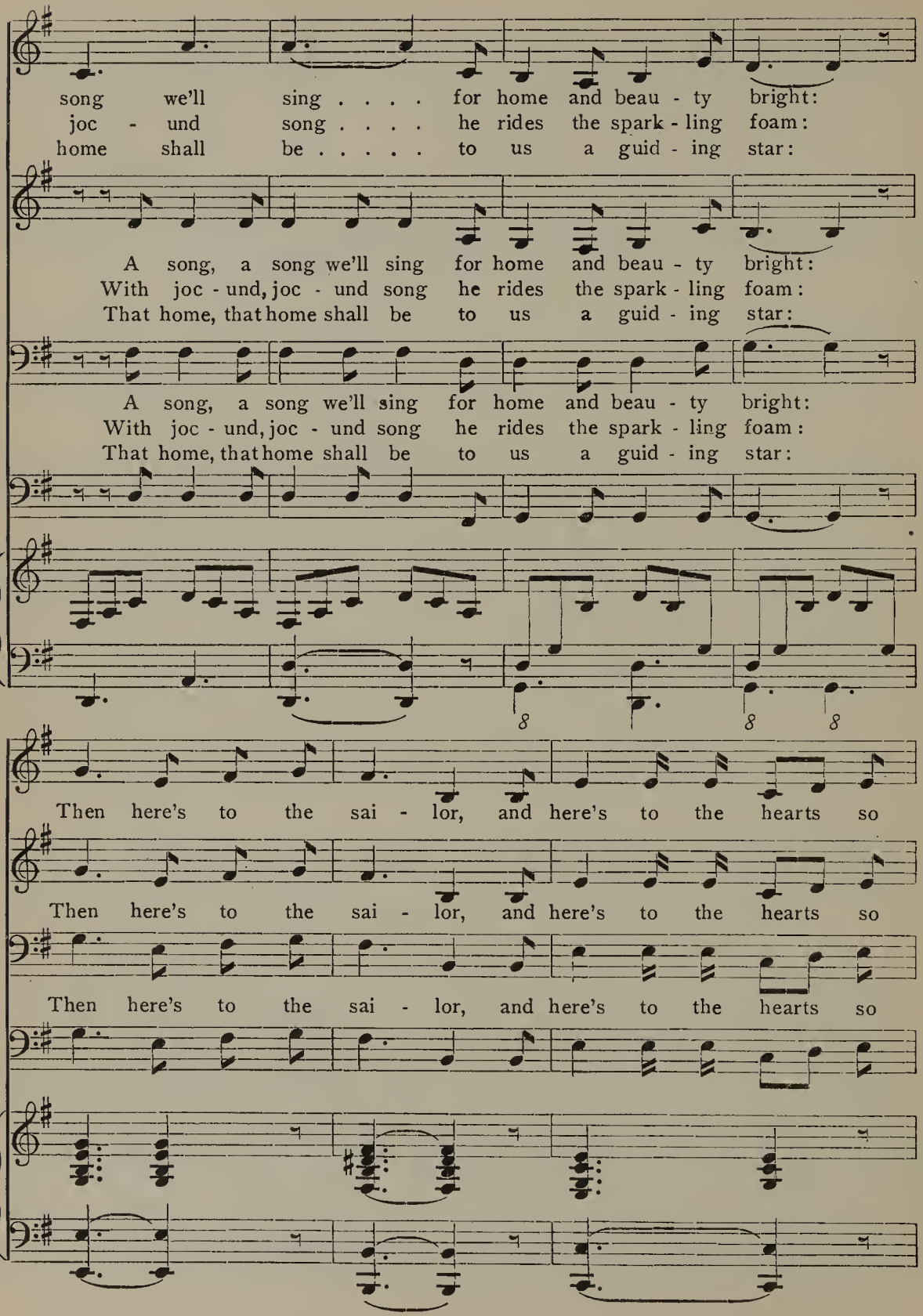
GODFREY MARKS
Arr. by C. E. W.

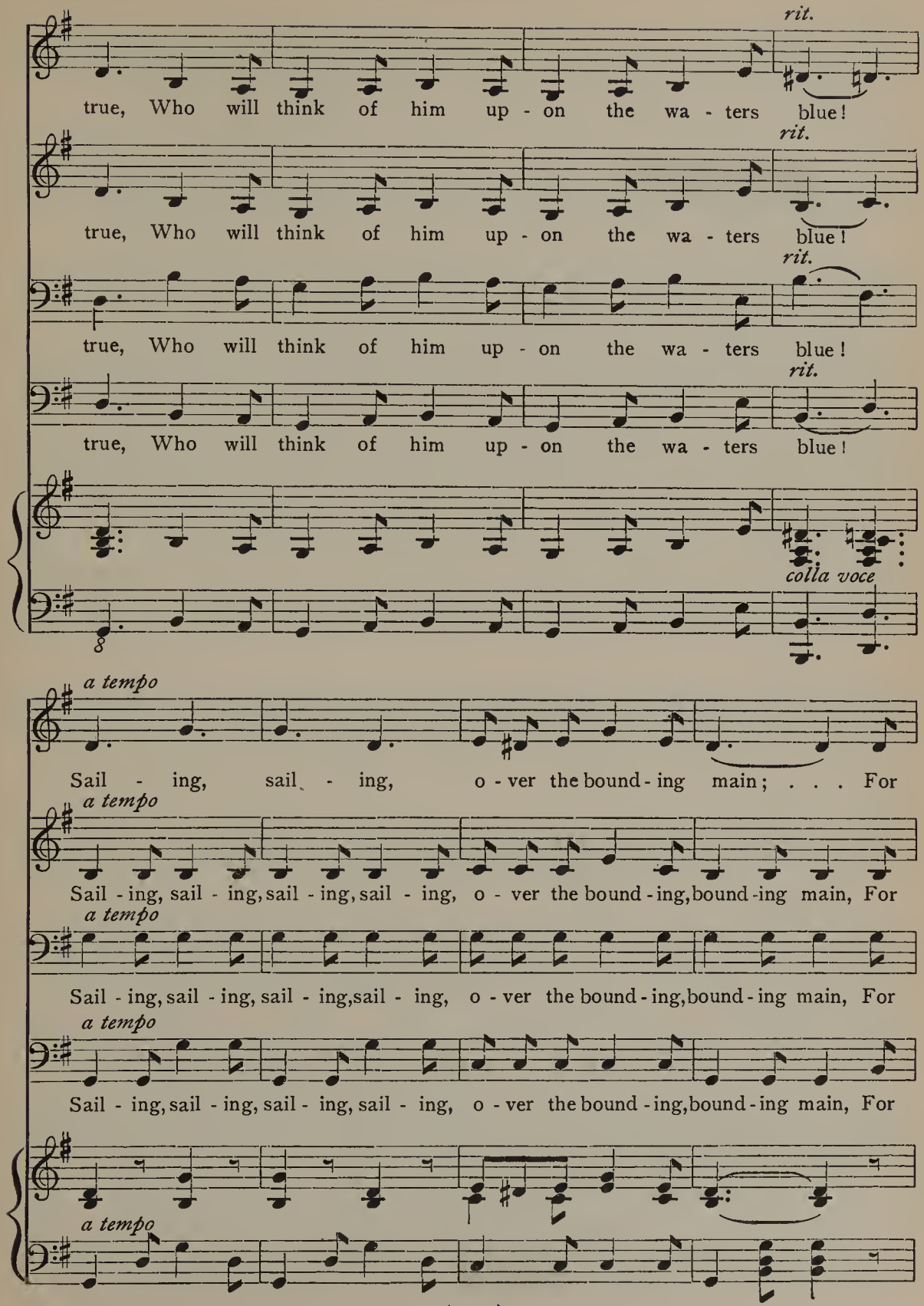
Con spirito

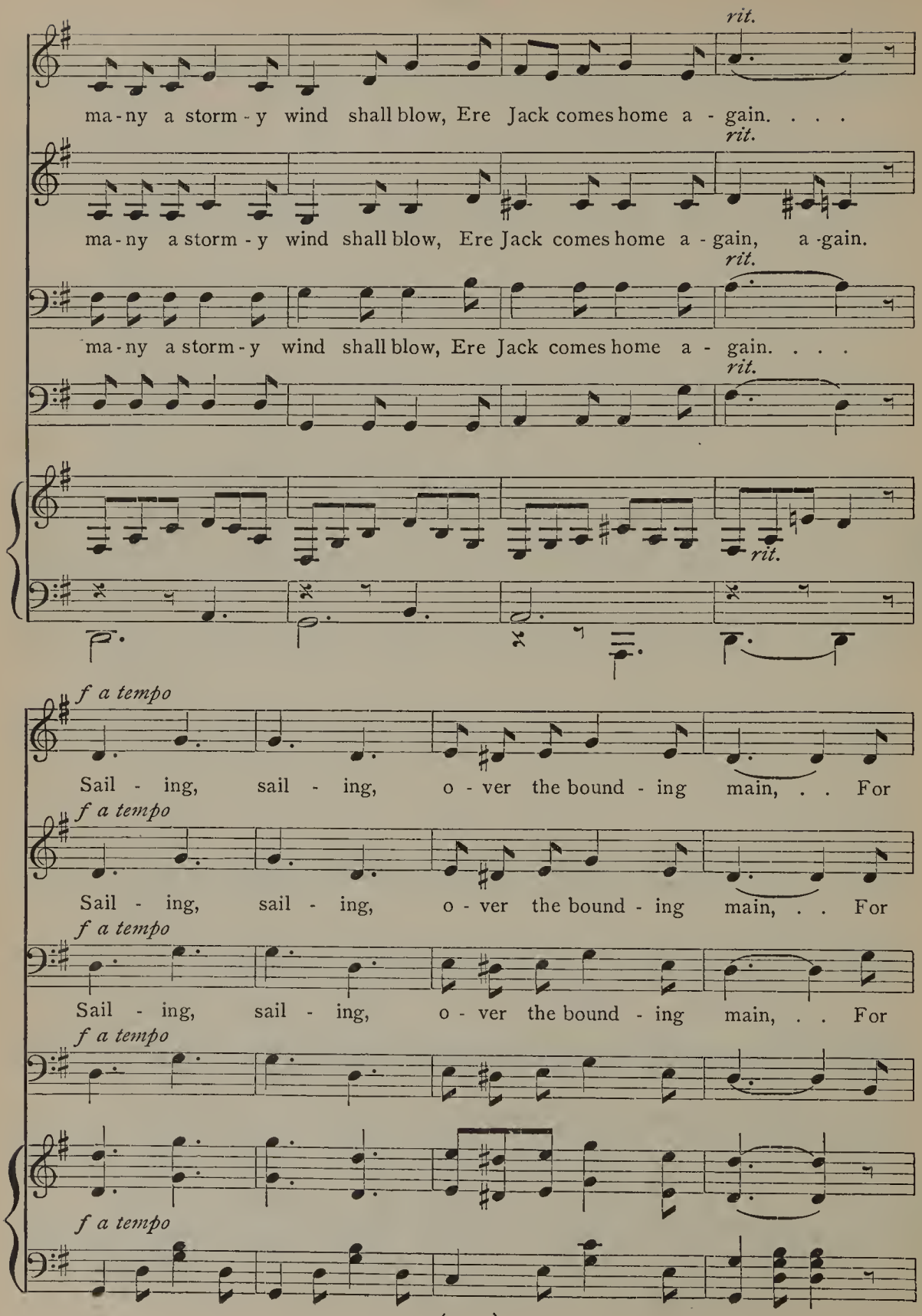
UNISON

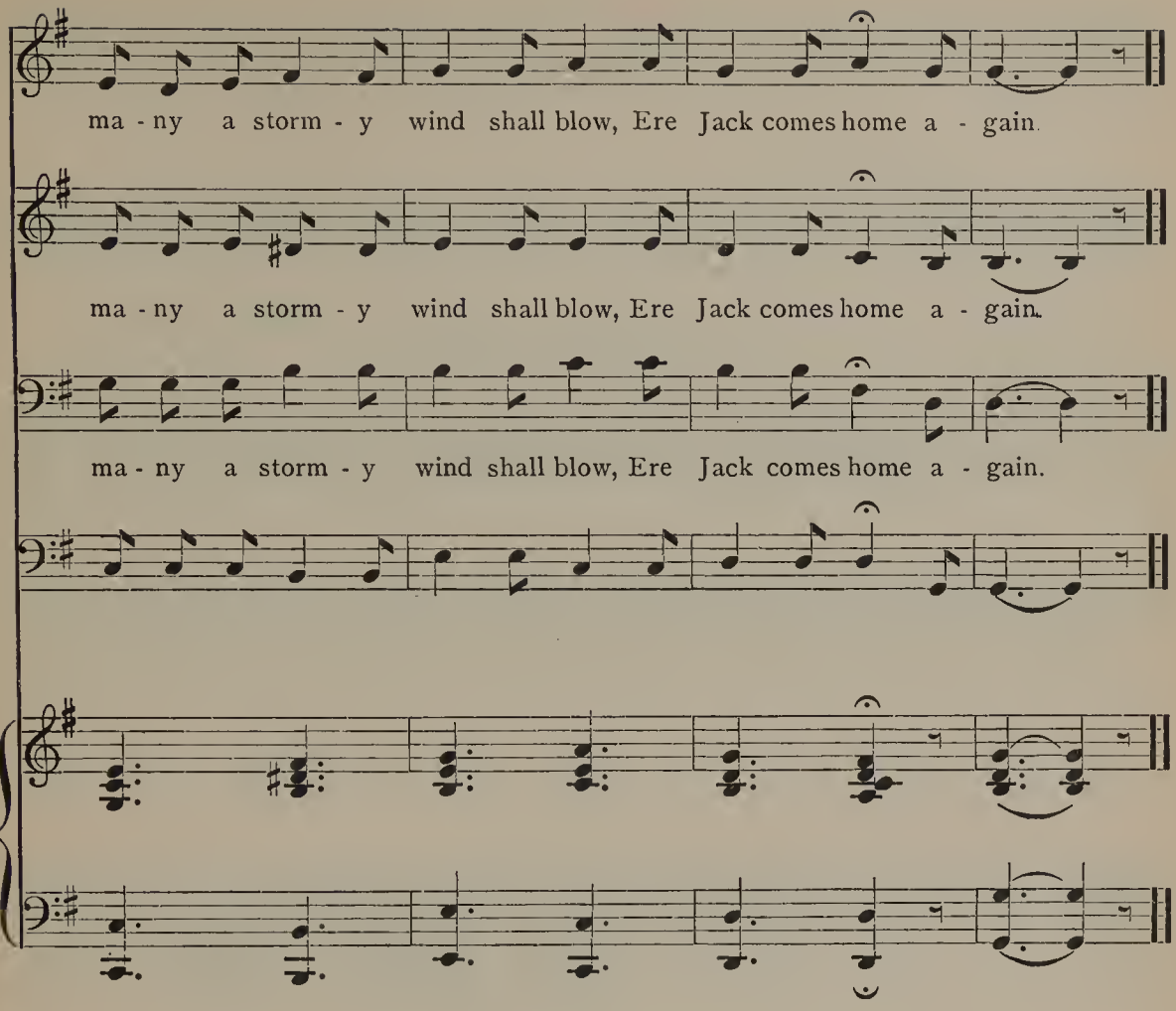
1. Y'heave ho! . my lads, . the wind blows free, . The har - bor light is on our lee; . And soon a - cross the o - cean
2. The sail - or's life . is bold and free, . His home is on . the roll - ing sea; . And nev - er heart more true and
3. The tide . is flow - ing with the gale, . Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry sail; . The har - bor bar we soon shall


clear . Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly steer. .
brave . Than his . . who lives up - on . . the wave. .
clear; . Fare - well . . once more to home . so dear. .
TENOR I
But ere we part . . . from home-land's shores to - night, . A
A - far he speeds . . in dis - tant climes to roam, . With
For when the tem - - pest ra - ges loud and far, . That
TENOR II
But ere, but ere we part from home-land's shores to - night, .
A - far, a - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, .
For when, for when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and far, . .
BASS I
But ere, but ere we part from home-land's shores to - night, .
A - far, a - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, .
For when, for when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and far, . .
BASS II


song we'll sing . . . . for home and beau - ty bright:
joc - und song . . . . he rides the spark - ling foam:
home shall be . . . . . to us a guid - ing star:
A song, a song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright:
With joc - und, joc - und song he rides the spark - ling foam:
That home, that home shall be to us a guid - ing star:
A song, a song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright:
With joc - und, joc - und song he rides the spark - ling foam:
That home, that home shall be to us a guid - ing star:
Then here's to the sai - lor, and here's to the hearts so
Then here's to the sai - lor, and here's to the hearts so
Then here's to the sai - lor, and here's to the hearts so


rit.
true, Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue!
rit.
true, Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue!
rit.
true, Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue!
rit.
true, Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue!
colla voce
8
a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main; . . . For
a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing, bound - ing main, For
a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing, bound - ing main, For
a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing, bound - ing main, For
a tempo

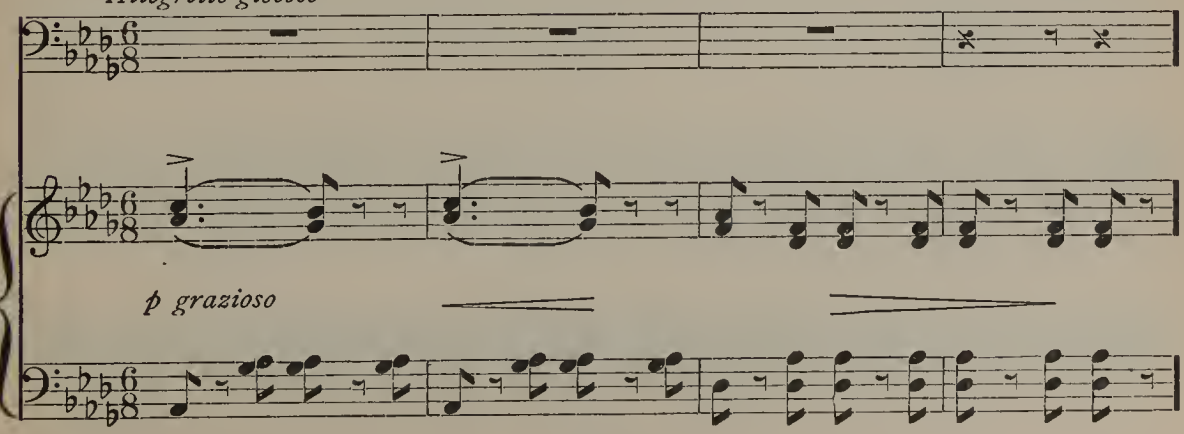

rit.
ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain. . . .
rit.
ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain, a - gain.
rit.
ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain. . . .
rit.
rit.
f a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main, . . For
f a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main, . . For
f a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main, . . For
f a tempo
f a tempo

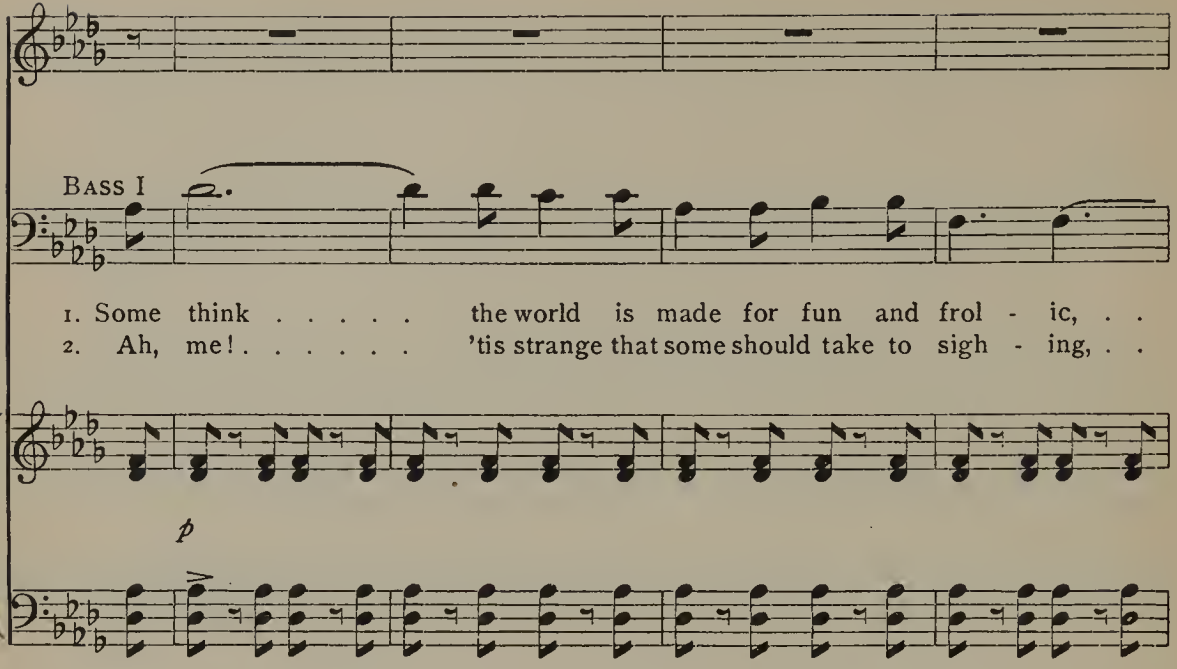


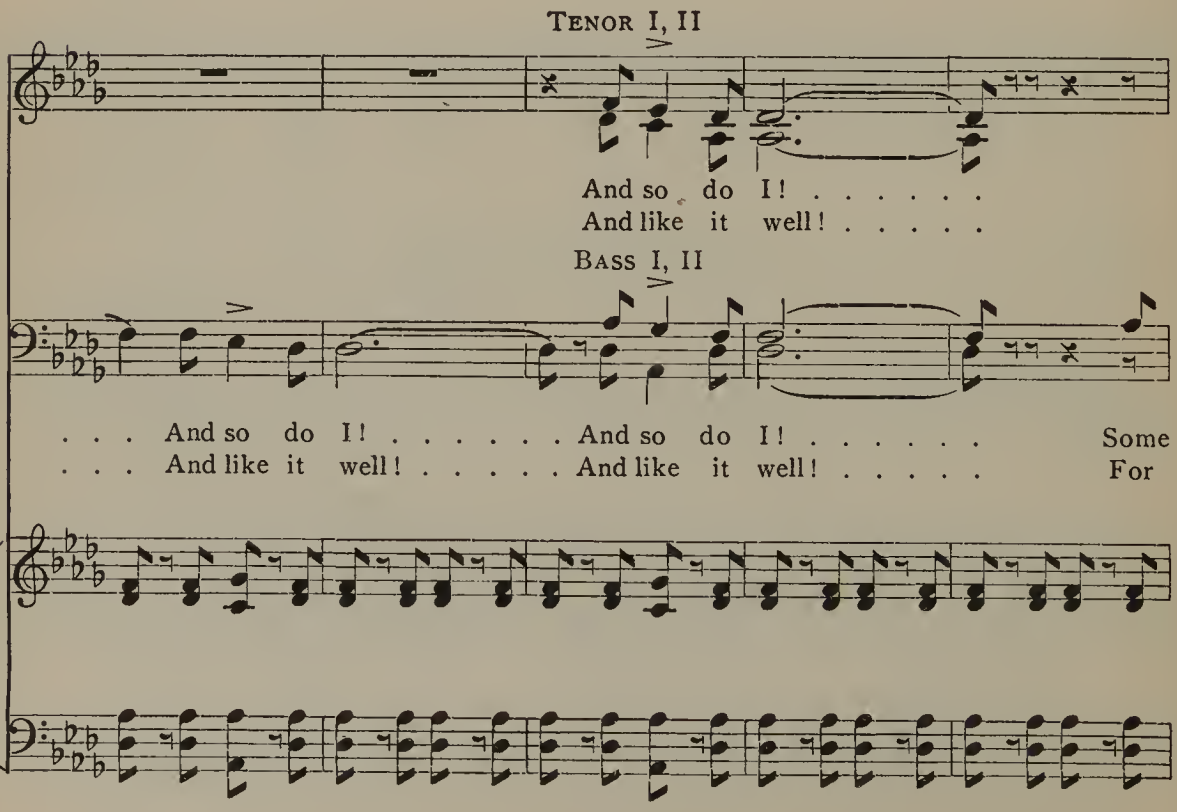
No. 50 FUNICULI — FUNICULA

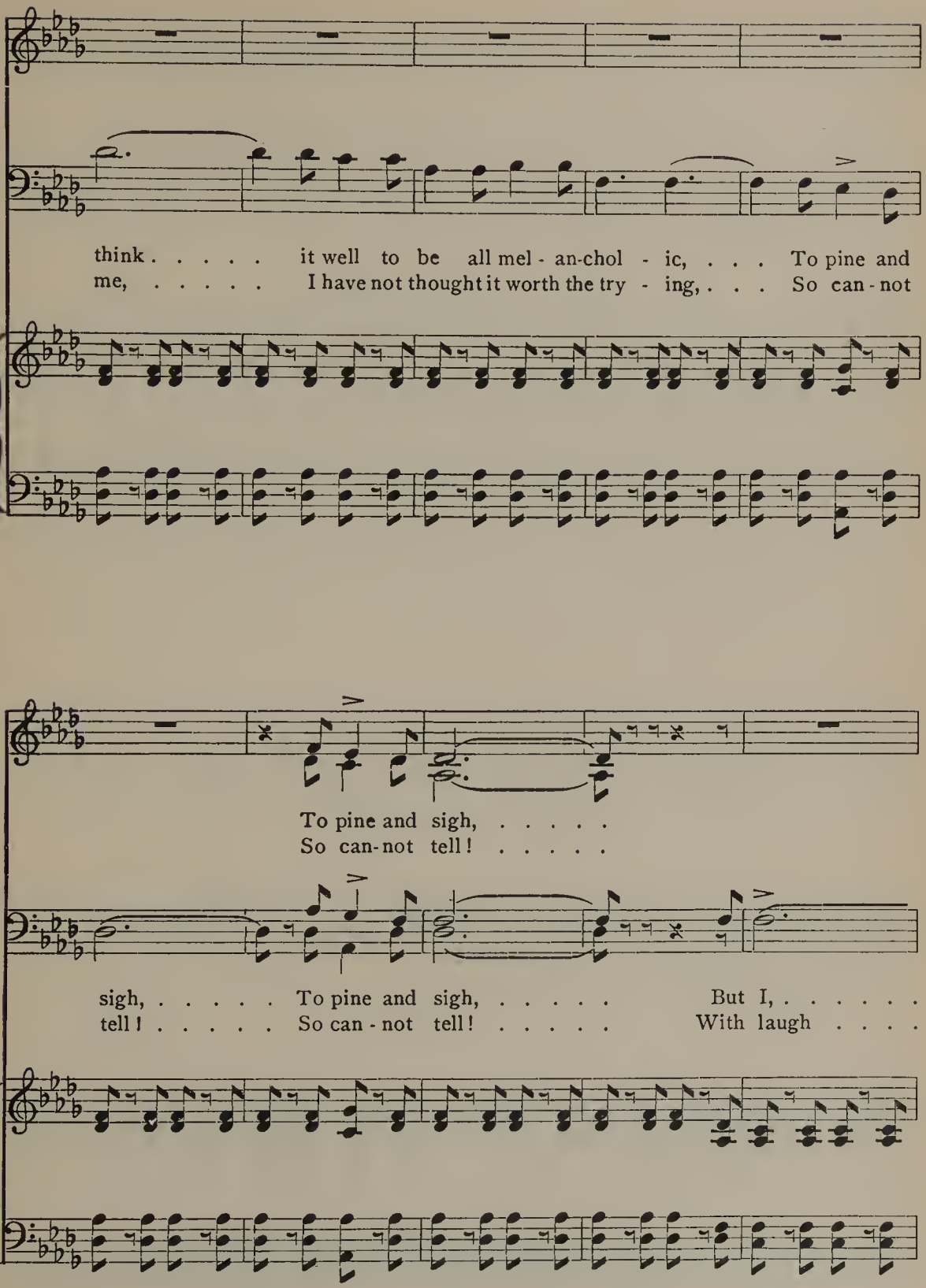
EDWARD OXENFORD

L. DENZA
Arr. by F. E. C.



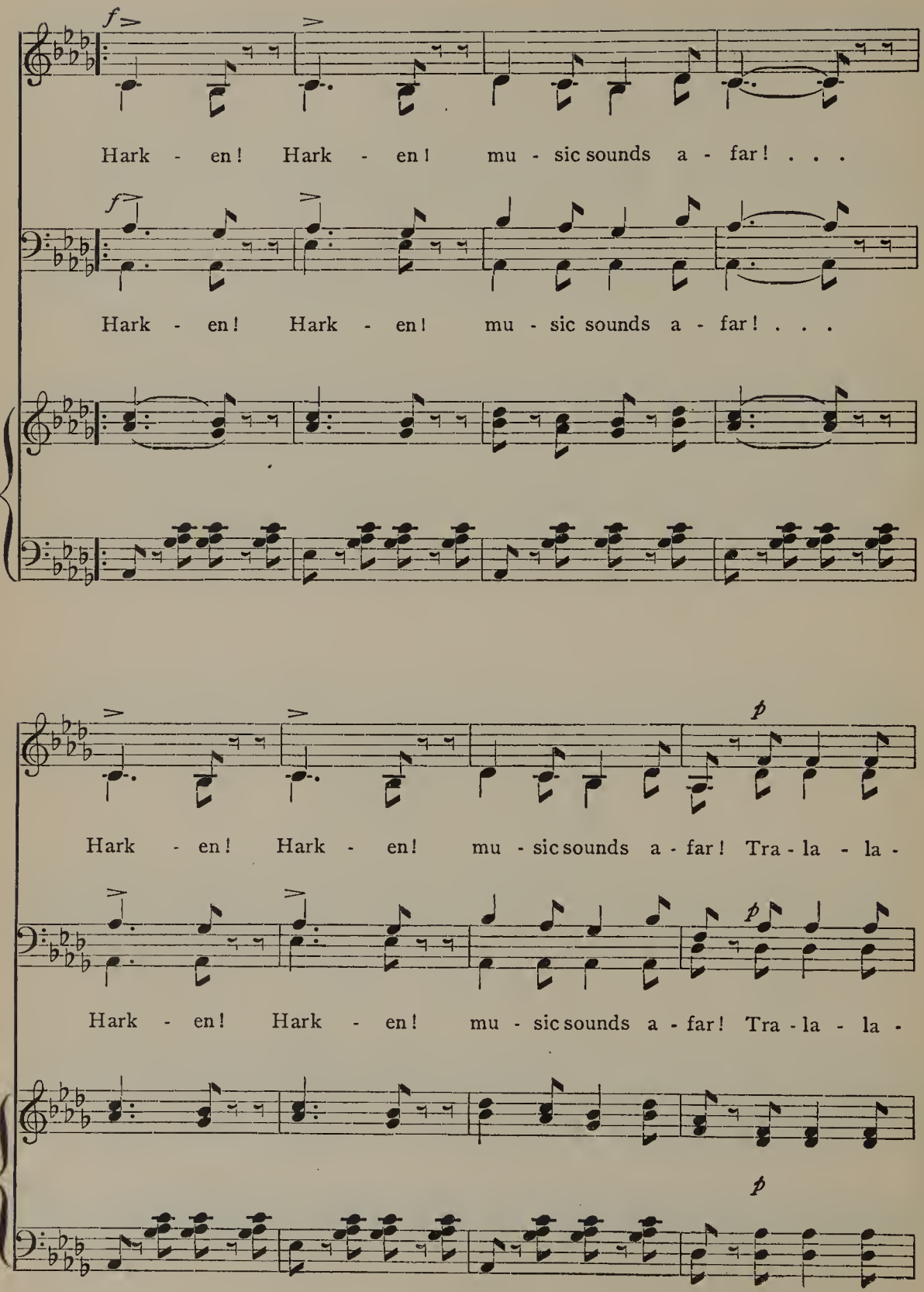

Bass I
1. Some think . . . . . the world is made for fun and frol - ic, . .
2. Ah, me! . . . . . 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, . .
p

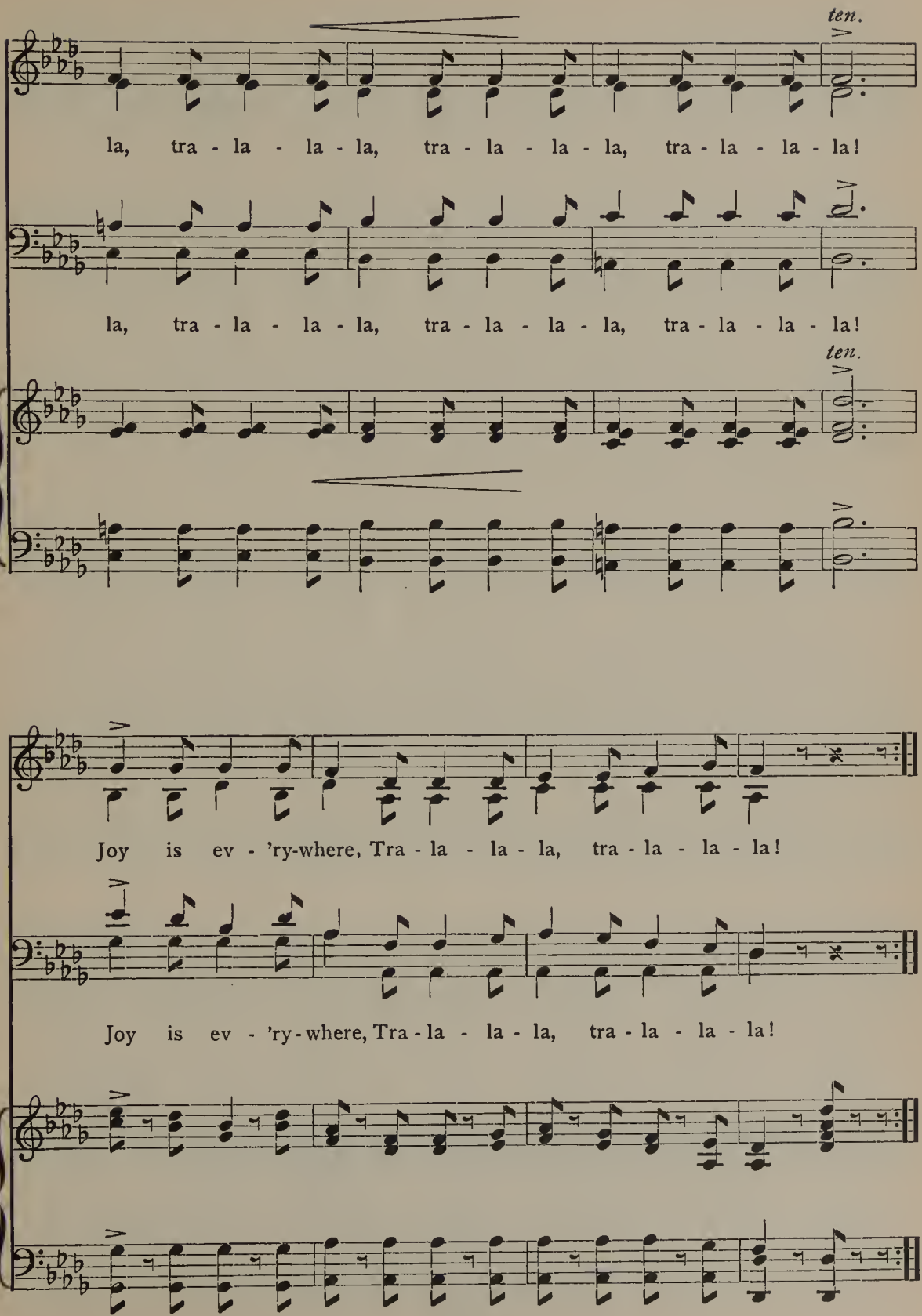

Tenor I, II
And so do I! . . . . . .
And like it well! . . . . . .
Bass I, II
. . . And so do I! . . . . . And so do I! . . . . . Some
. . . And like it well! . . . . . And like it well! . . . . . For


think . . . . . it well to be all mel - an-chol - ic, . . . To pine and
me, ... I have not thought it worth the try - ing, . . . So can - not
To pine and sigh, ...
So can-not tell! . . . . .
sigh, ... To pine and sigh, ... But I, ...
tell! . . . . . So can - not tell! . . . . . With laugh . . . .


. . . I love to spend my time in sing - ing . . . Some joy - ous
. . . and dance and song the day soon pass - es, . . . Full soon is
Some joy - ous song; . . . . . .
Full soon is gone; . . . . . .
song; . . . . . .
gone; . . . . . .
To
For


set . . . . . the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing . . Is far from
mirth . . . . was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es . . To call their
Is far from wrong! . . . . .
To call their own! . . . . . .
wrong! . . . . . Is far from wrong! . . . . . .
own! . . . . . To call their own! . . . . . .


f
Hark - en! Hark - en! mu - sic sounds a - far! . . .
f
Hark - en! Hark - en! mu - sic sounds a - far! . . .
p
Hark - en! Hark - en! mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la -
p
Hark - en! Hark - en! mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la -
p


ten.
la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!
la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!
ten.
Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!
Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!

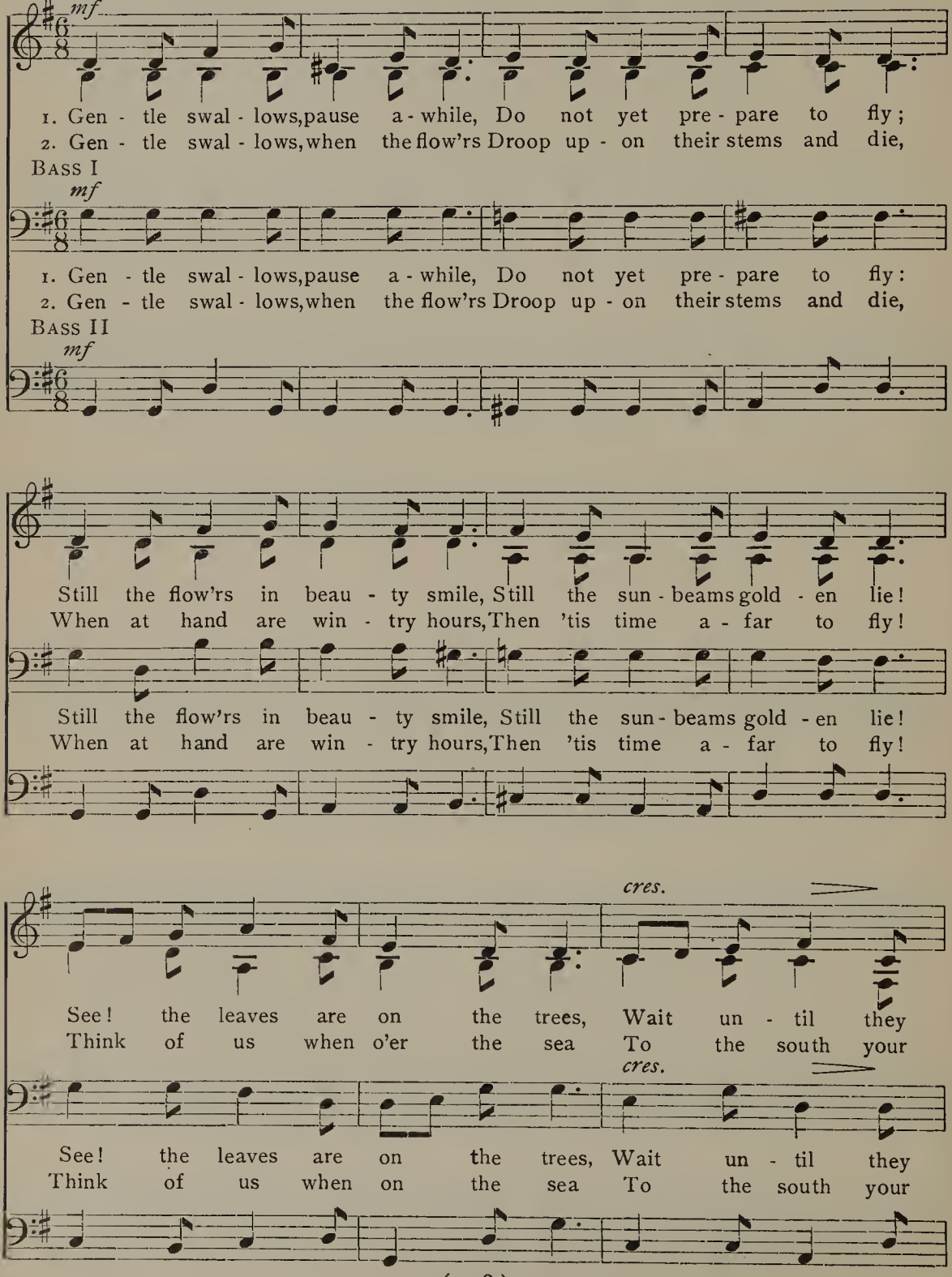
THE SWALLOWS

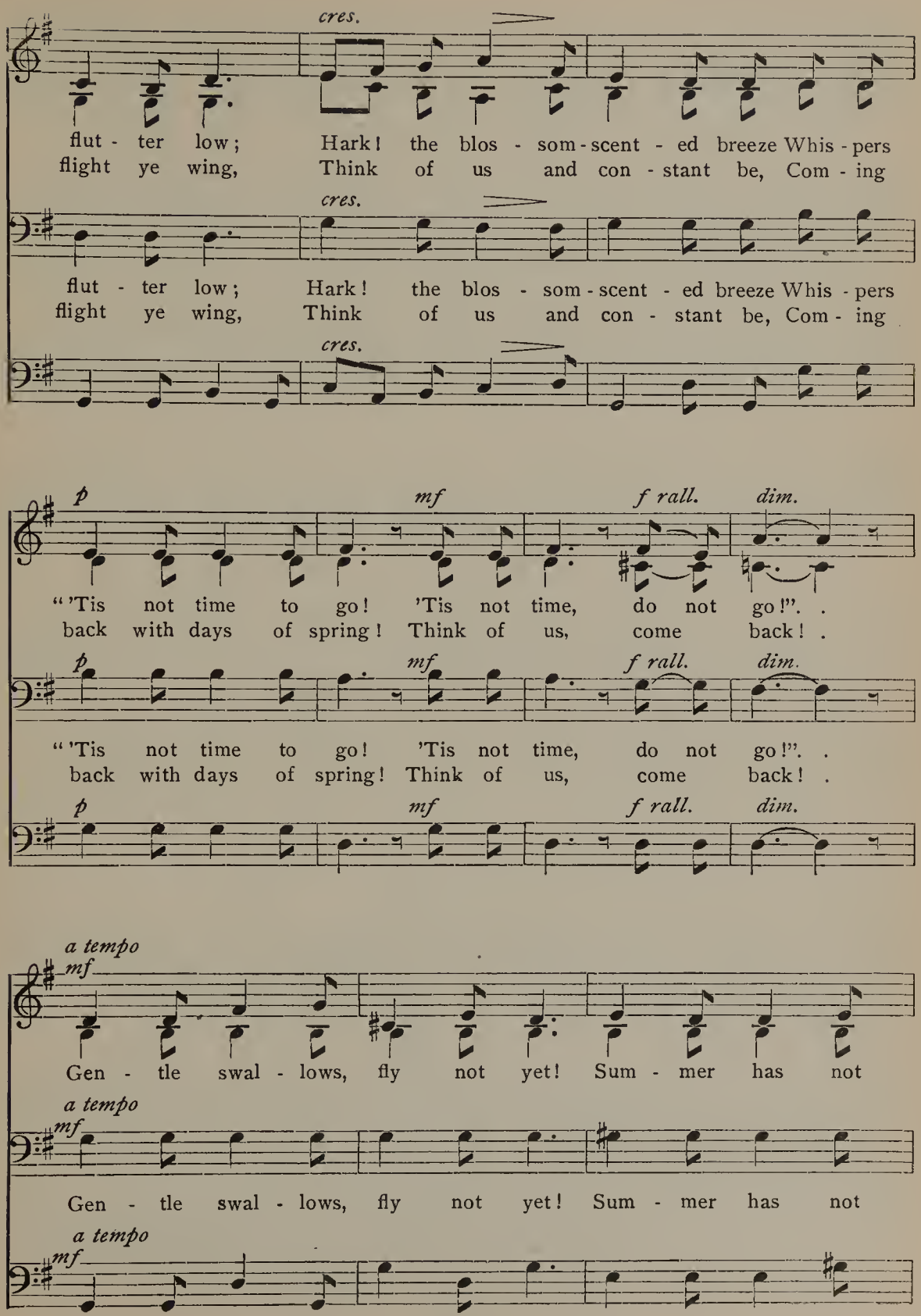
EDWARD OXENFORD

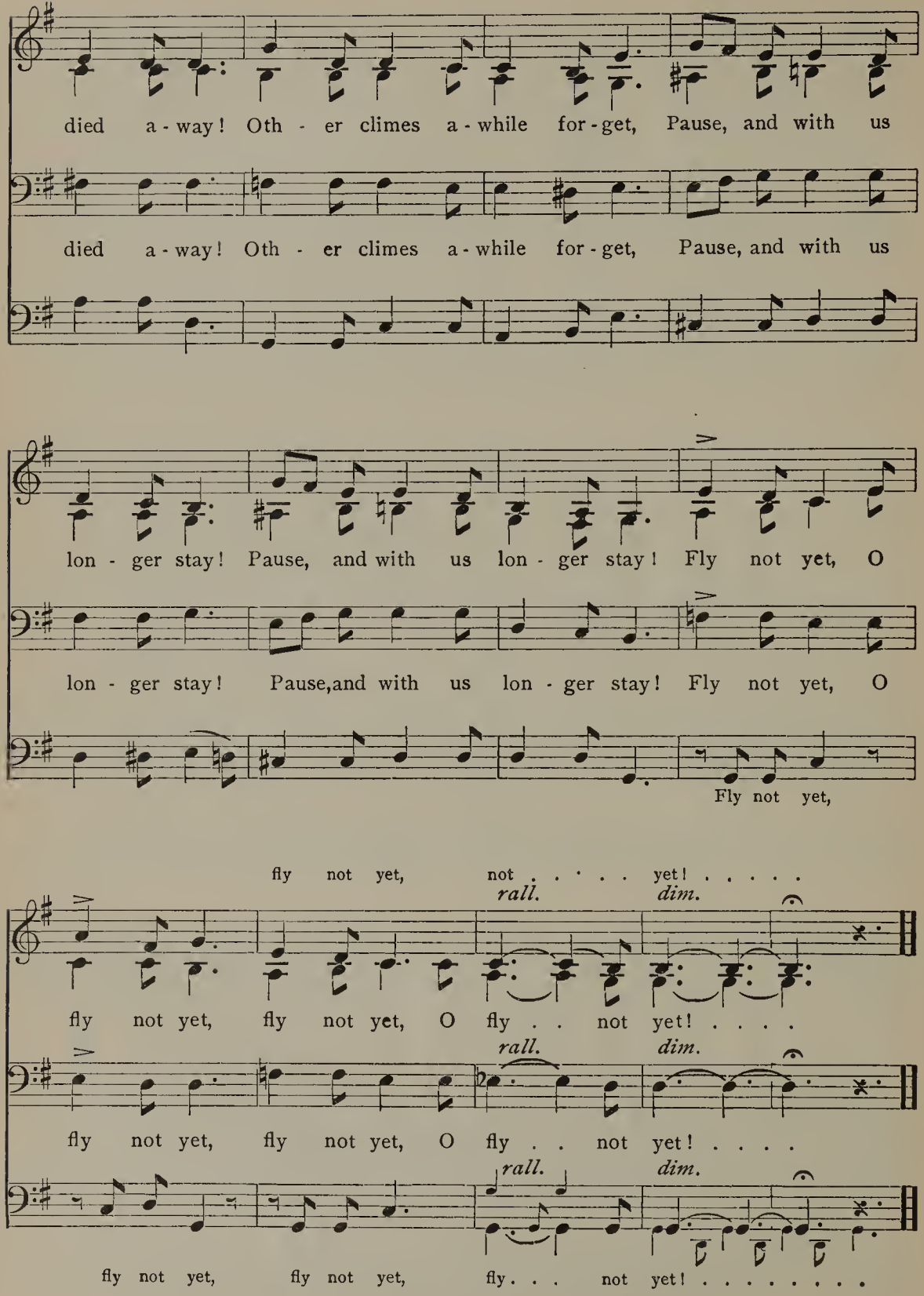
ALFRED R. GAUL
Arr. by C. E. W.

Allegretto moderato

TENOR I, II




cres.
flut - ter low; Hark! the blos - som - scent - ed breeze Whis - pers
flight ye wing, Think of us and con - stant be, Com - ing
cres.
flut - ter low; Hark! the blos - som - scent - ed breeze Whis - pers
flight ye wing, Think of us and con - stant be, Com - ing
cres.
p mf f rall. dim.
"'Tis not time to go! 'Tis not time, do not go!".
back with days of spring! Think of us, come back!
p mf f rall. dim.
"'Tis not time to go! 'Tis not time, do not go!".
back with days of spring! Think of us, come back!
p mf f rall. dim.
a tempo
mf
Gen - tle swal - lows, fly not yet! Sum - mer has not
a tempo
mf
Gen - tle swal - lows, fly not yet! Sum - mer has not
a tempo
mf


died a - way! Oth - er climes a - while for - get, Pause, and with us
died a - way! Oth - er climes a - while for - get, Pause, and with us
lon - ger stay! Pause, and with us lon - ger stay! Fly not yet, O
lon - ger stay! Pause,and with us lon - ger stay! Fly not yet, O
Fly not yet,
fly not yet, not . . . . yet! . . . . .
rall. dim.
fly not yet, fly not yet, O fly . . not yet! . . . .
rall. dim.
fly not yet, fly not yet, O fly . . not yet! . . . .
rall. dim.
fly not yet, fly not yet, fly . . . not yet! . . . . . .

No. 52

LAST NIGHT

MARZIALS

HALFDAN KJERULF
Arr. by C. E. W.

Moderato

TENOR I, II




a tempo
Then I o - pen'd my win - dow so gen - tly, I
And his song was of some one, of some one With
o - pen'd my win - dow so gen - - - tly, I
ev - er his song was of some one, With
a tempo
Then I o - pen'd my win - dow so gen - tly, I
And his song was of some one, of some one With
f
look'd on the dream - y dew, . . . And oh! the bird, my
eyes like the dream - y dew, . . . For oh! the bird, my
f
look'd on the dream - y dew, . . . And oh! the bird, my
eyes like the dream - y dew, . . . For oh! the bird, my
f
rit. pp
dar - ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you. . .
rit. pp
dar - ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you. . . .
rit. pp

No. 53

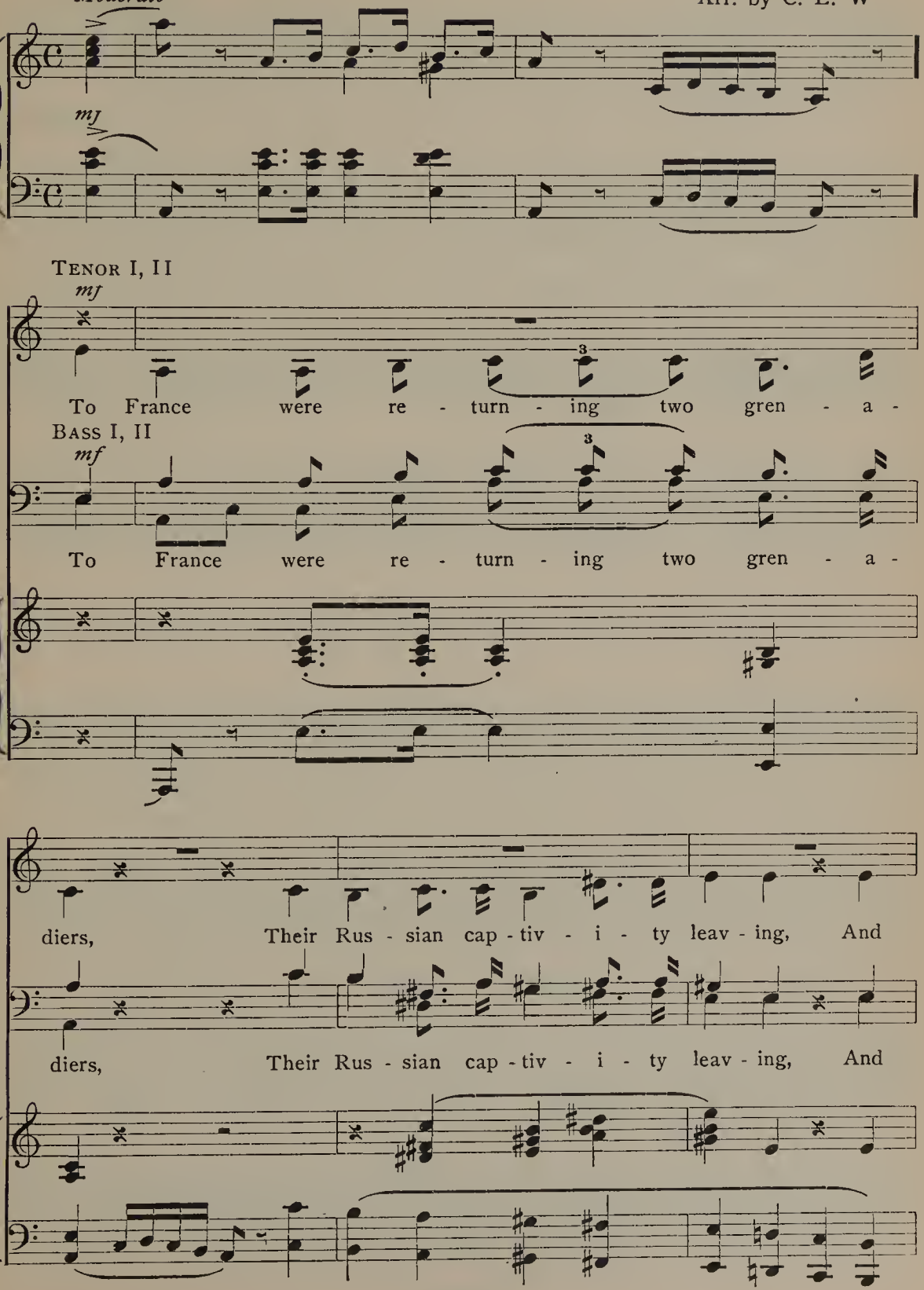
THE TWO GRENADIERS

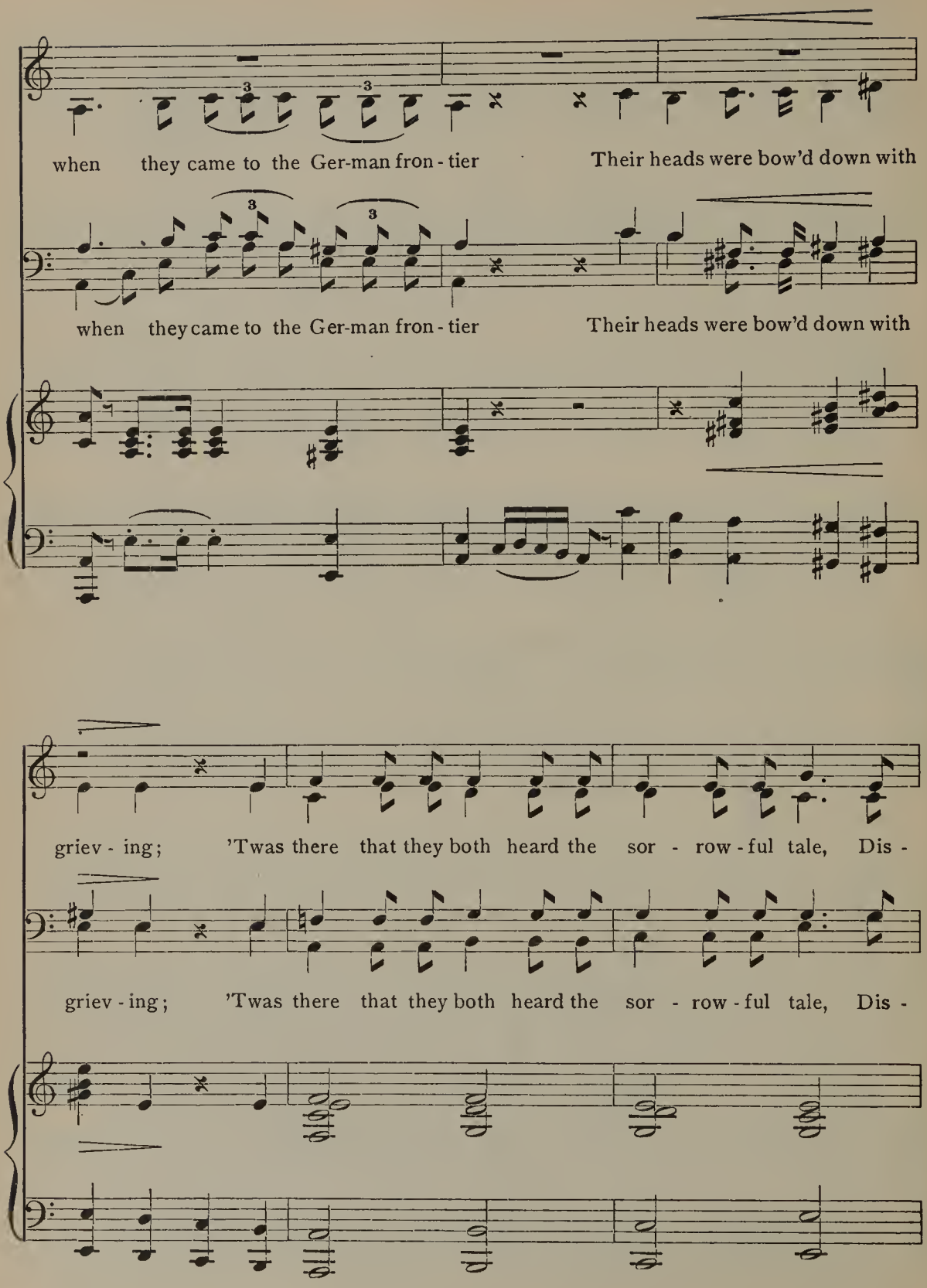
HEINRICH HEINE

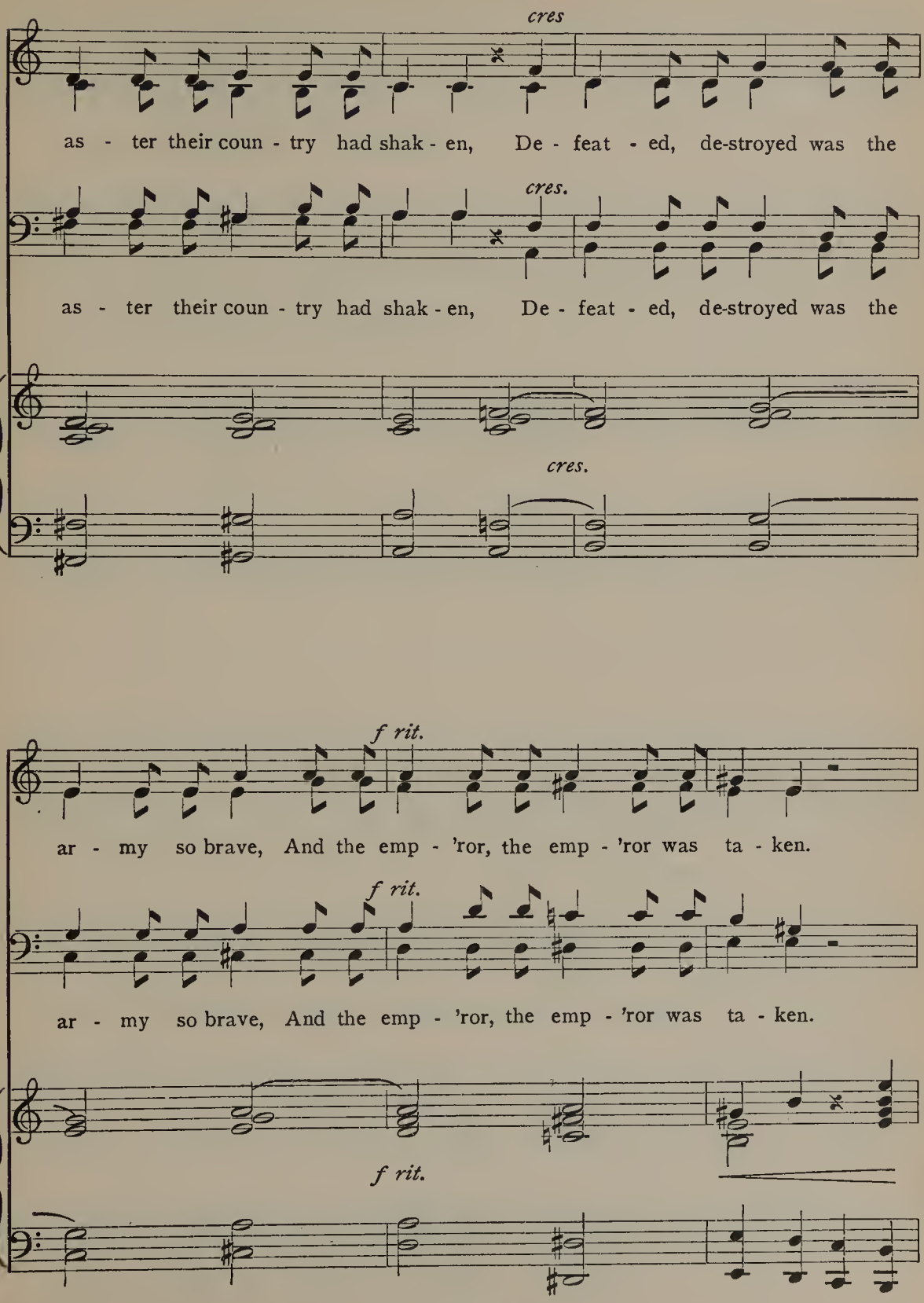
Moderato

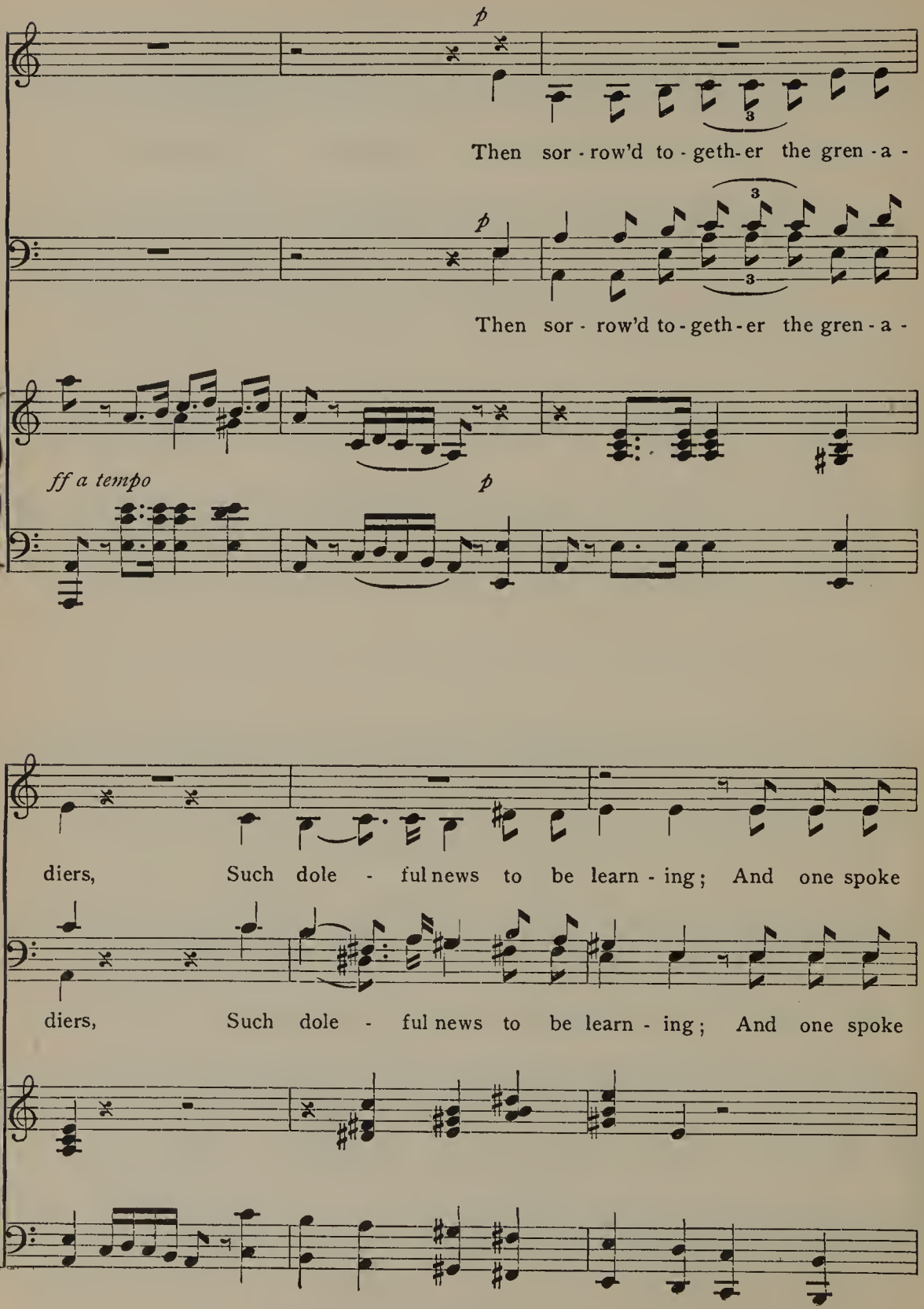
SCHUMANN

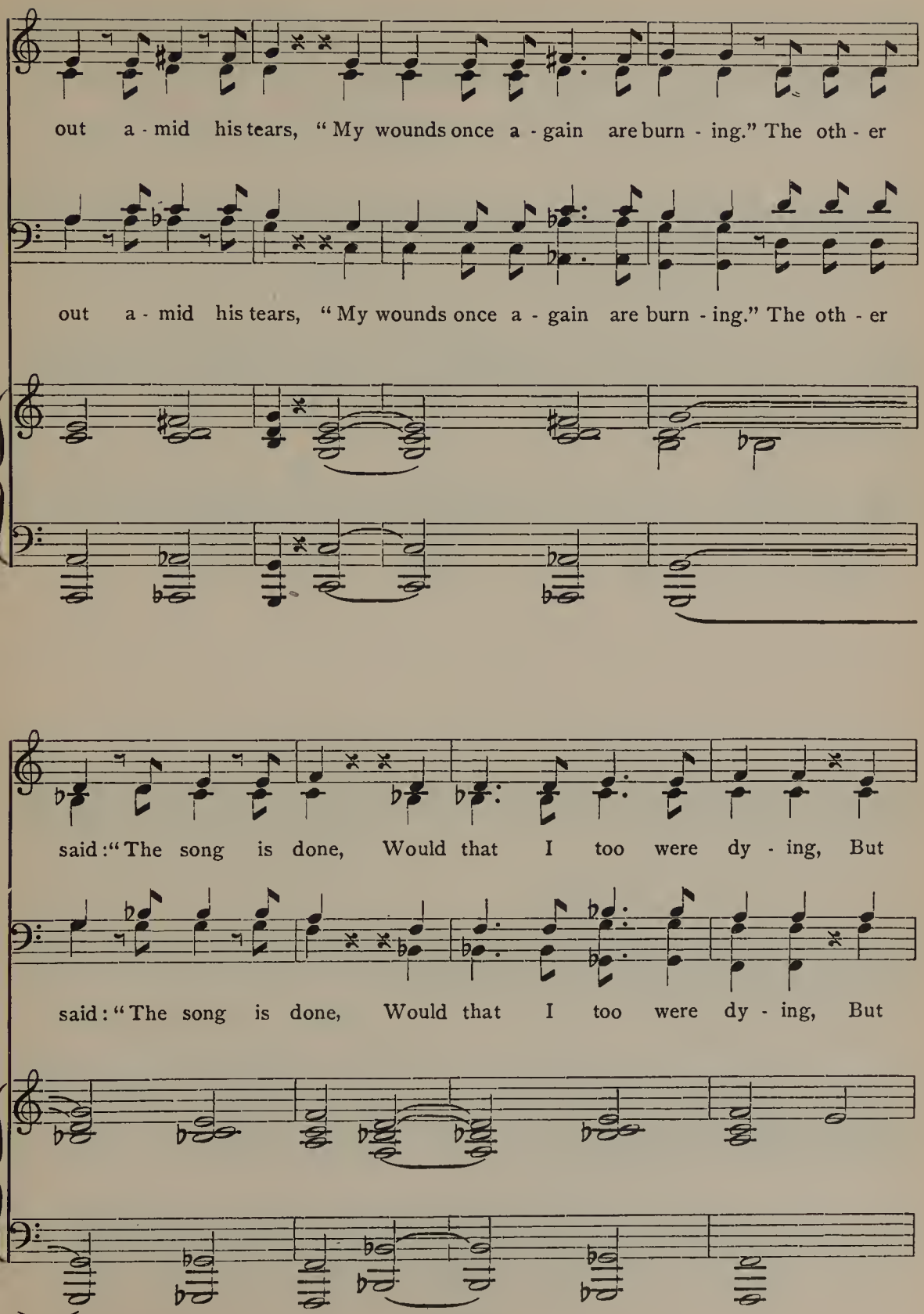
Arr. by C. E. W

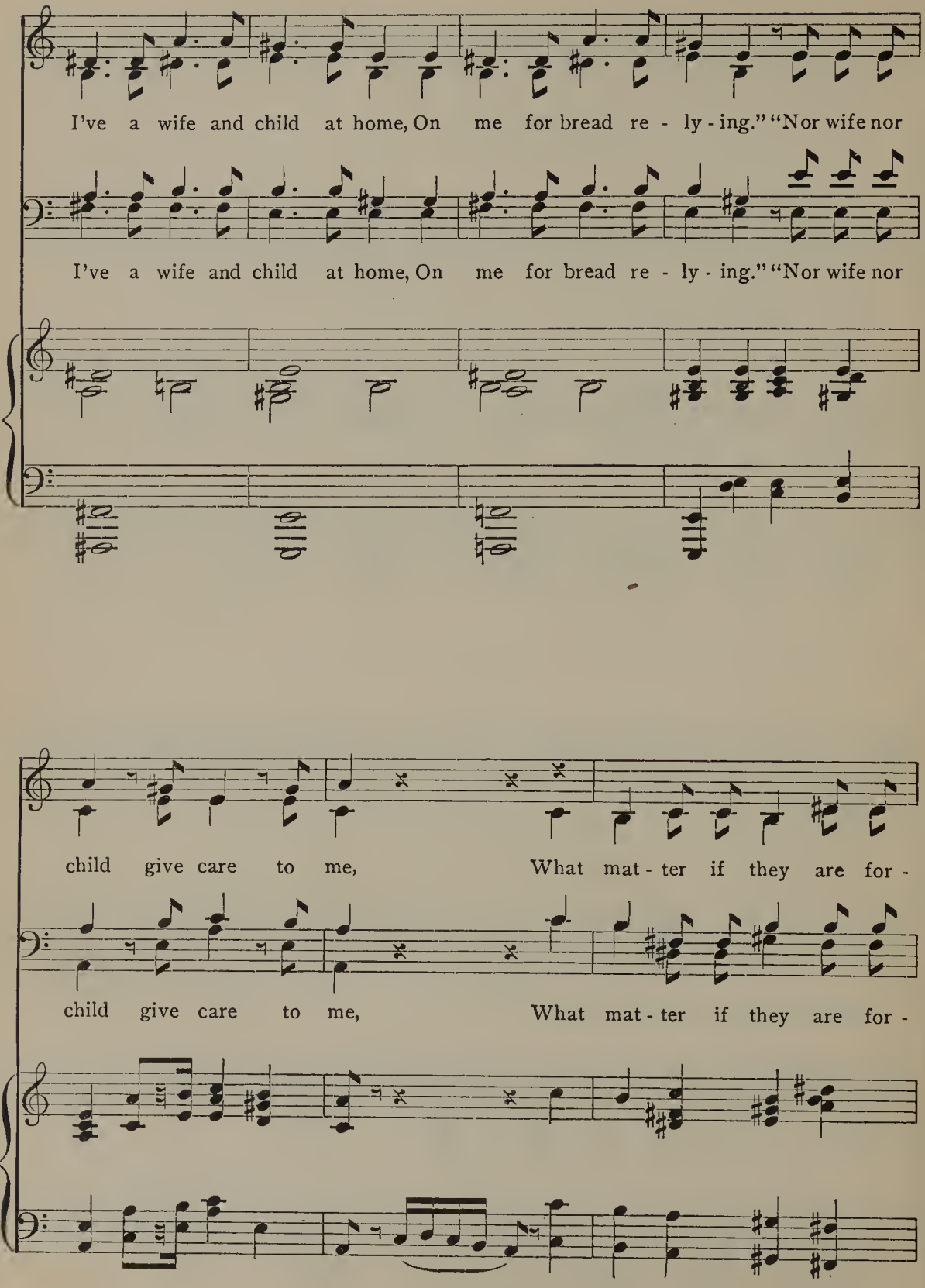


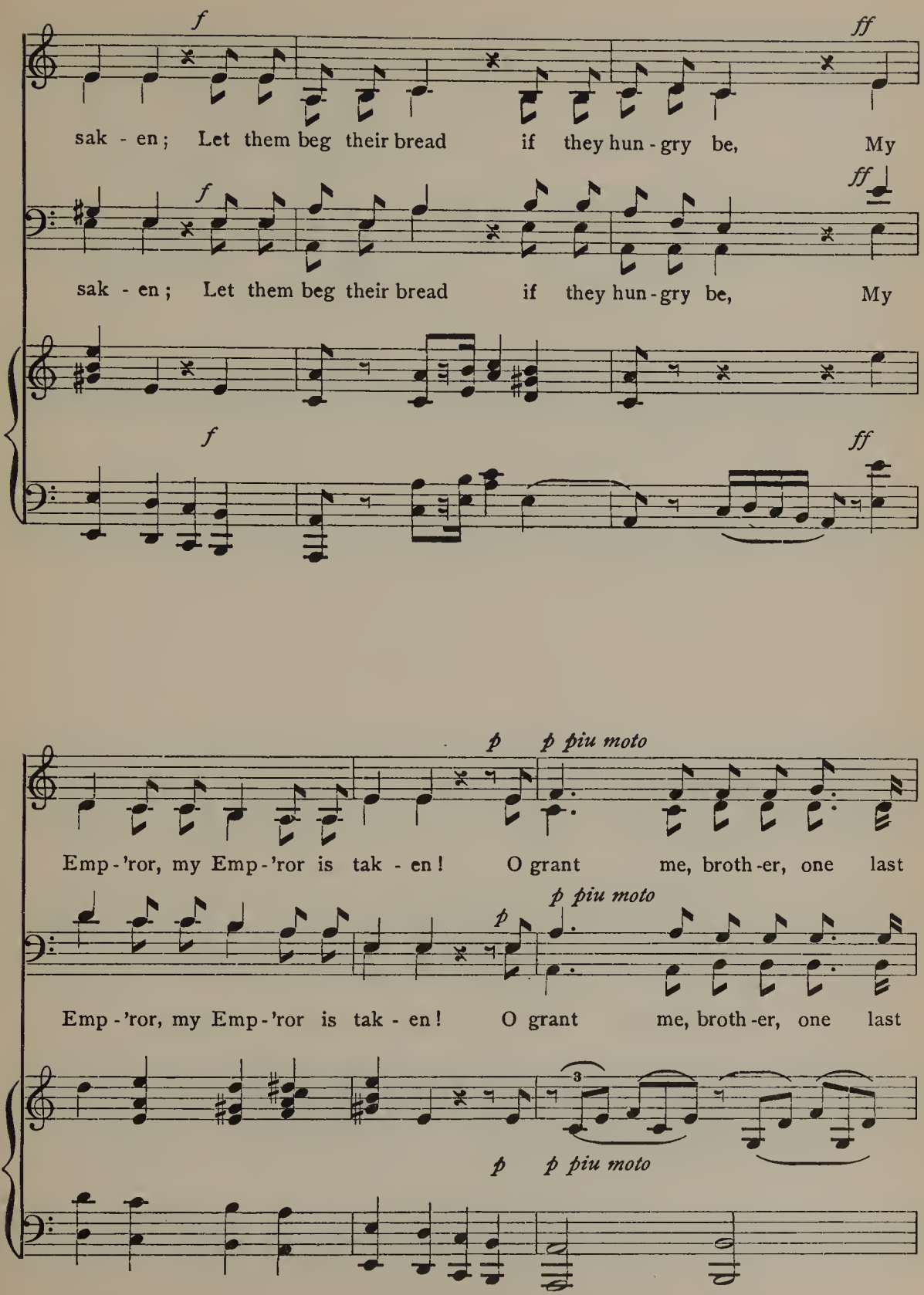

when they came to the Ger-man fron - tier
Their heads were bow'd down with
when they came to the Ger-man fron - tier
Their heads were bow'd down with
griev - ing; 'Twas there that they both heard the sor - row - ful tale, Dis -
griev - ing; 'Twas there that they both heard the sor - row - ful tale, Dis -

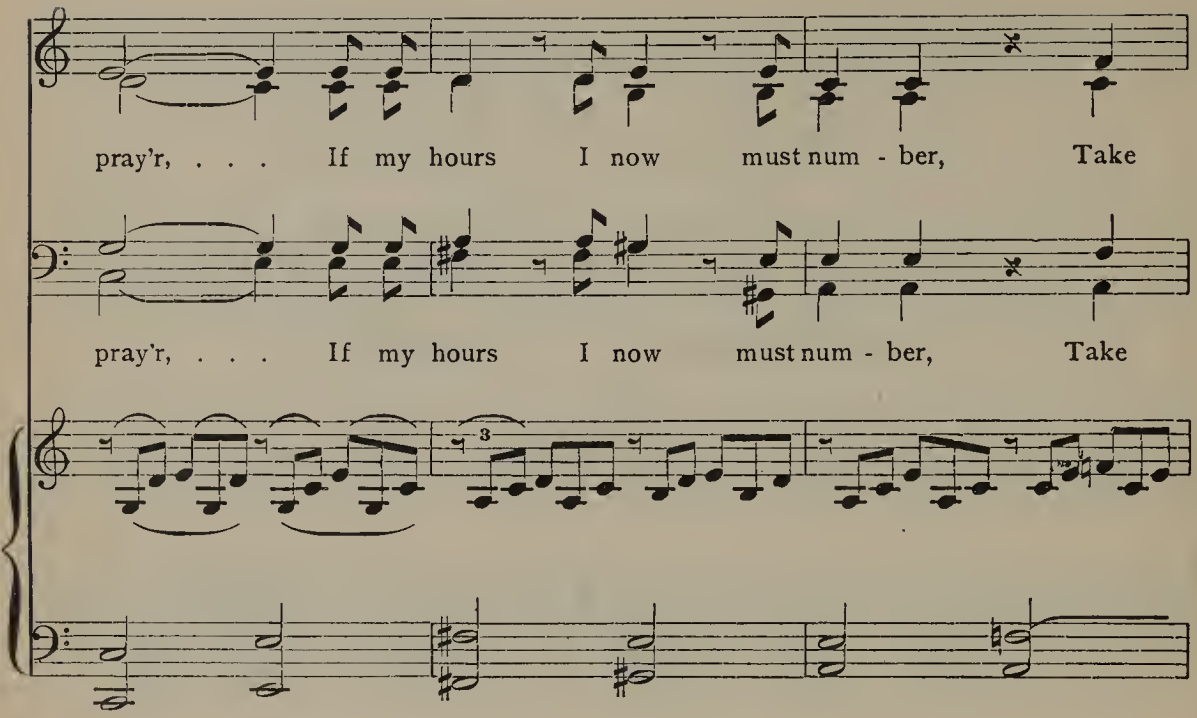

cres
as - ter their coun - try had shak - en, De - feat - ed, de-stroyed was the
cres.
as - ter their coun - try had shak - en, De - feat - ed, de-stroyed was the
cres.
f rit.
ar - my so brave, And the emp - 'ror, the emp - 'ror was ta - ken.
f rit.
ar - my so brave, And the emp - 'ror, the emp - 'ror was ta - ken.
f rit.


p
Then sor - row'd to - geth - er the gren - a -
p
Then sor - row'd to - geth - er the gren - a -
ff a tempo
p
diers, Such dole - ful news to be learn - ing; And one spoke
diers, Such dole - ful news to be learn - ing; And one spoke

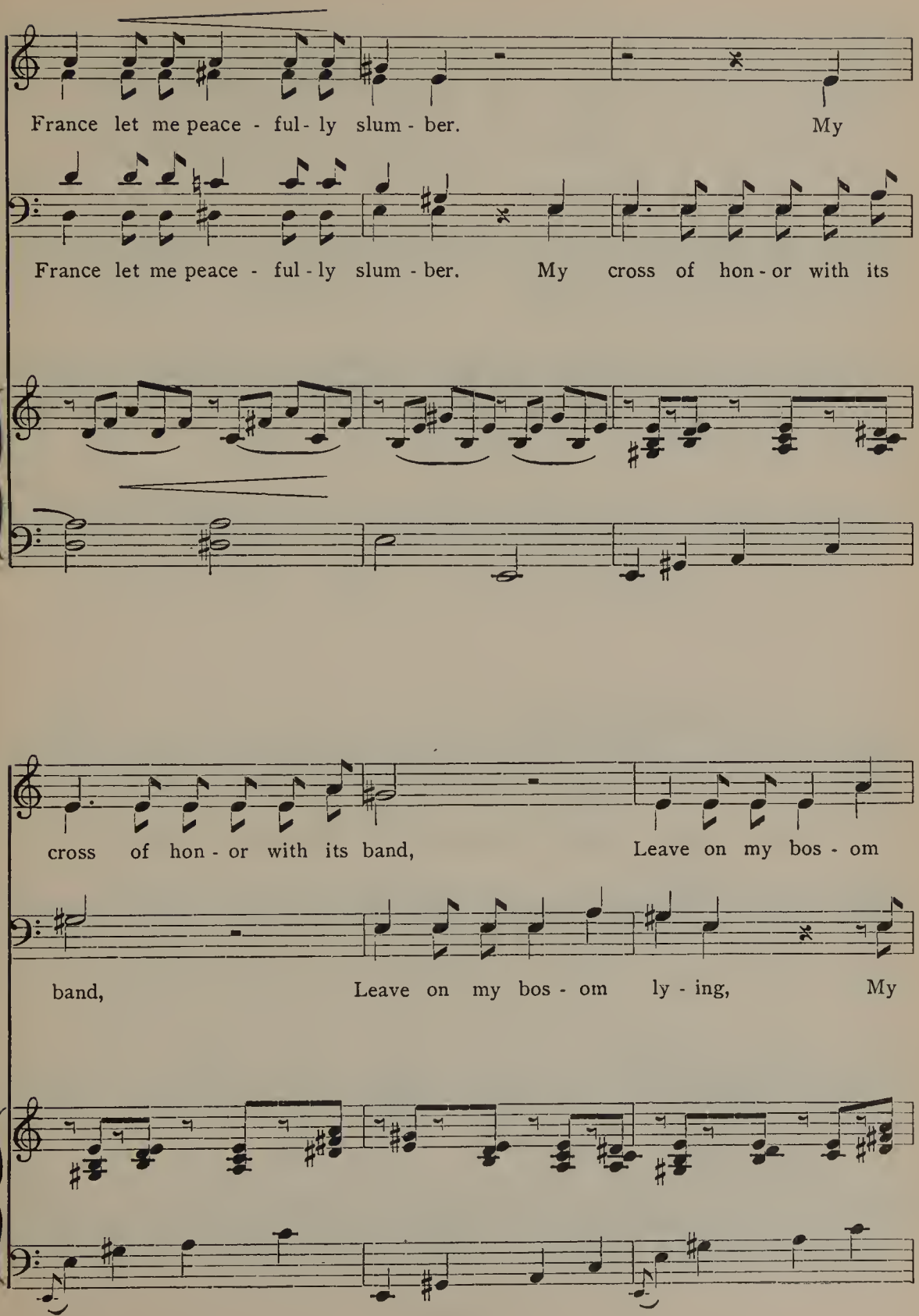

out a - mid his tears, "My wounds once a - gain are burn - ing." The oth - er
out a - mid his tears, "My wounds once a - gain are burn - ing." The oth - er
said: "The song is done, Would that I too were dy - ing, But
said: "The song is done, Would that I too were dy - ing, But

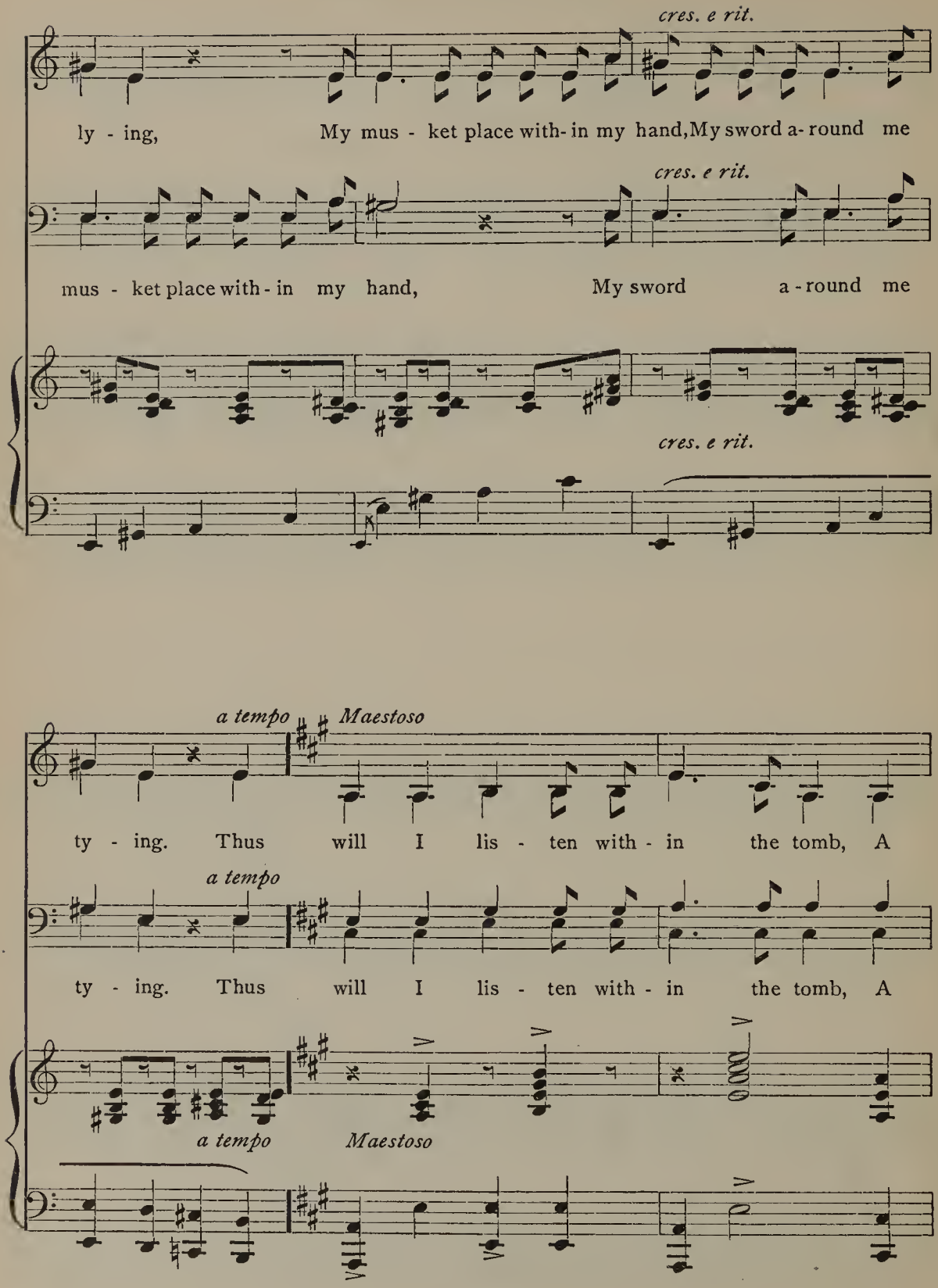

I've a wife and child at home, On me for bread re - ly - ing." "Nor wife nor
I've a wife and child at home, On me for bread re - ly - ing." "Nor wife nor
child give care to me, What mat - ter if they are for -
child give care to me, What mat - ter if they are for -

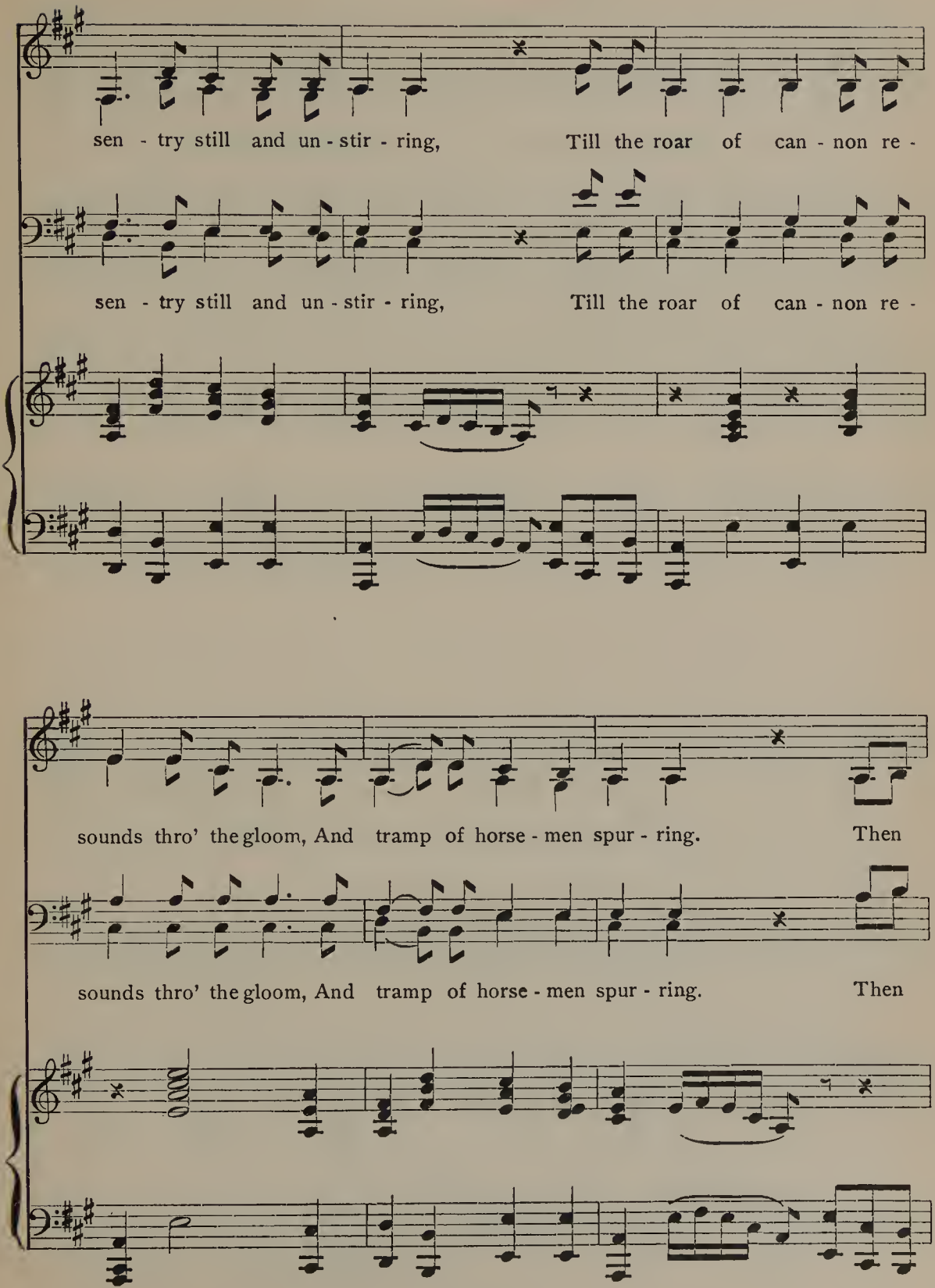

f
ff
sak - en; Let them beg their bread if they hun - gry be, My
f
ff
sak - en; Let them beg their bread if they hun - gry be, My
f
ff
p
p piu moto
Emp - 'ror, my Emp - 'ror is tak - en! O grant me, broth - er, one last
p
p piu moto
Emp - 'ror, my Emp - 'ror is tak - en! O grant me, broth - er, one last
3
p
p piu moto

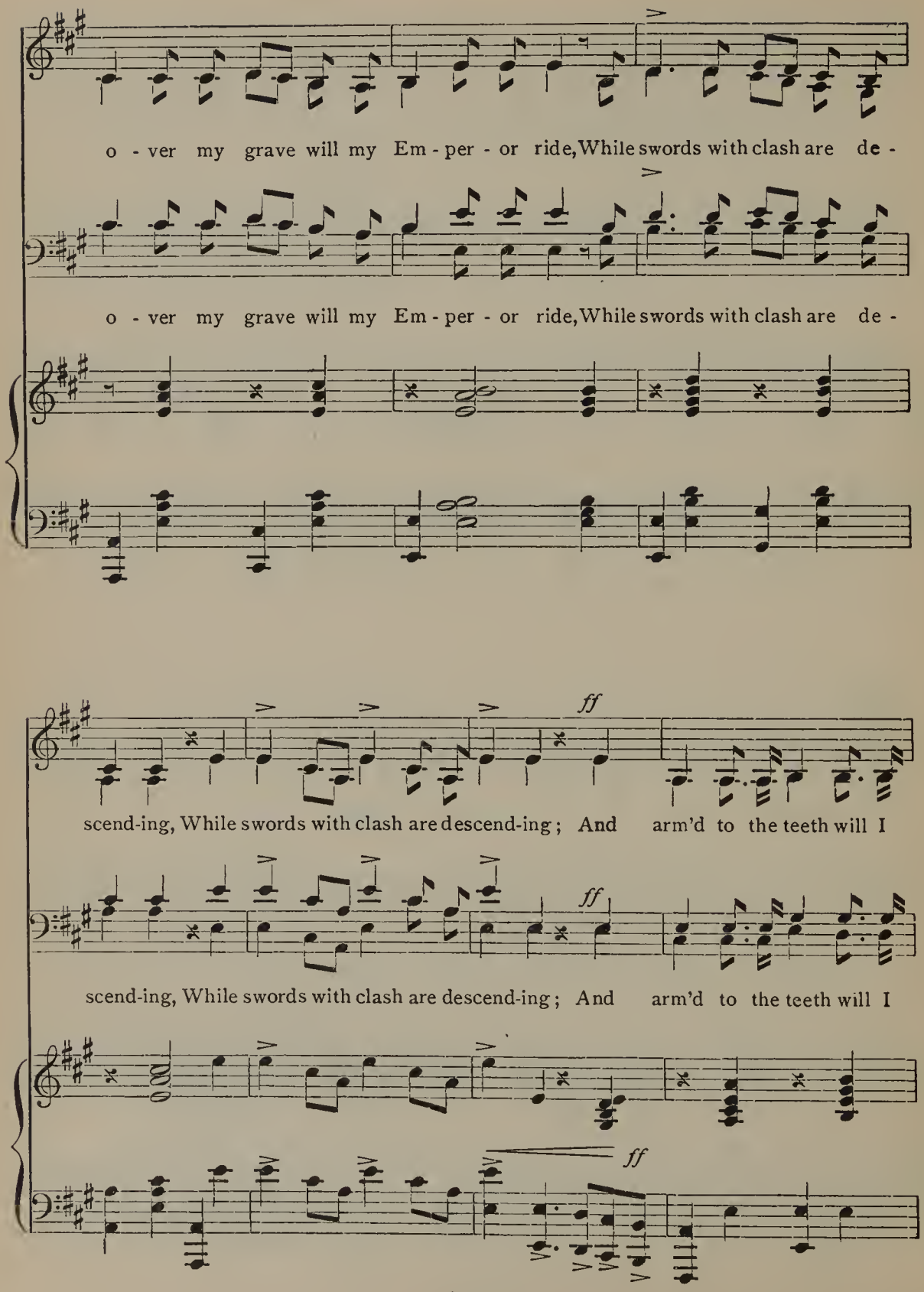

pray'r, . . . If my hours I now must num - ber, Take
pray'r, . . . If my hours I now must num - ber, Take

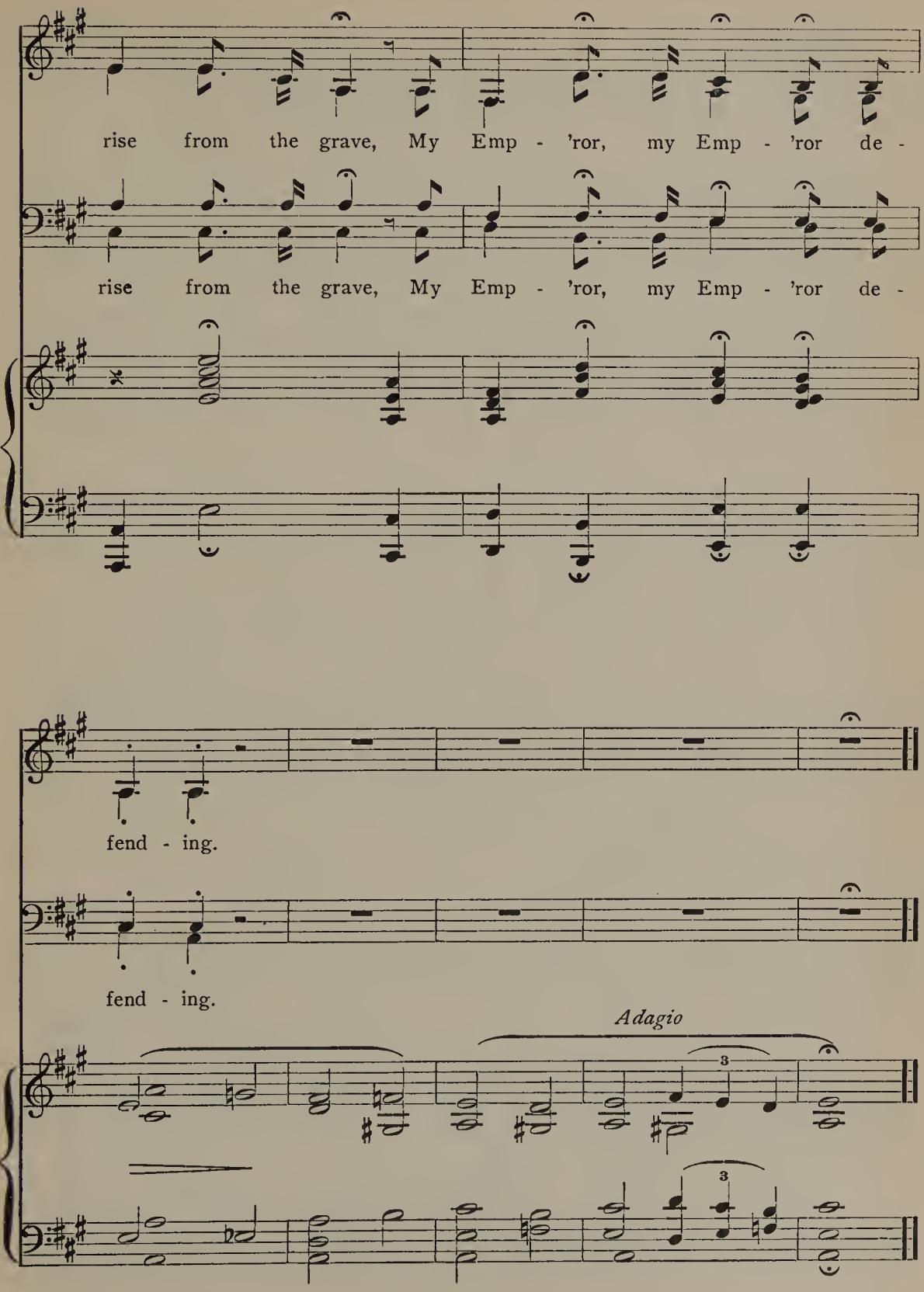

cres.
with thee my corpse to my na - tive land, In
cres.
with thee my corpse to my na - tive land, In
cres.


France let me peace - ful - ly slum - ber. My
France let me peace - ful - ly slum - ber. My cross of hon - or with its
cross of hon - or with its band, Leave on my bos - om
band, Leave on my bos - om ly - ing, My


cres. e rit.
ly - ing, My mus - ket place with- in my hand, My sword a- round me
cres. e rit.
mus - ket place with - in my hand, My sword a - round me
cres. e rit.
a tempo
Maestoso
ty - ing. Thus will I lis - ten with - in the tomb, A
a tempo
ty - ing. Thus will I lis - ten with - in the tomb, A
a tempo
Maestoso


sen - try still and un - stir - ring, Till the roar of can - non re -
sen - try still and un - stir - ring, Till the roar of can - non re -
sounds thro' the gloom, And tramp of horse - men spur - ring. Then
sounds thro' the gloom, And tramp of horse - men spur - ring. Then


o - ver my grave will my Em - per - or ride, While swords with clash are de -
o - ver my grave will my Em - per - or ride, While swords with clash are de -
ff
scend-ing, While swords with clash are descend-ing; And arm'd to the teeth will I
ff
scend-ing, While swords with clash are descend-ing; And arm'd to the teeth will I
ff


rise from the grave, My Emp - 'ror, my Emp - 'ror de -
rise from the grave, My Emp - 'ror, my Emp - 'ror de -
fend - ing.
fend - ing.
Adagio

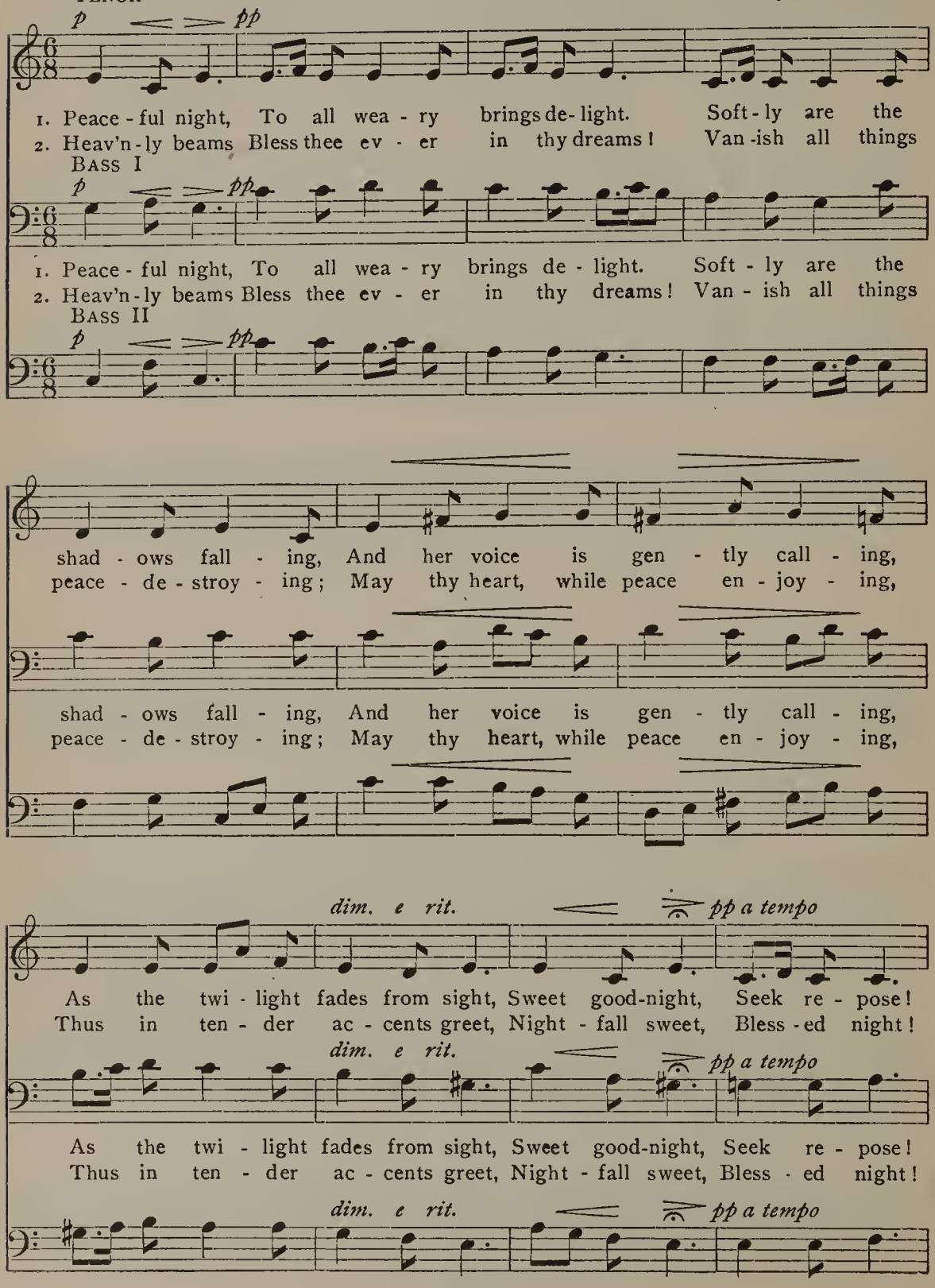
No. 54

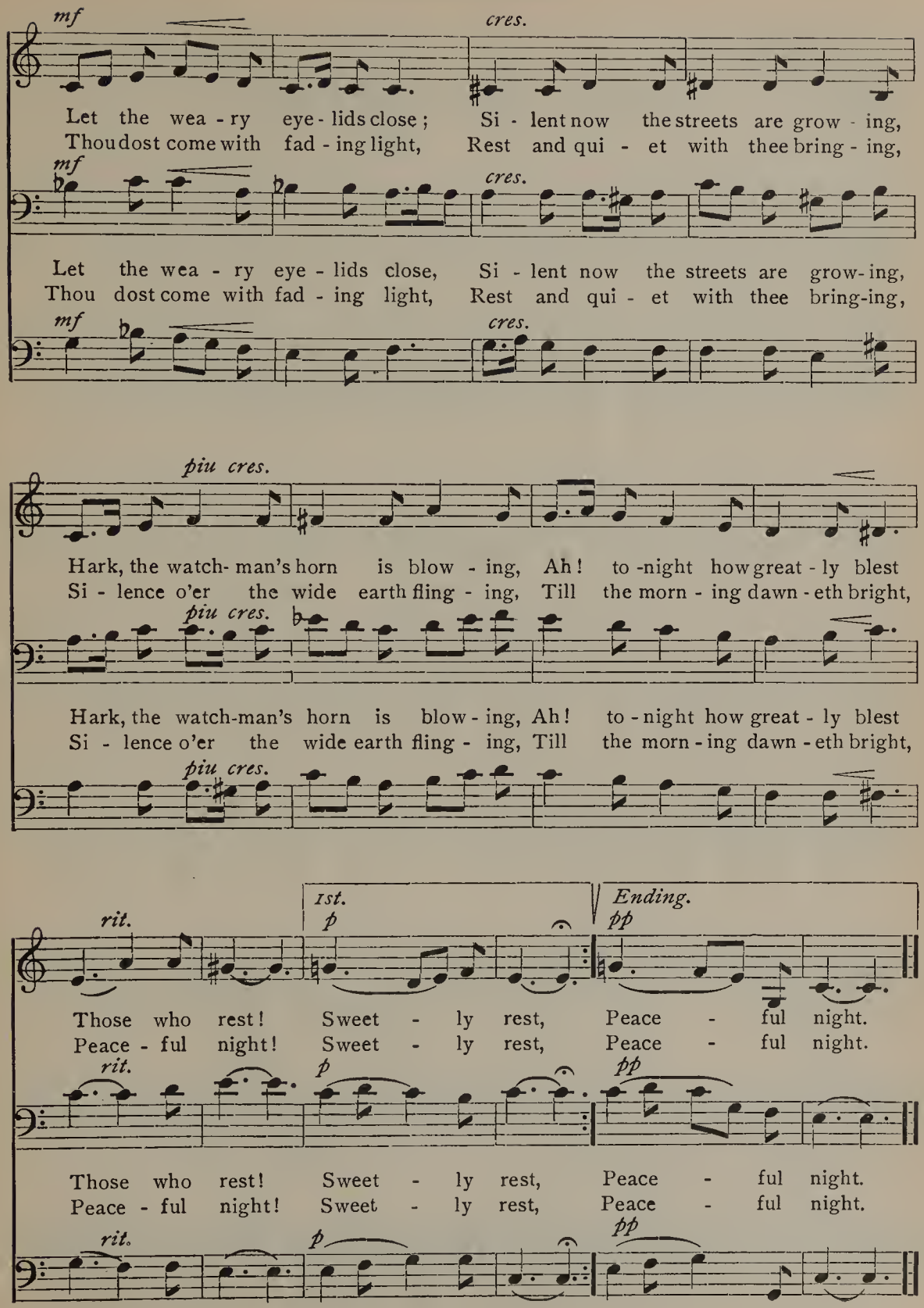
PEACEFUL NIGHT

Andante

TENOR

ROBERT RADEKI
Arr. by C. E. W.




mf
cres.
Let the wea - ry eye - lids close; Si - lent now the streets are grow - ing,
Thou dost come with fad - ing light, Rest and qui - et with thee bring - ing,
mf
cres.
Let the wea - ry eye - lids close, Si - lent now the streets are grow-ing,
Thou dost come with fad - ing light, Rest and qui - et with thee bring-ing,
mf
cres.
piu cres.
Hark, the watch- man's horn is blow - ing, Ah! to -night how great - ly blest
Si - lence o'er the wide earth fling - ing, Till the morn - ing dawn - eth bright,
piu cres.
Hark, the watch-man's horn is blow - ing, Ah! to - night how great - ly blest
Si - lence o'er the wide earth fling - ing, Till the morn - ing dawn - eth bright,
piu cres.
rit.
1st.
p
Ending.
pp
Those who rest! Sweet - ly rest, Peace - ful night.
Peace - ful night! Sweet - ly rest, Peace - ful night.
rit.
p
pp
Those who rest! Sweet - ly rest, Peace - ful night.
Peace - ful night! Sweet - ly rest, Peace - ful night.
rit.
p
pp

No. 55

VOCAL BOLERO

English
Arranged by C. E. W.

Tempo di bolero

BARITONE SOLO

1. Sweet
2. The

TENOR

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

BASS I, II

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

I - - nez sang so gay - - ly, My
cas - - ta - nets were play - - ing, To

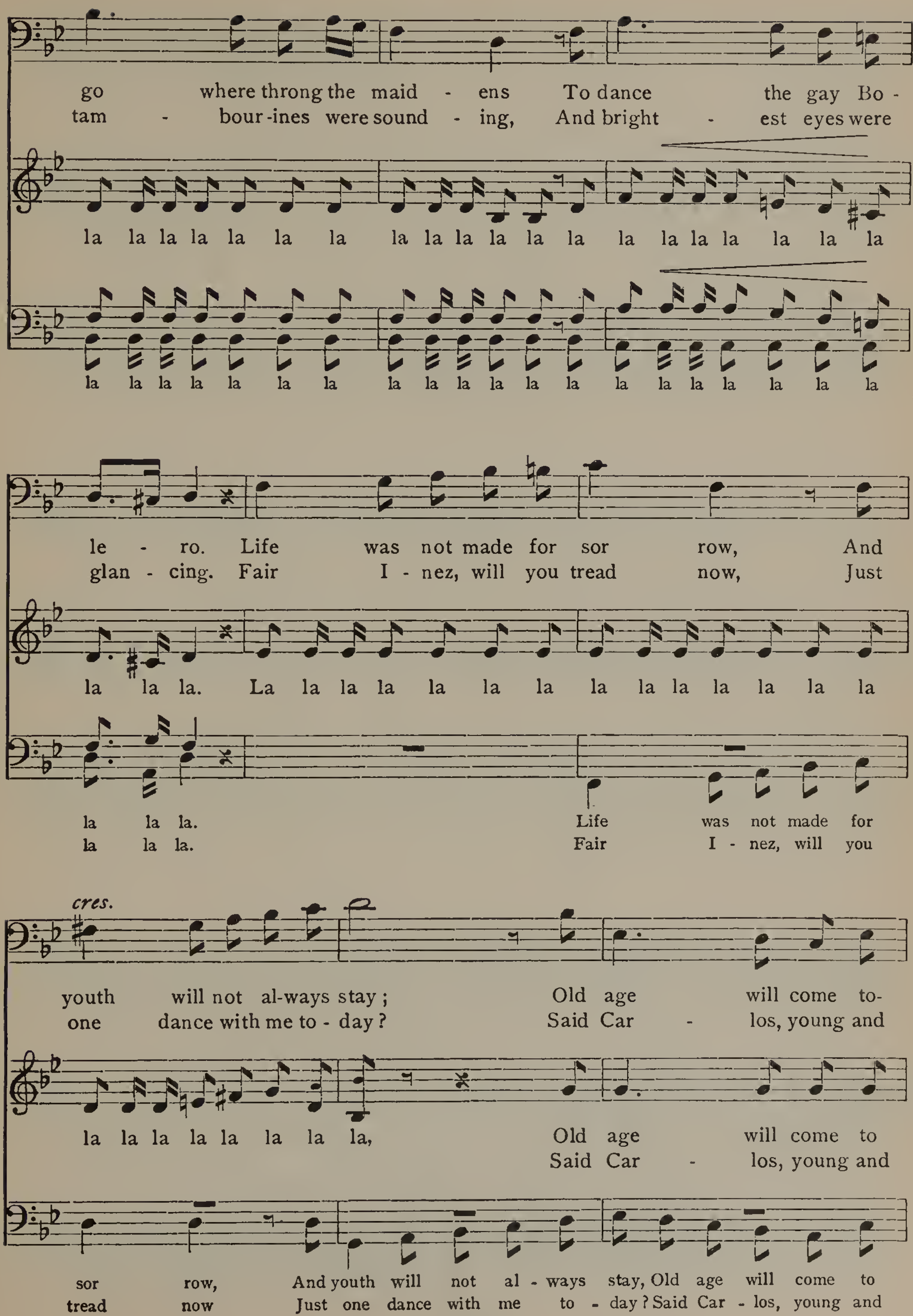
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

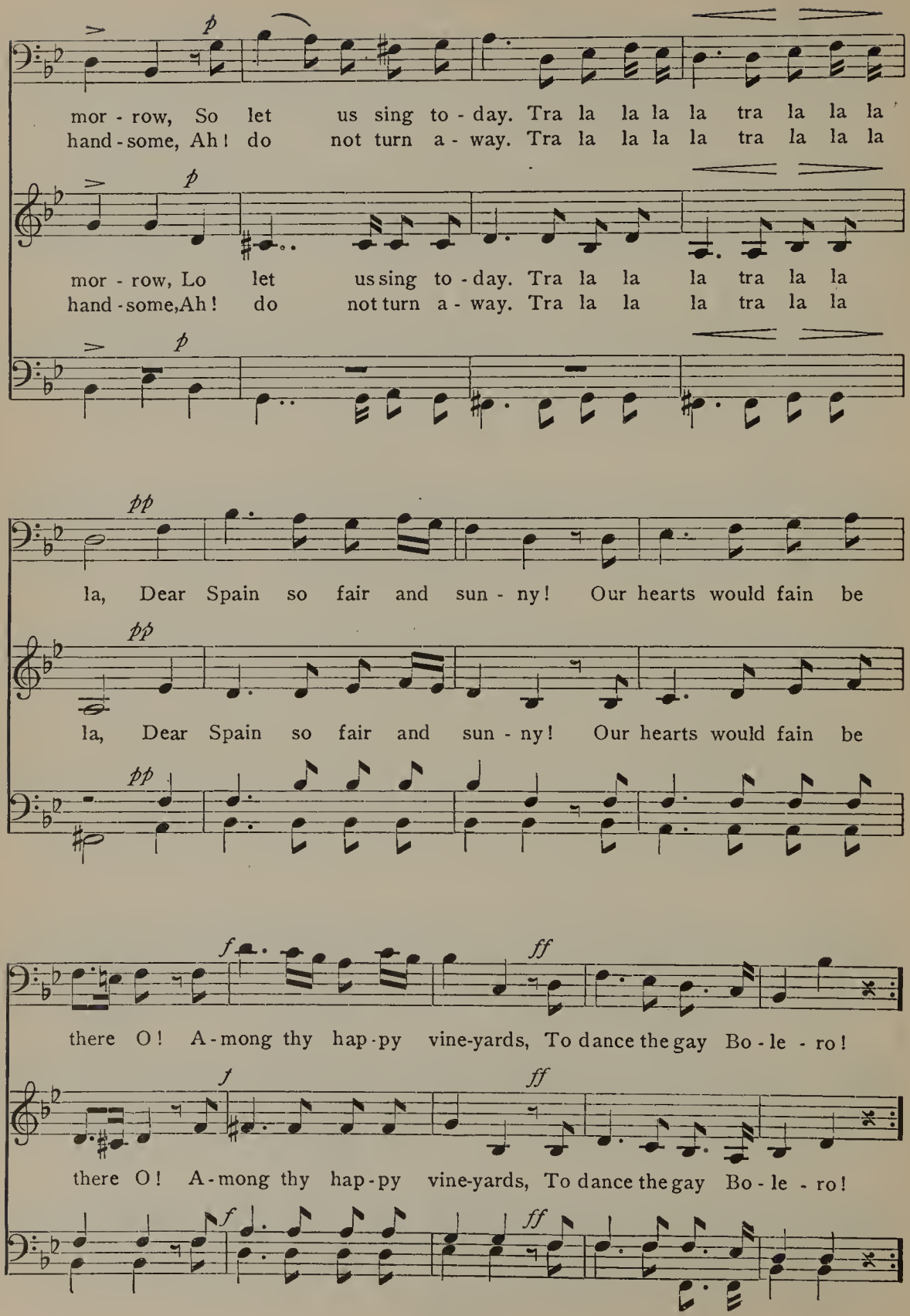
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

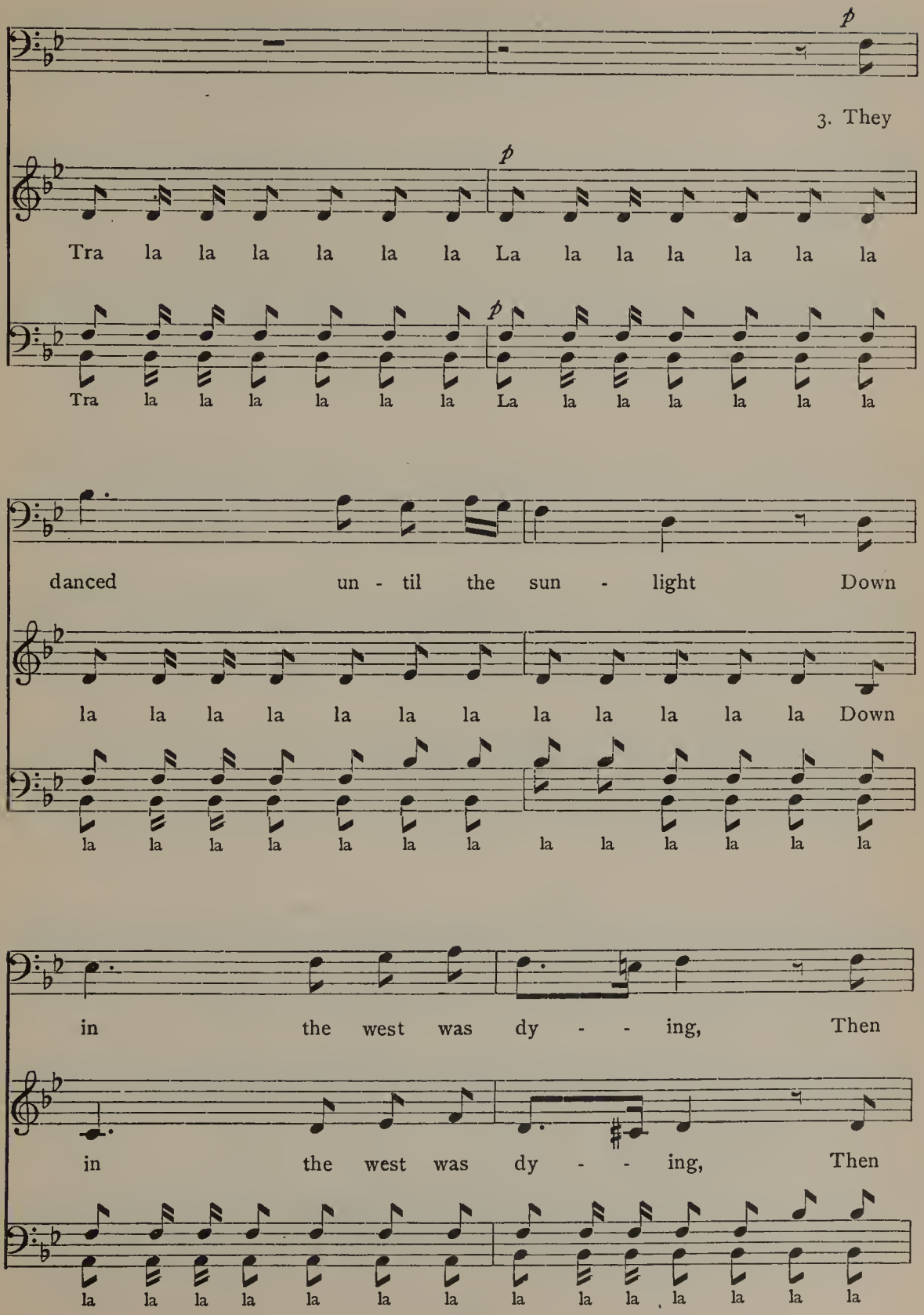
heart is free from care, . . . O! I'll
keep the time for dan - - cing; The

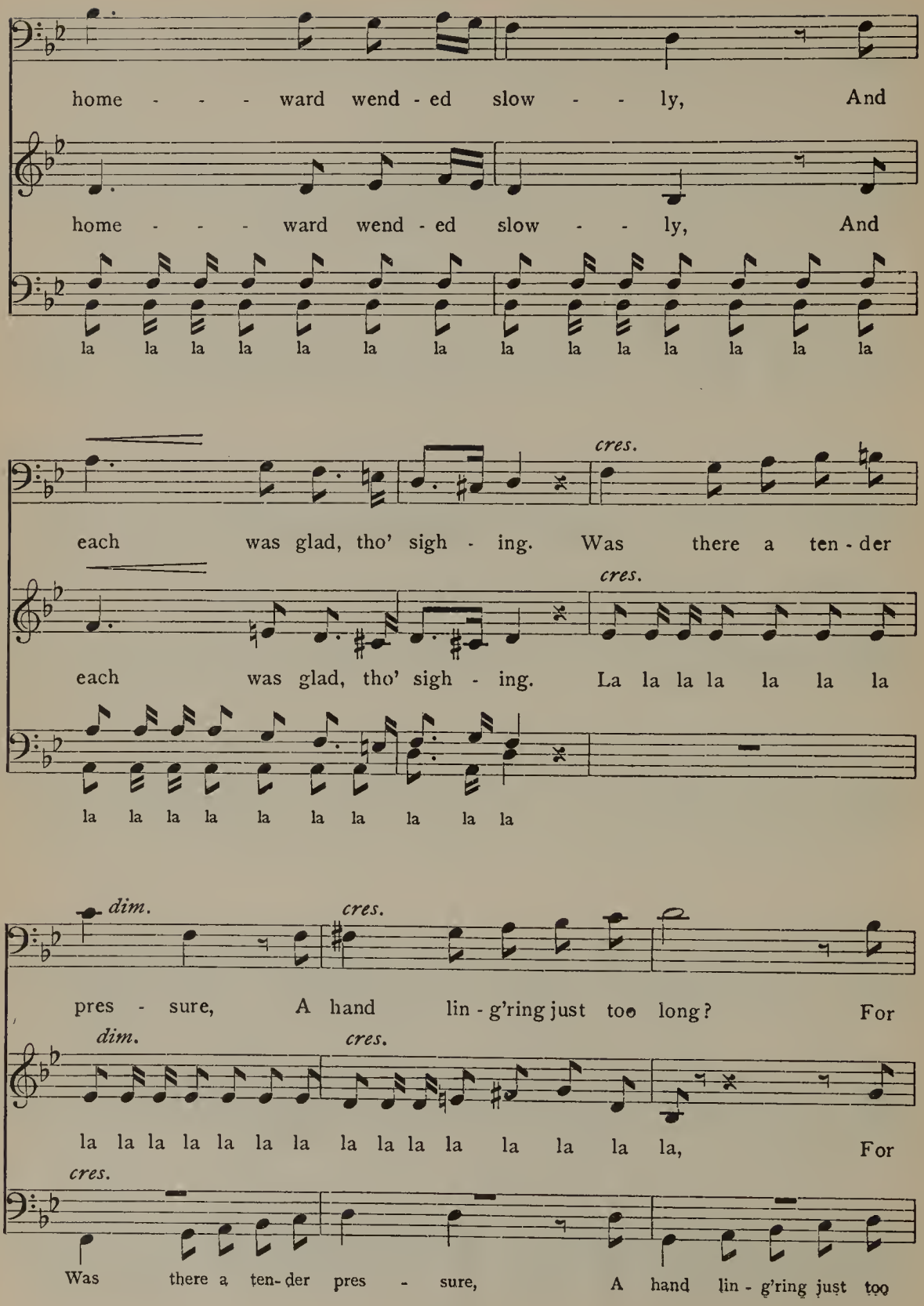
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

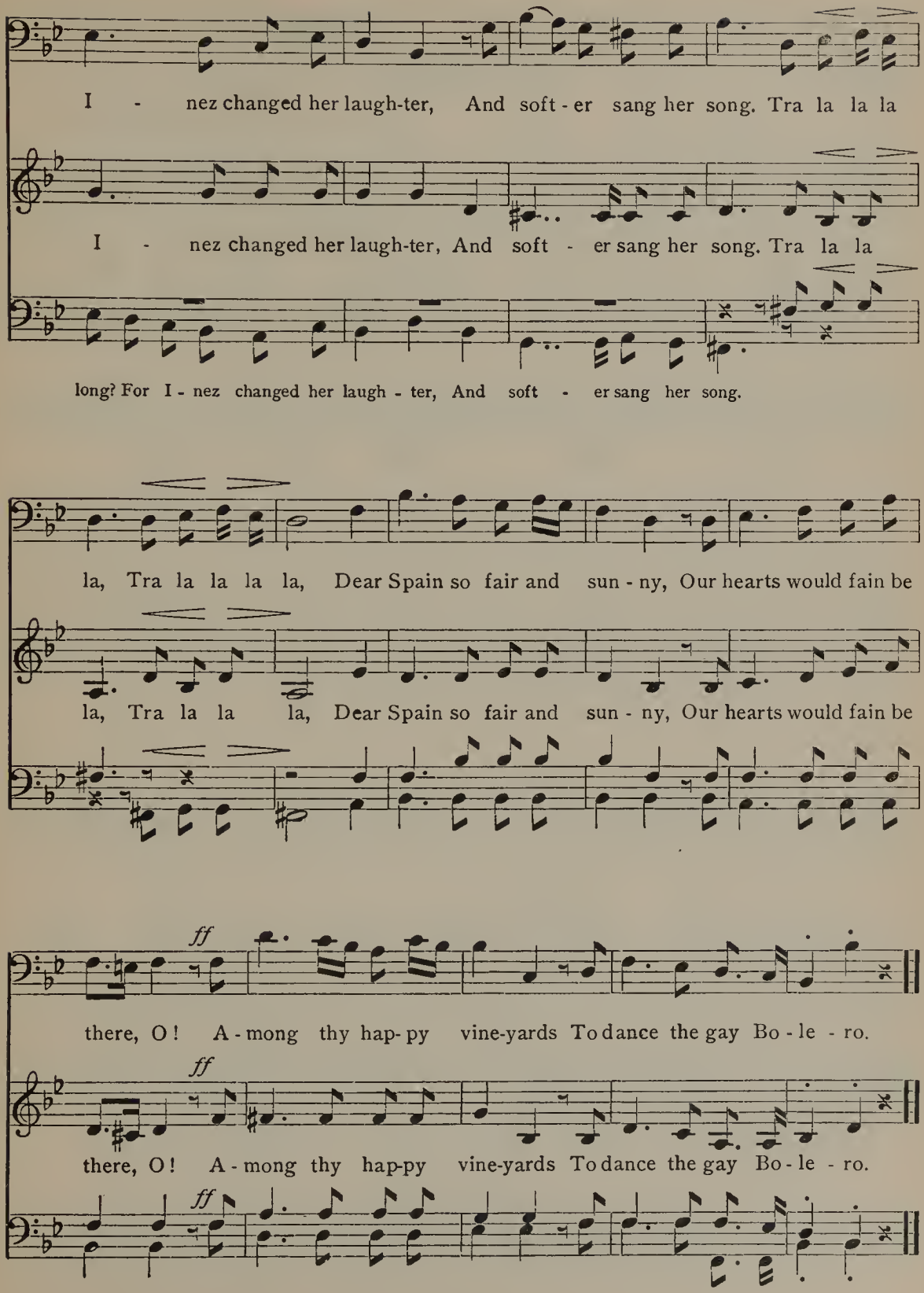
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la


go where throng the maid - ens To dance the gay Bo -
tam - bour-ines were sound - ing, And bright - est eyes were
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
le - ro. Life was not made for sor row, And
glan - cing. Fair I - nez, will you tread now, Just
la la la. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la. Life was not made for
la la la. Fair I - nez, will you
cres.
youth will not al-ways stay; Old age will come to-
one dance with me to - day? Said Car - los, young and
la la la la la la la la, Old age will come to
Said Car - los, young and
sor row, And youth will not al - ways stay, Old age will come to
tread now Just one dance with me to - day? Said Car - los, young and


mor - row, So let us sing to - day. Tra la la la la tra la la la
hand - some, Ah! do not turn a - way. Tra la la la la tra la la la
mor - row, Lo let us sing to - day. Tra la la la tra la la
hand - some, Ah! do not turn a - way. Tra la la la tra la la
la, Dear Spain so fair and sun - ny! Our hearts would fain be
la, Dear Spain so fair and sun - ny! Our hearts would fain be
there O! A - mong thy hap - py vine-yards, To dance the gay Bo - le - ro!
there O! A - mong thy hap - py vine-yards, To dance the gay Bo - le - ro!


3. They
Tra la la la la la la La la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la La la la la la la la
danced un - til the sun - light Down
la la la la la la la la la la la la Down
la la la la la la la la la la la la la
in the west was dy - - ing, Then
in the west was dy - - ing, Then
la la la la la la la la la la la la la

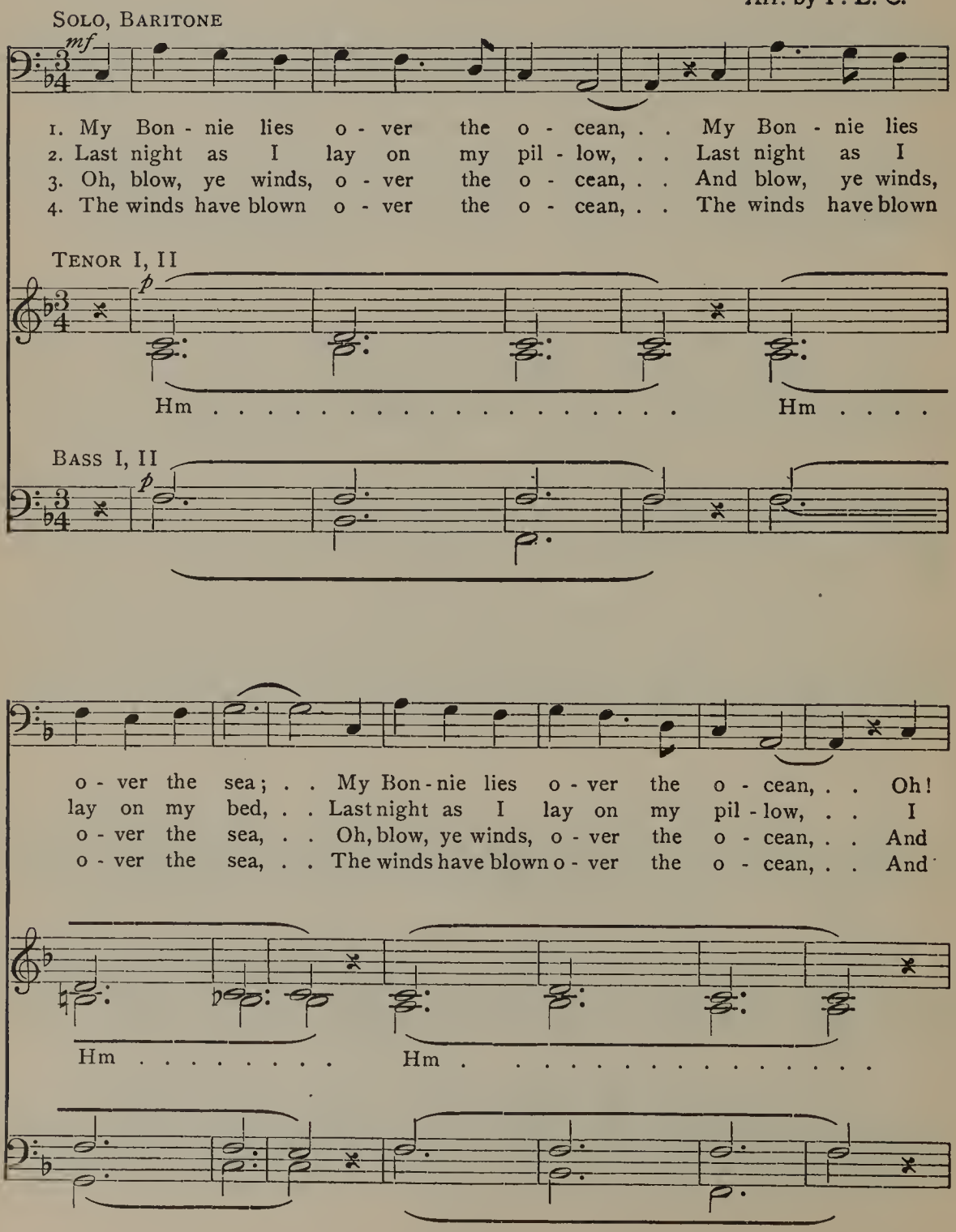

home - - - ward wend - ed slow - - ly, And
home - - - ward wend - ed slow - - ly, And
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
cres.
each was glad, tho' sigh - ing. Was there a ten - der
cres.
each was glad, tho' sigh - ing. La la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la
dim.
cres.
pres - sure, A hand lin - g'ring just too long? For
dim.
cres.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, For
cres.
Was there a ten - der pres - sure, A hand lin - g'ring just too

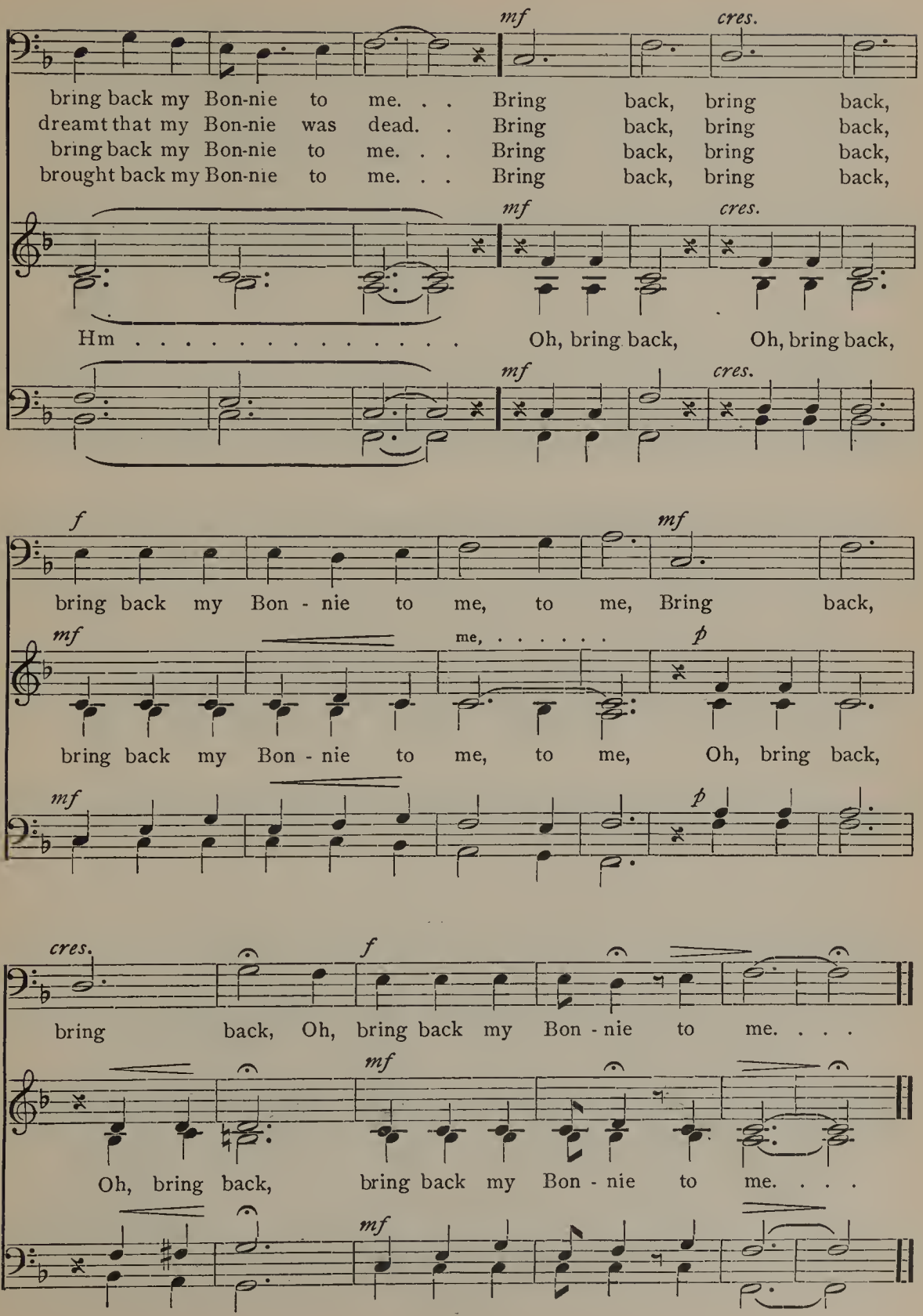

I - nez changed her laugh-ter, And soft - er sang her song. Tra la la la
I - nez changed her laugh-ter, And soft - er sang her song. Tra la la
long? For I - nez changed her laugh - ter, And soft - er sang her song.
la, Tra la la la la, Dear Spain so fair and sun - ny, Our hearts would fain be
la, Tra la la la, Dear Spain so fair and sun - ny, Our hearts would fain be
ff
there, O! A - mong thy hap - py vine-yards To dance the gay Bo - le - ro.
ff
there, O! A - mong thy hap-py vine-yards To dance the gay Bo - le - ro.
ff

No. 56

MY BONNIE

Arr. by F. E. C.

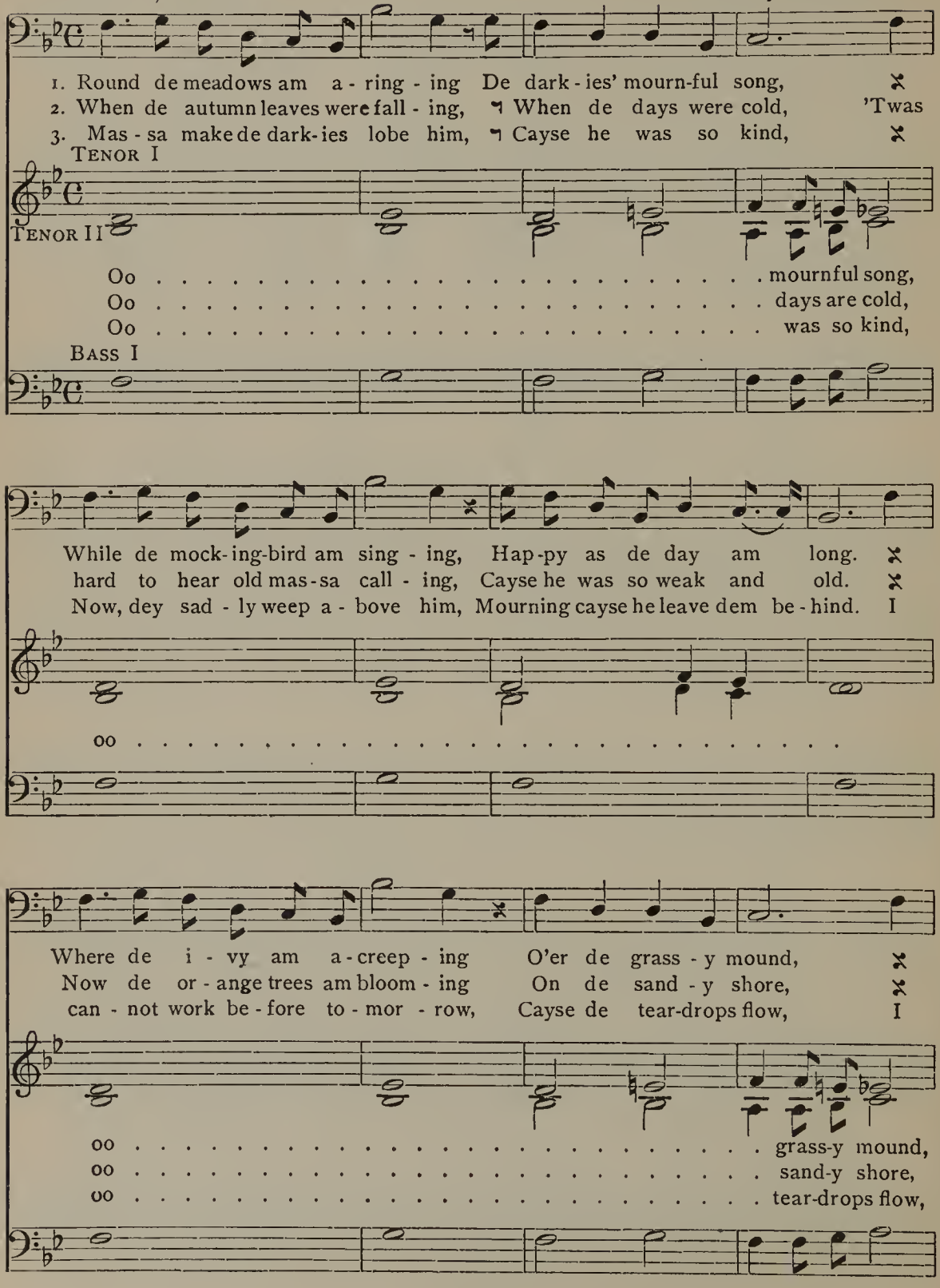



mf
cres.
bring back my Bon-nie to me. . . Bring back, bring back,
dreamt that my Bon-nie was dead. . Bring back, bring back,
bring back my Bon-nie to me. . . Bring back, bring back,
brought back my Bon-nie to me. . . Bring back, bring back,
mf
cres.
Hm . . . . . Oh, bring back, Oh, bring back,
mf
cres.
f
mf
bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me, Bring back,
mf
me, ... p
bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me, Oh, bring back,
mf
p
cres.
f
bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . .
mf
Oh, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . .
mf

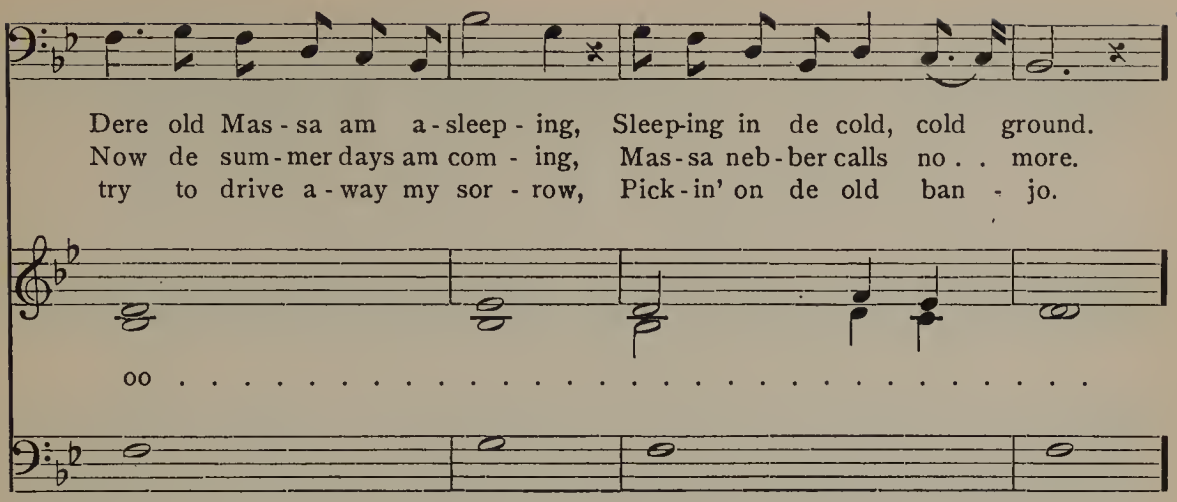
No. 57 MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
BASS II, UNISON

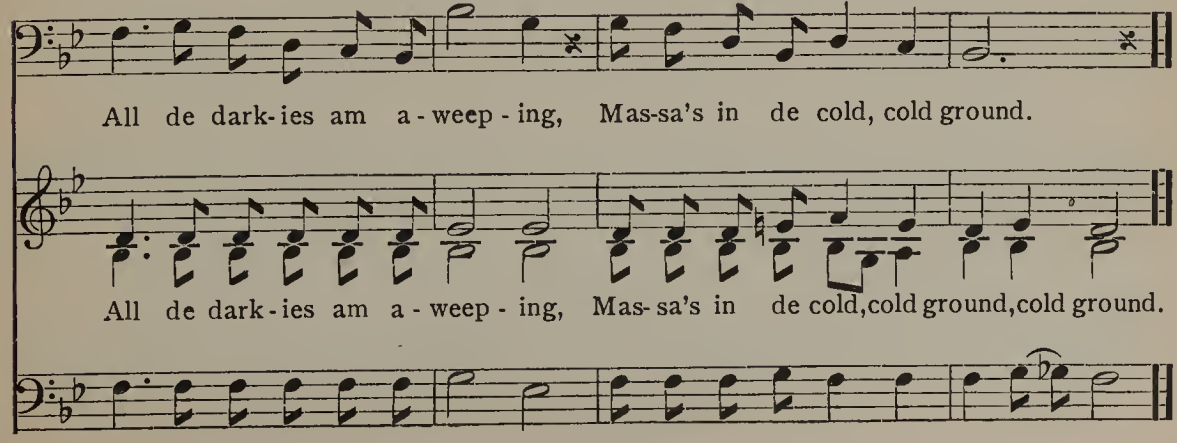
STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by F. E. C.



MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND







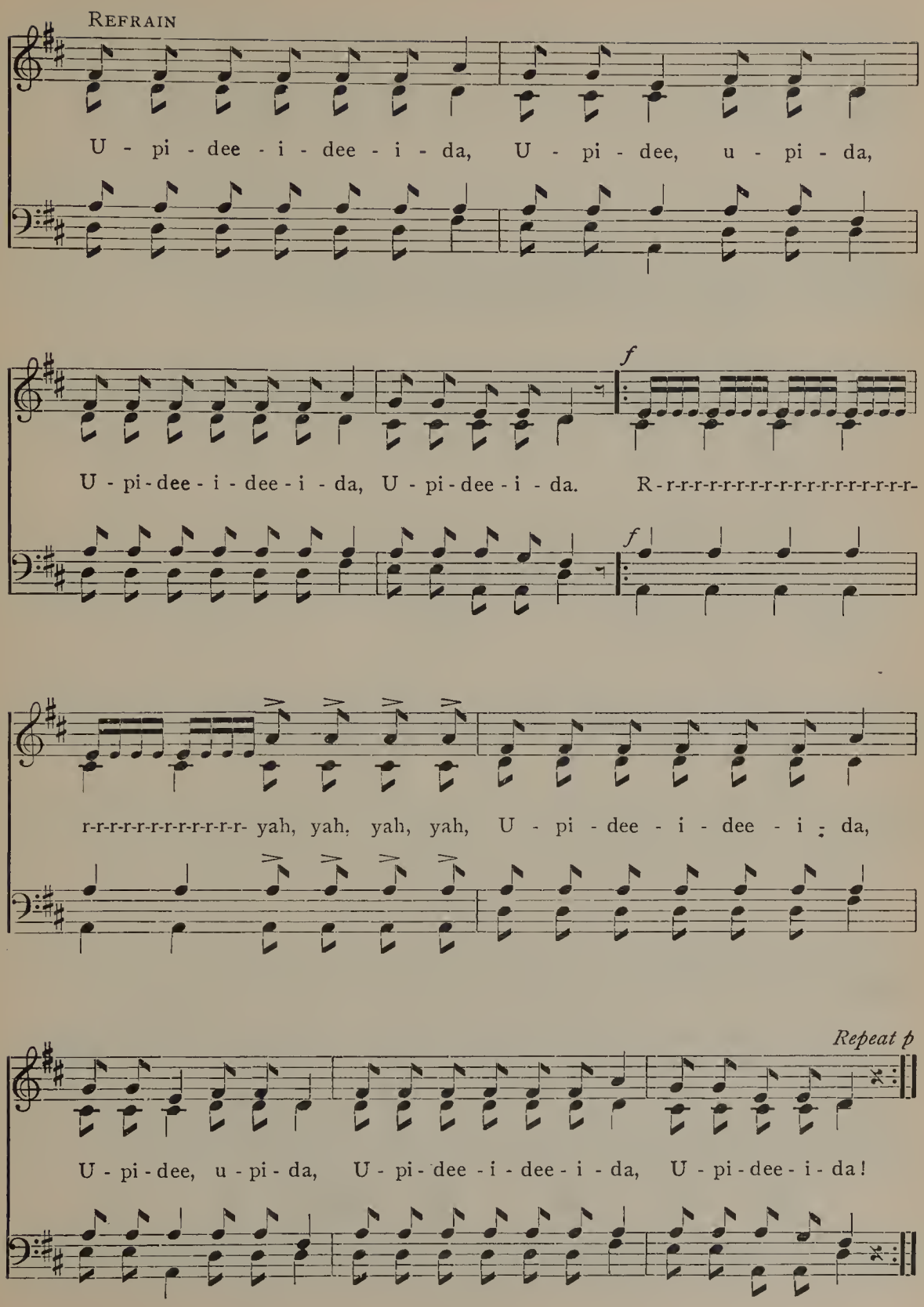
No. 58

UPIDEE

LONGFELLOW

Arr. by F. E. C.




Refrain
U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da,
f
U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da. R - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r -
f
r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - yah, yah, yah, yah, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
Repeat p
U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da!

No. 59

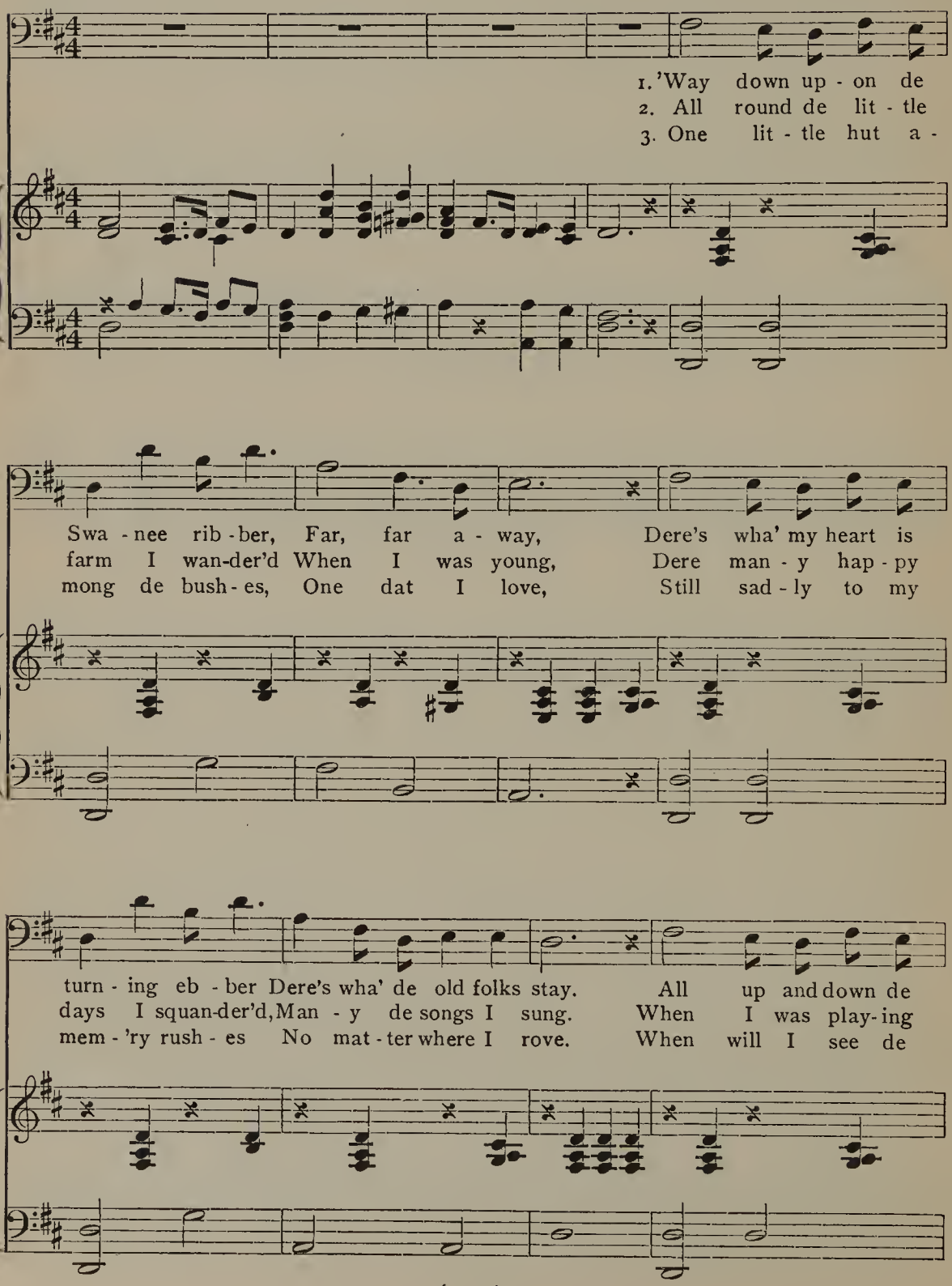
OLD FOLKS AT HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

BASS I

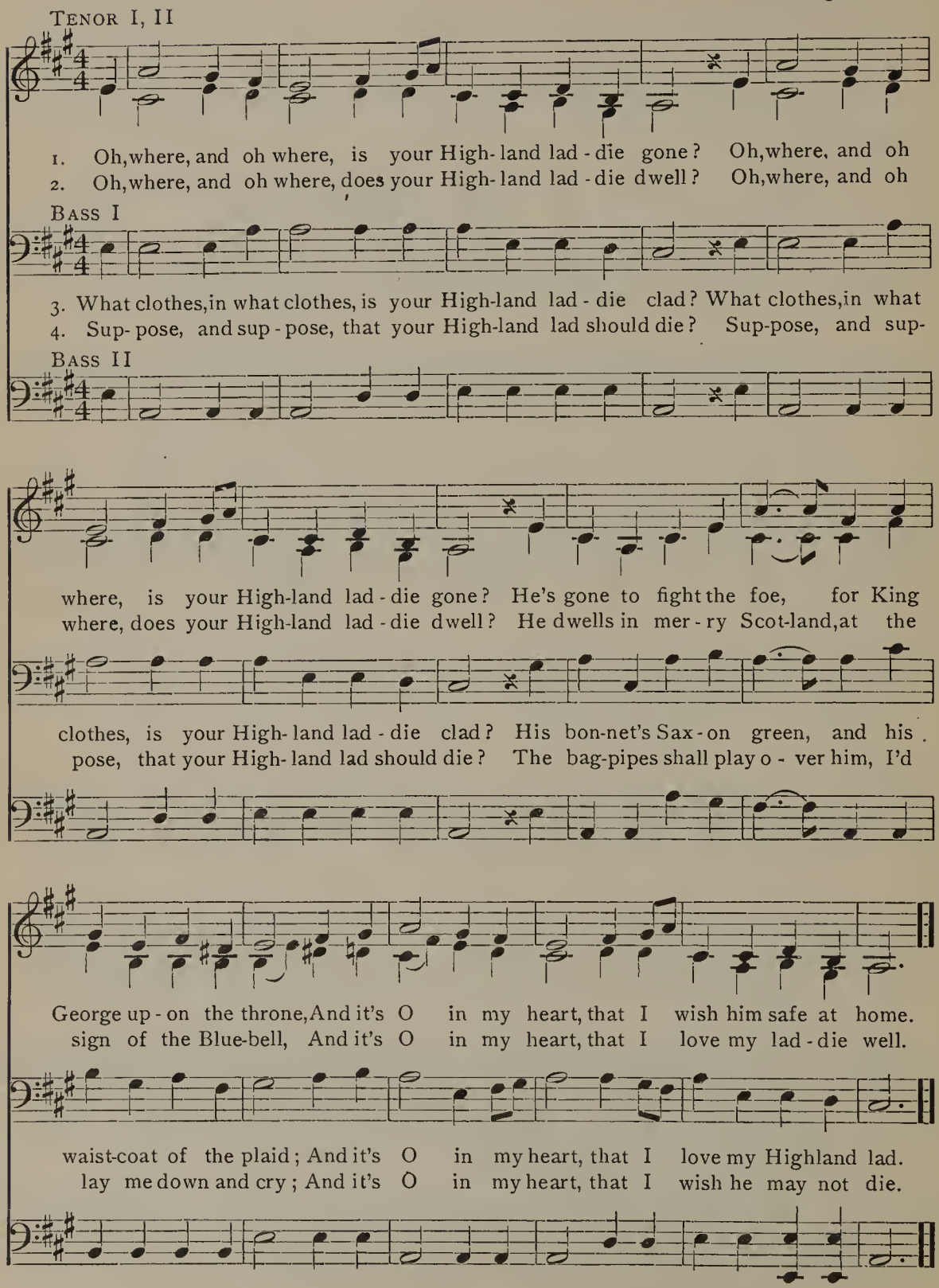



whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de
wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I; Oh, take me to my
bees a - hum - ming, All round de comb? When will I hear de
old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and . . die.
ban - jo thrum - ming, Down in my good old . . home?
Tenor I, II
All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry - where I roam;
Bass I, II
O dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

No. 60

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Scotch Melody
Arranged



No. 61

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

Thuringian Folksong
Arr. by C. E. W.

Moderato

TENOR I, II

BASS I

BASS II

1. How can I leave thee? From thee how can I part? That thou hast
2. Blue is the flow - 'ret Called the For - get - me - not; Ah! lay it
3. Were I a bird, love, Soon would I fly to thee, Fal - con nor

all my heart, Dear - est, be - lieve! Thou hast this soul of mine; So whol - ly
on thy heart, And think of me! Should hope fade with the flow'rs, Love's wreath shall
hawk to me Should ter - ror bring; If, shot by hunts-man's hand, I at thy

it is thine, None oth - er can I love But thee a - lone.
still be ours; That will re - main with me, Dear - est, be - lieve.
feet should lie, And thou one tear would'st shed, Glad - ly I'd die.

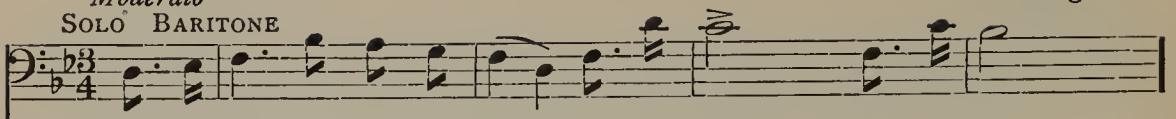
No. 62

LOVE AT HOME

German
Arranged

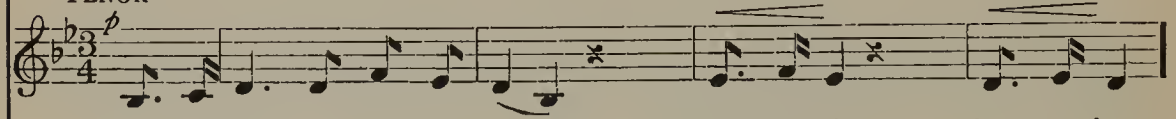
Moderato

SOLO BARITONE



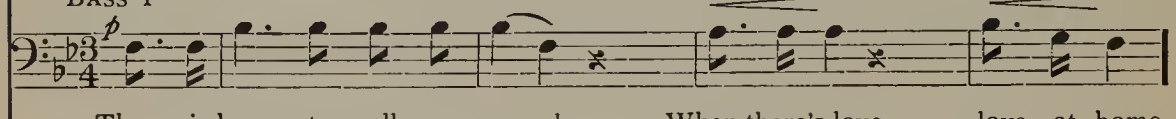
1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love, love at home,
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love, love at home,
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love, love at home,

TENOR



1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love, love at home,
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love, love at home,
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love, love at home,

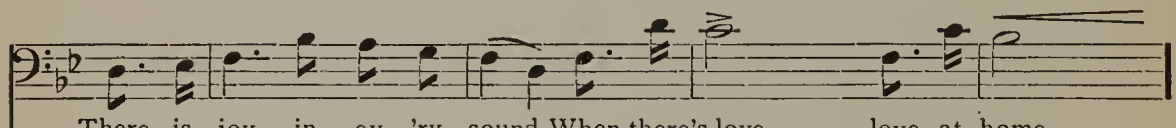
BASS I



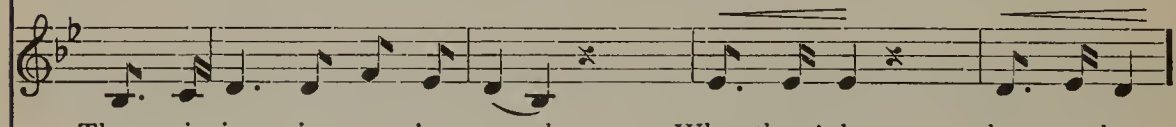
1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love, love at home,
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love, love at home,
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love, love at home,

BASS II

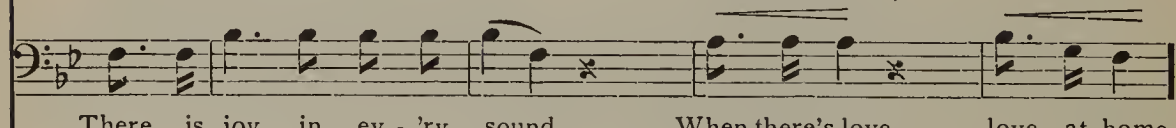




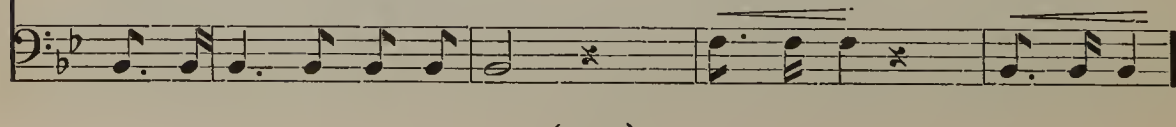
There is joy in ev - 'ry sound, When there's love, love at home.
Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love, love at home.
All the earth is filled with love, When there's love, love at home.

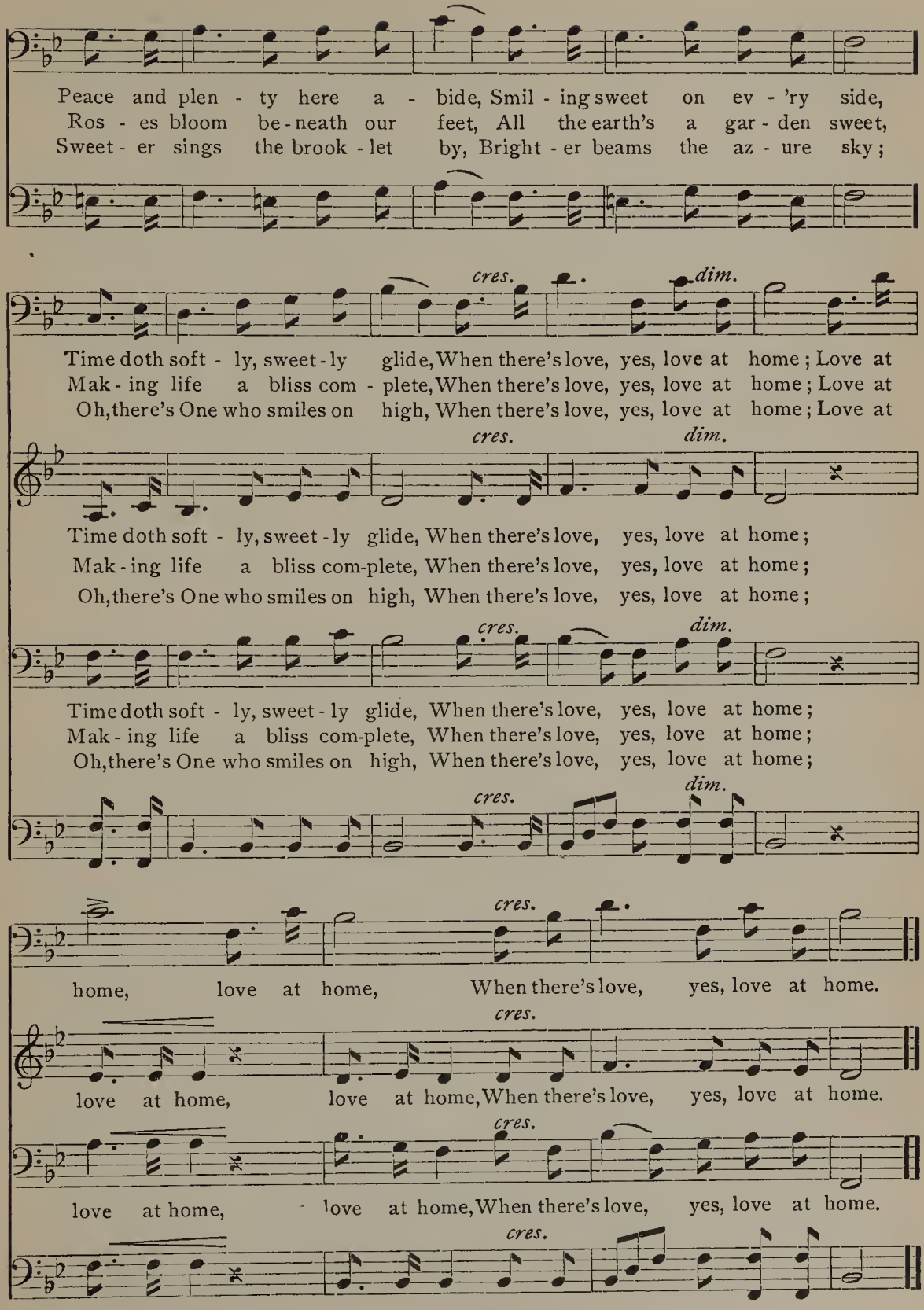


There is joy in ev - 'ry sound, When there's love, love at home.
Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love, love at home.
All the earth is filled with love, When there's love, love at home.



There is joy in ev - 'ry sound, When there's love, love at home.
Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love, love at home.
All the earth is filled with love, When there's love, love at home.




Peace and plen - ty here a - bide, Smil - ing sweet on ev - 'ry side,
Ros - es bloom be - neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet,
Sweet - er sings the brook - let by, Bright - er beams the az - ure sky;
cres.
dim.
Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love, yes, love at home; Love at
Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete, When there's love, yes, love at home; Love at
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love, yes, love at home; Love at
Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love, yes, love at home;
Mak - ing life a bliss com-plete, When there's love, yes, love at home;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love, yes, love at home;
Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love, yes, love at home;
Mak - ing life a bliss com-plete, When there's love, yes, love at home;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love, yes, love at home;
home, love at home, When there's love, yes, love at home.
love at home, love at home, When there's love, yes, love at home.
love at home, love at home, When there's love, yes, love at home.

No. 63

AT EVENING

(CALM IS THE LAKE)

HEINRICH PFEIL
Arr. by C. E. W.

Lento

BARITONE SOLO

1. Calm is the lake! The birds are sleep - ing, A
2. Calm is the lake! Thro' boughs and branch - es, A
3. Calm is the lake! The stars of heav - en Gaze

TENOR I, II *pp*

1. Calm the lake! The birds are sleep - ing, A
2. Calm the lake! Thro' boughs and branch - es, A
3. Calm the lake! The stars of heav - en Gaze

BASS II *pp*

cres.

whis - per soft - ly pass - ing seems; The shades of
breeze like God's own breath doth flow; The flow'rs of
down in peace se - rene and deep. O hu - man

cres.

whis - per soft - ly pass - ing seems; . . The shades of
breeze like God's own breath doth flow; . . . The flow'rs of
down in peace se - rene and deep. . . . O hu - man

cres.

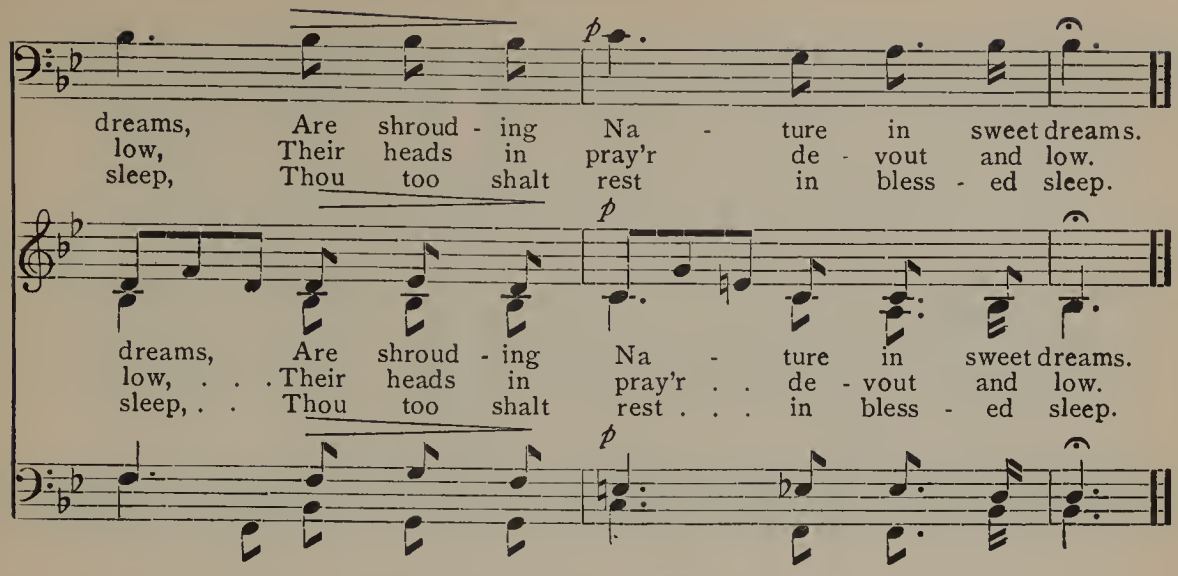
f

eve - ning o'er earth creep - ing, Are shroud-ing Na - ture in sweet
wood and field are bow - ing, Their heads in pray'r de - vout and
heart, be thou un - fear - ing, Thou too shalt rest in bless - ed

f

eve - ning o'er earth creep - ing, Are shroud-ing Na - ture in sweet
wood . and field are bow - ing, Their heads in pray'r de - vout and
heart, be thou un - fear - ing, Thou too shalt rest in bless - ed

f



No. 64 THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Moderato Old Melody. Arranged

TENOR I, II

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When
2. The moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For
3. How sweet from the green moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As

BASS I

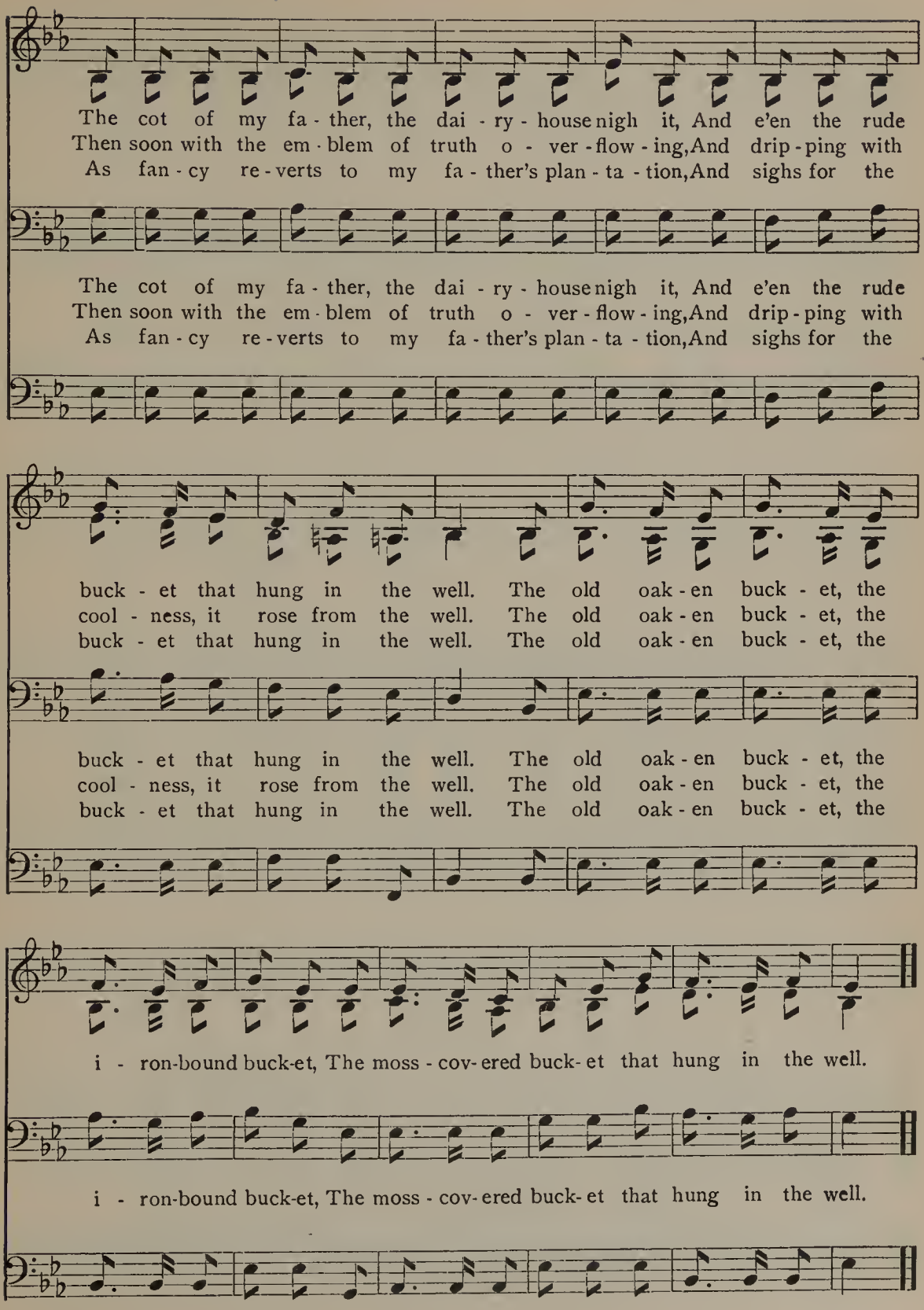
1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When
2. The moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For
3. How sweet from the green moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As

BASS II

fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The or - chard, the
of - ten at noon, when re - turned from the field, I found it the
poised on the curb it in - clined to my lips! Not a full flush-ing

fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The or - chard, the
of - ten at noon, when re - turned from the field, I found it the
poised on the curb it in - clined to my lips! Not a full flush-ing


mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my
source of an ex - qui-site pleas - ure, The pur - est and sweet - est that
gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Though fill'd with the nec - tar that
mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my
source of an ex - qui-site pleas - ure, The pur - est and sweet - est that
gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Though fill'd with the nec - tar that
in - fan - cy knew! The wide - spread - ing pond and the mill that stood
na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were
Ju - pi - ter sips. And now far re - moved from the loved hab - i -
in - fan - cy knew! The wide - spread - ing pond and the mill that stood
na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were
Ju - pi - ter sips. And now far re - moved from the loved hab - i -
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell,
glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell;
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell,
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell,
glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell;
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell,


The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house nigh it, And e'en the rude
Then soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with
As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the
The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house nigh it, And e'en the rude
Then soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with
As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the
buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
cool - ness, it rose from the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
cool - ness, it rose from the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.
i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.

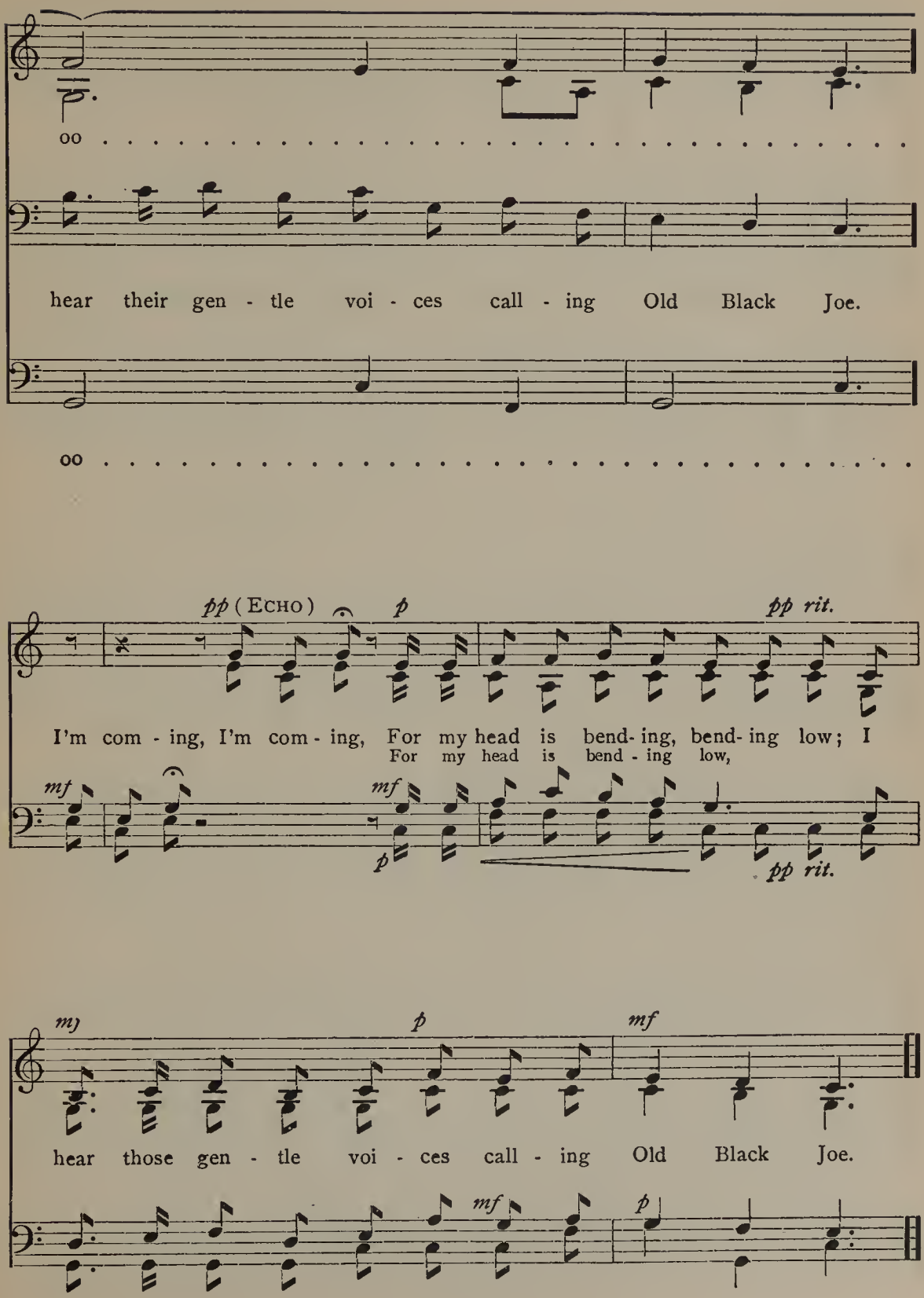
No. 65

OLD BLACK JOE

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
TENOR I, II
p Larghetto

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by F. E. C.




oo
hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing Old Black Joe.
oo
pp (Echo)
p
pp rit.
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing, bend - ing low; I
For my head is bend - ing low,
mf
mf
p
pp rit.
my
p
mf
hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing Old Black Joe.
mf
p

No. 66

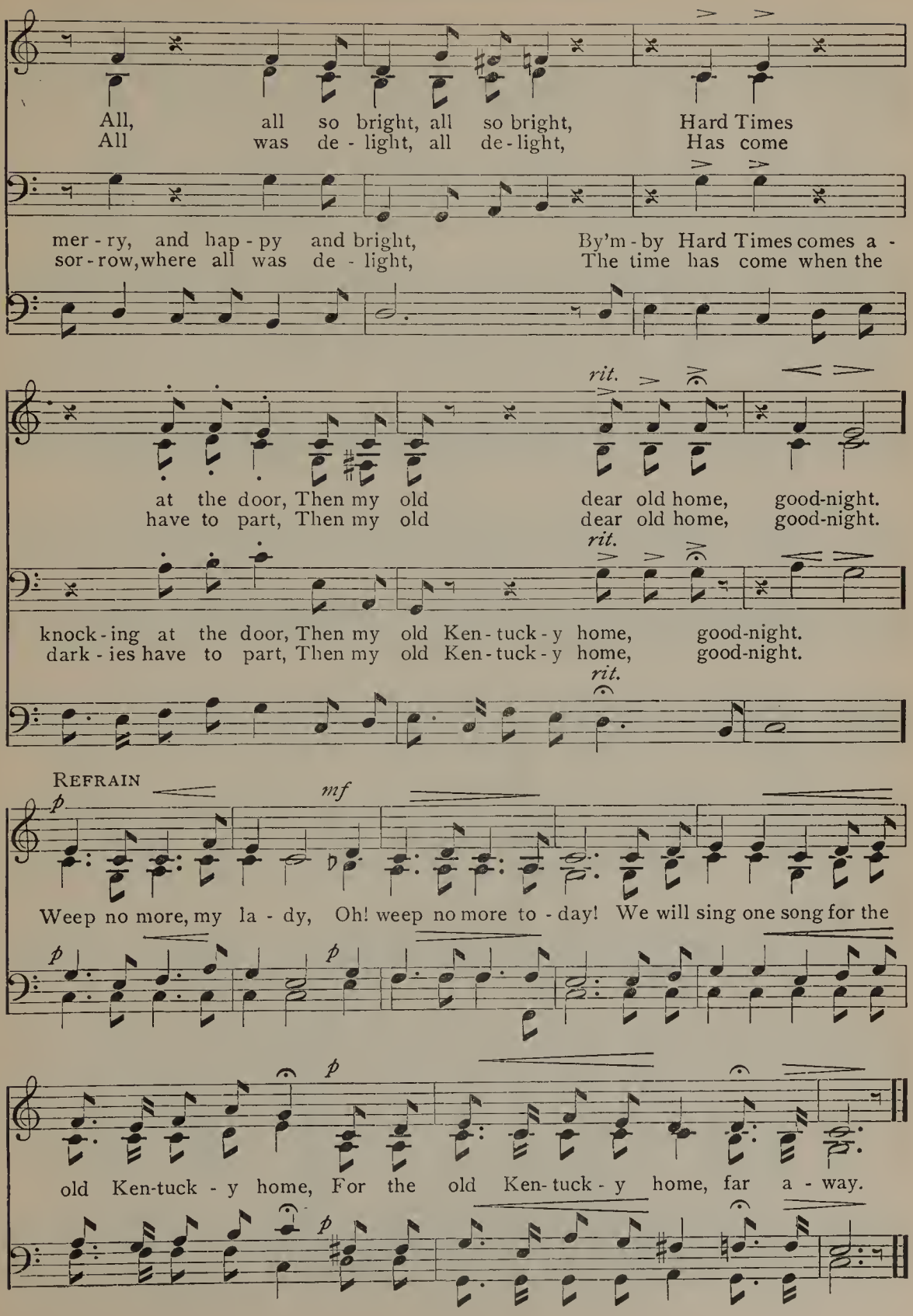
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by F. E. C.

Moderato




All, all so bright, all so bright, Hard Times
All was de - light, all de-light, Has come
mer - ry, and hap - py and bright, By'm - by Hard Times comes a -
sor - row, where all was de - light, The time has come when the
rit.
at the door, Then my old dear old home, good-night.
have to part, Then my old dear old home, good-night.
rit.
knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good-night.
dark - ies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good-night.
rit.
REFRAIN
p
mf
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
p
p
p
old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way.
p

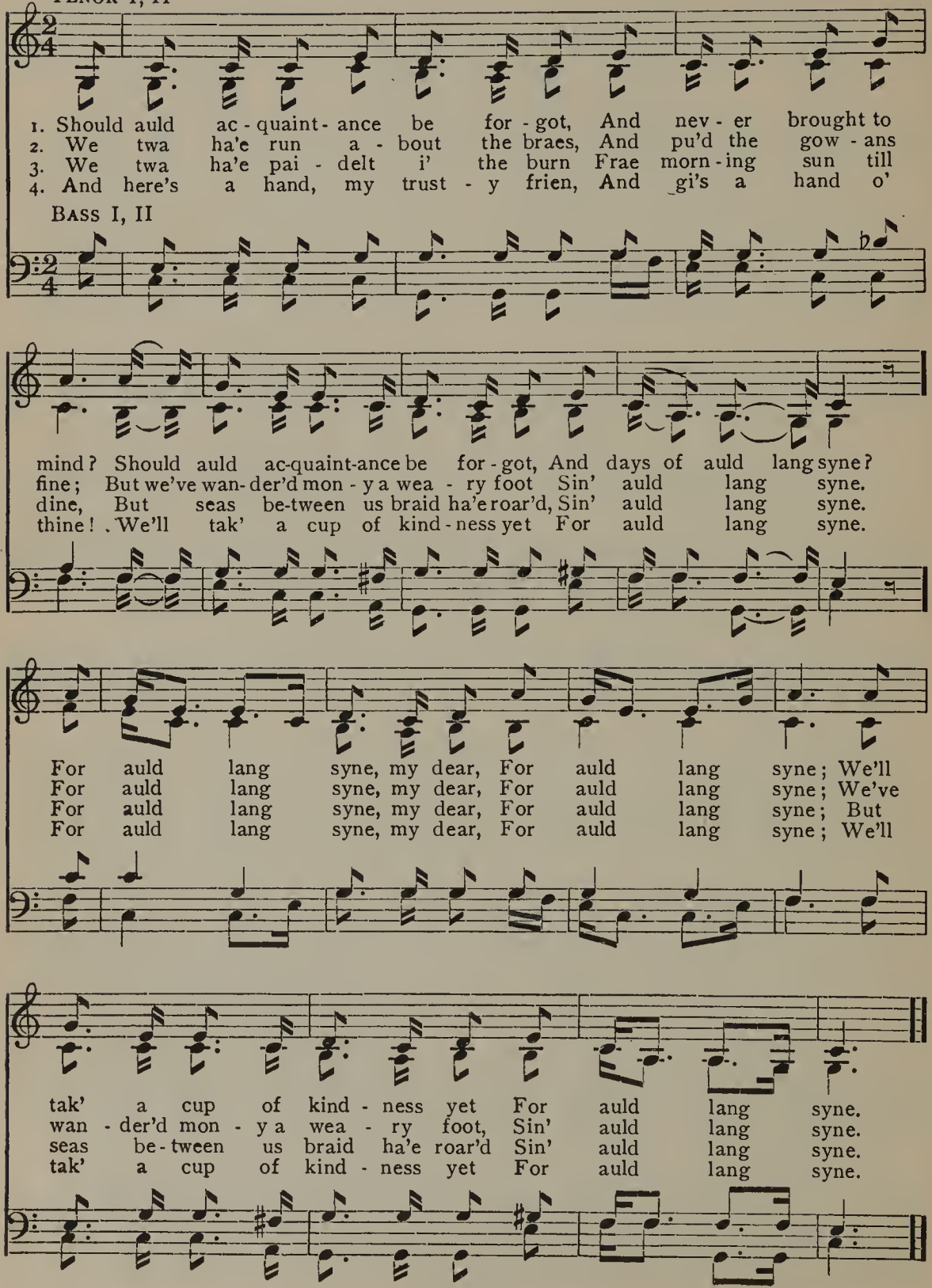
No. 67

AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS

Scottish. Arranged

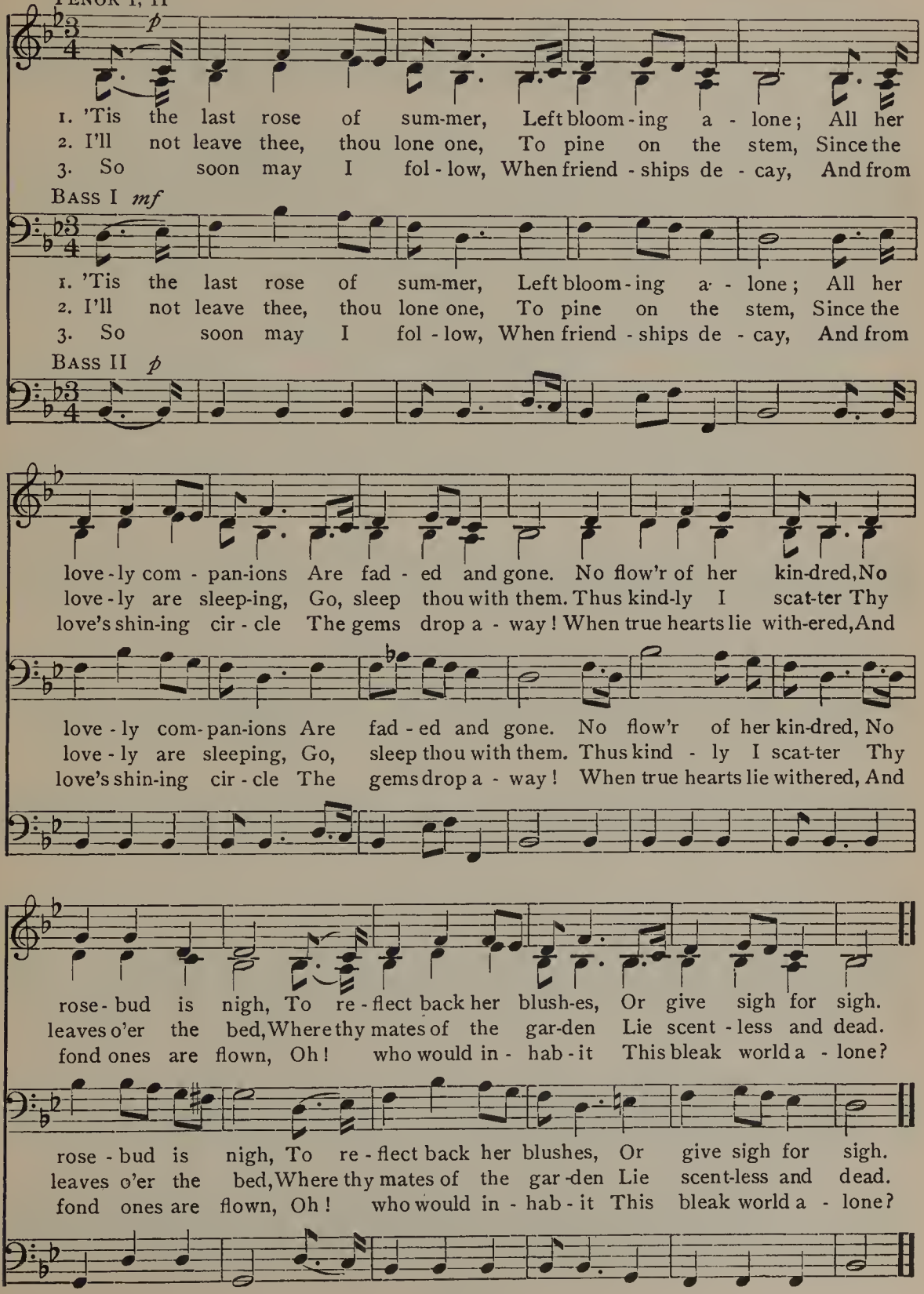
TENOR I, II



No. 68 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Moderato Irish Air. BALFE

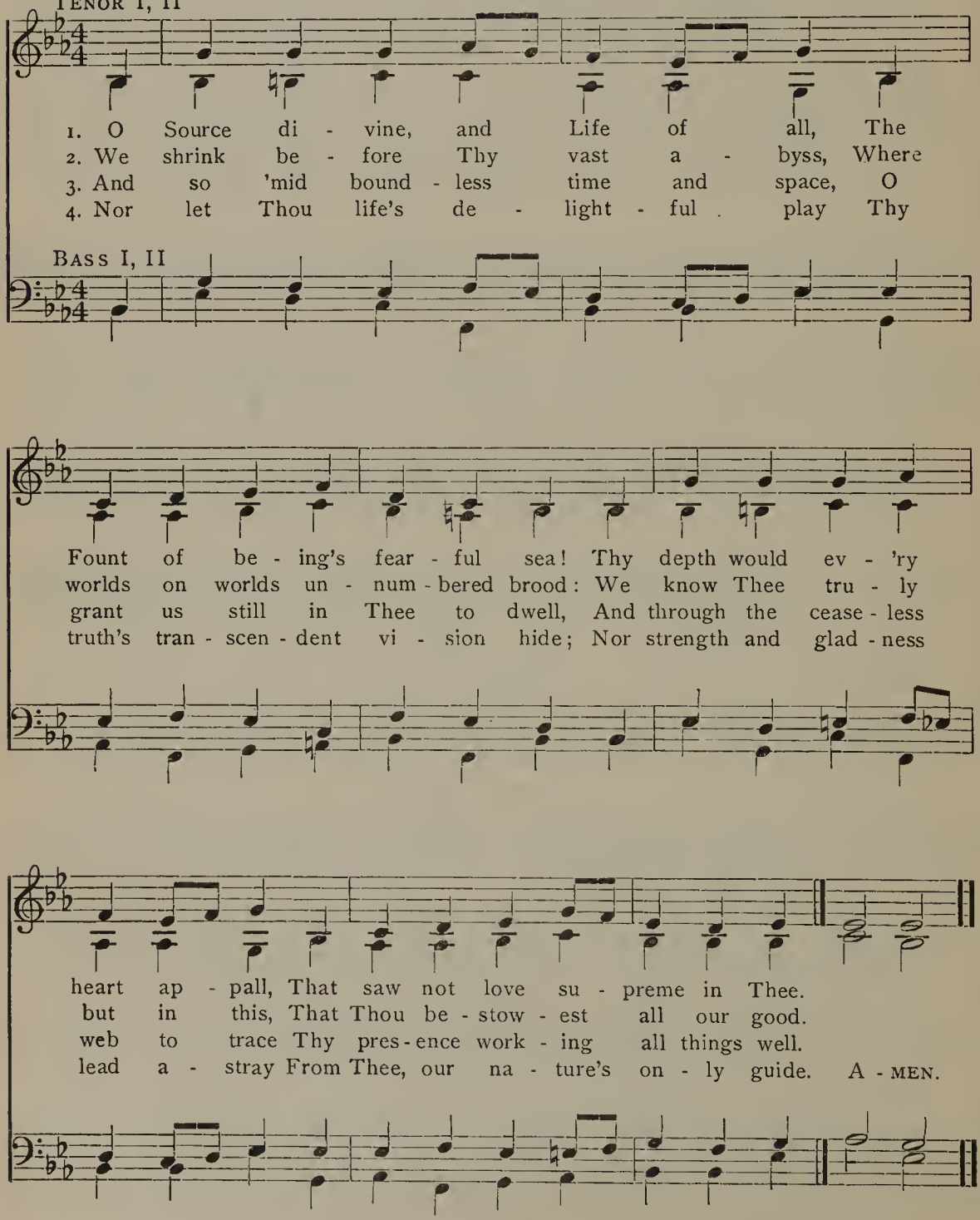
TENOR I, II



No. 69 GOD, THE LIGHT OF LIFE

JOHN STERLING SCHUMANN. Arranged

TENOR I, II



No. 70

SEND OUT THY LIGHT

Psalms xliii and xx

ff Adagio

TENOR I, II

fff

Moderato

pp

GOUNOD
Arr. by C. E. W.

Send out Thy light, Send out Thy light, Send out Thy light and Thy truth,

BASS I, II

ff *fff* *pp*

cres. *dim.*

let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill.

cres. *dim.*

p *cres.* *f*

Send out Thy light, and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them

p *cres.* *f*

dim. *p*

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly hill, let them,

O let them lead me,

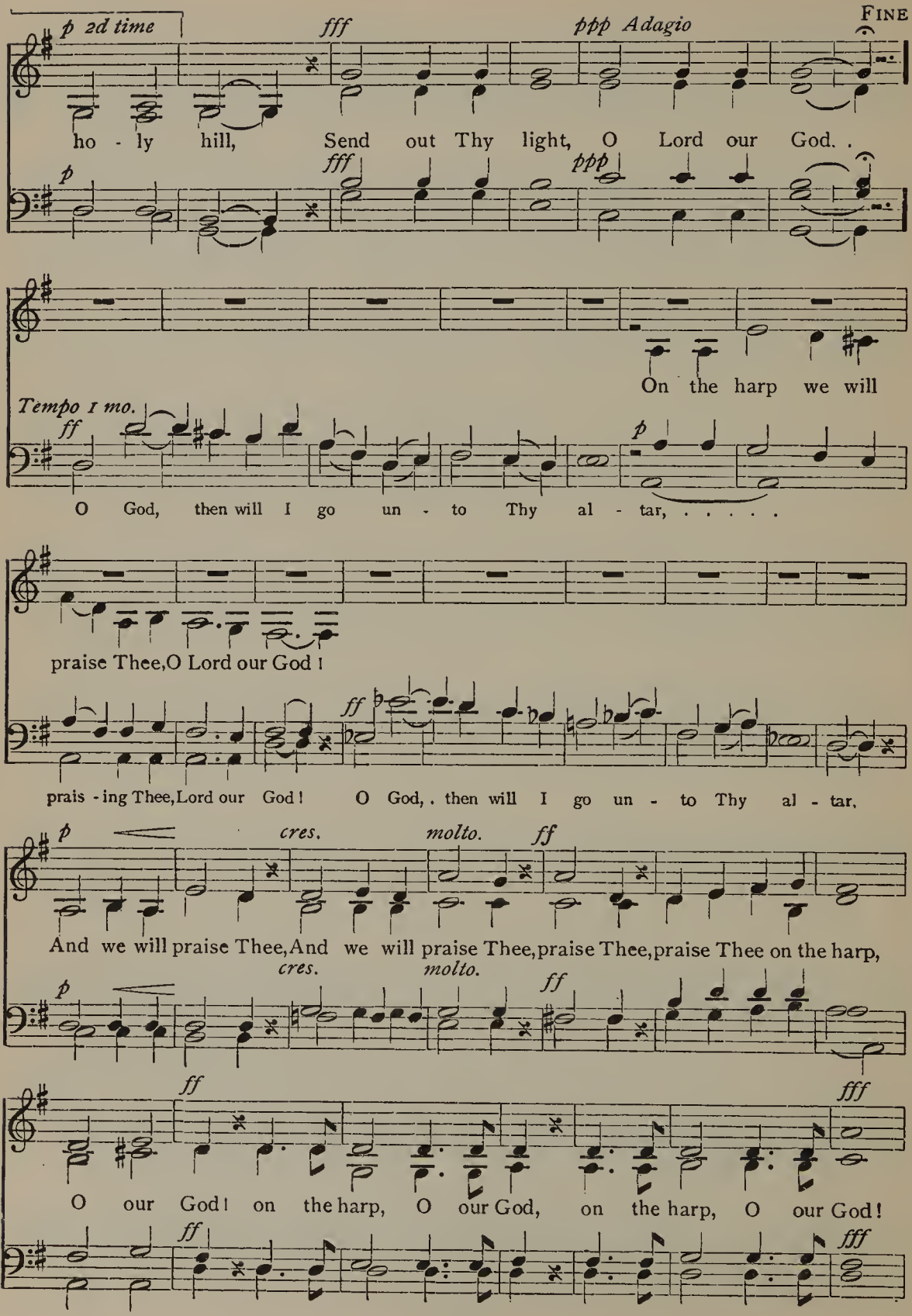
dim. *p*

O let them lead me,

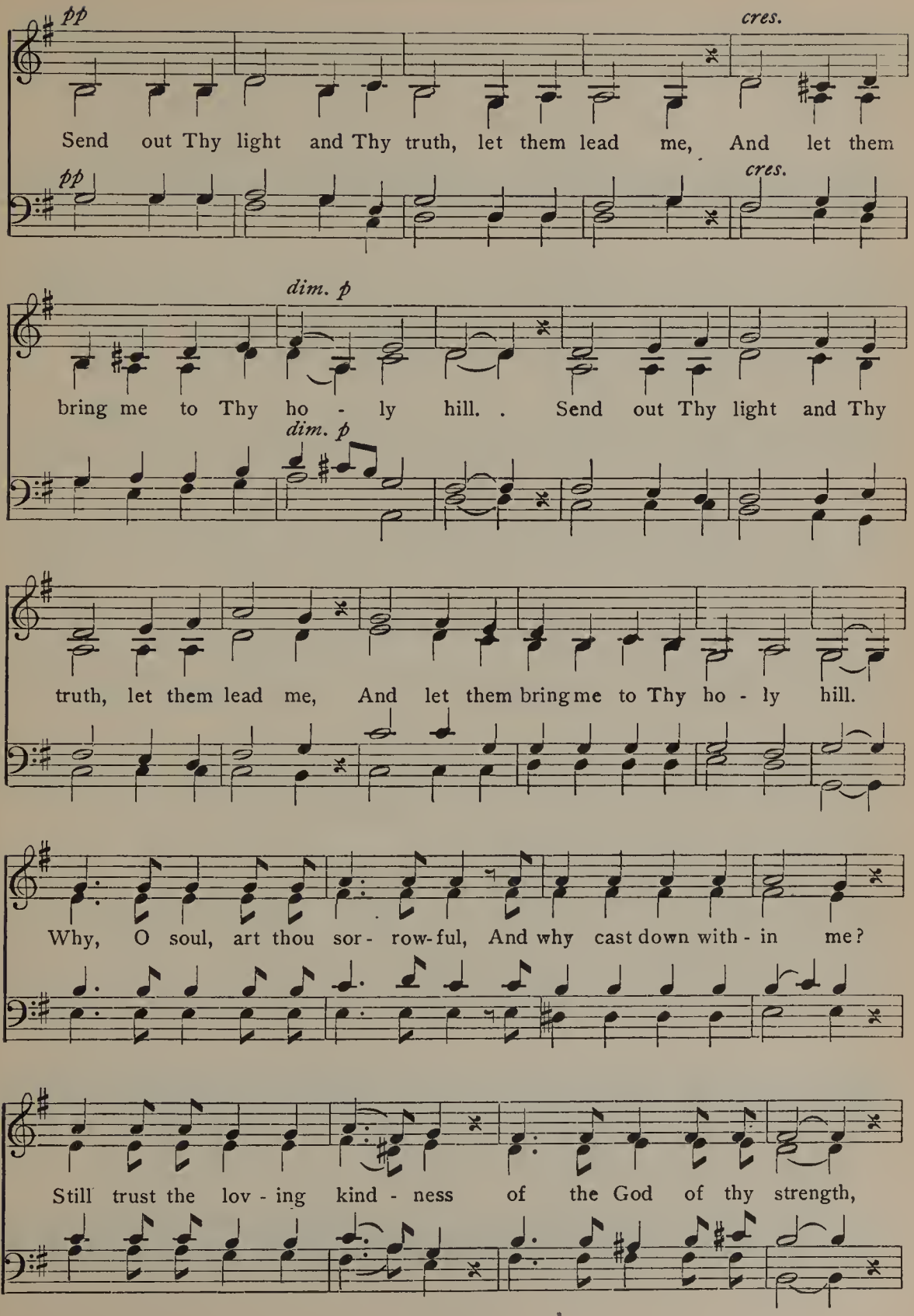
cres. *f* *rit.* *dim.* *p* *Omit 2d time*

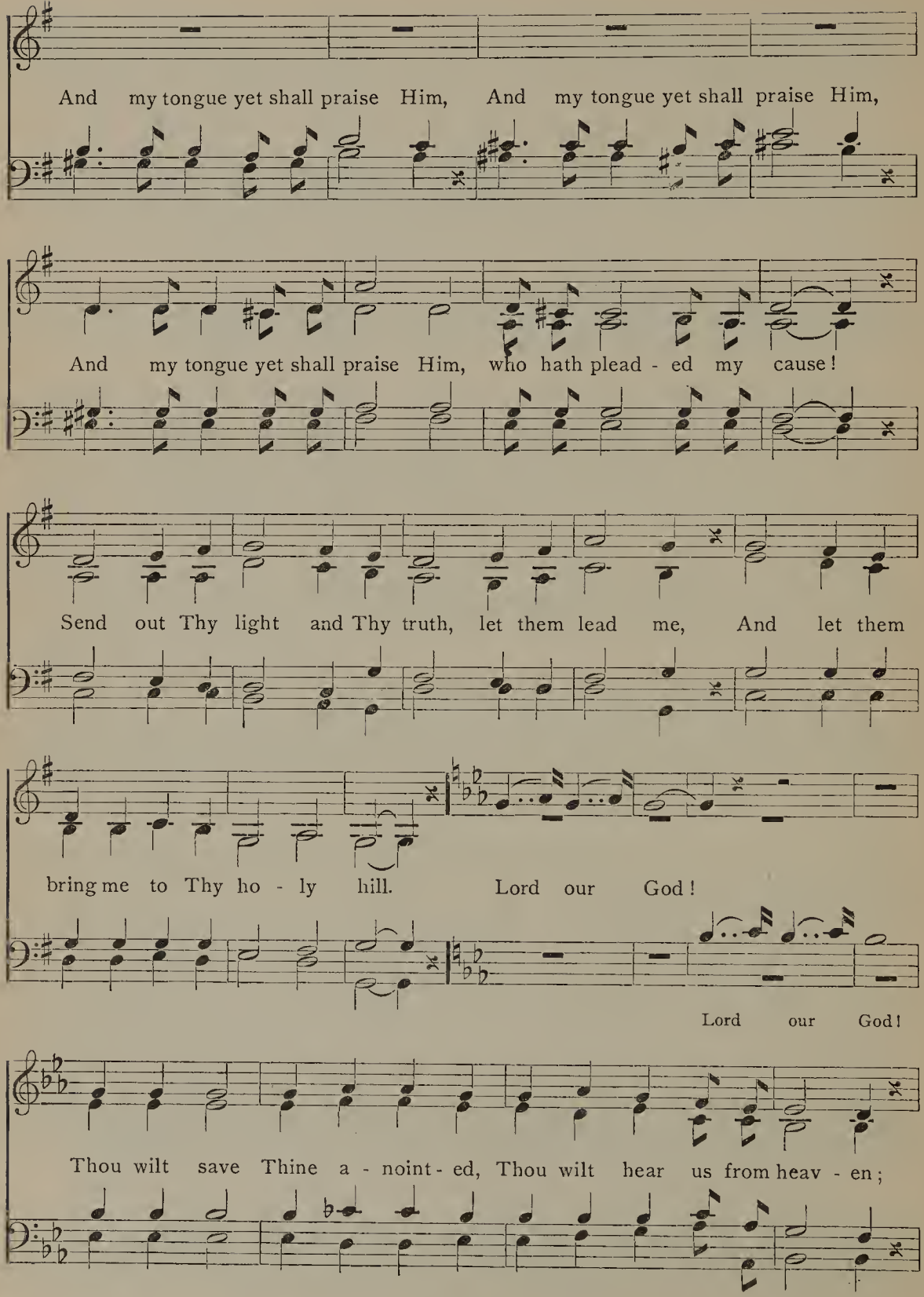
O let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill.

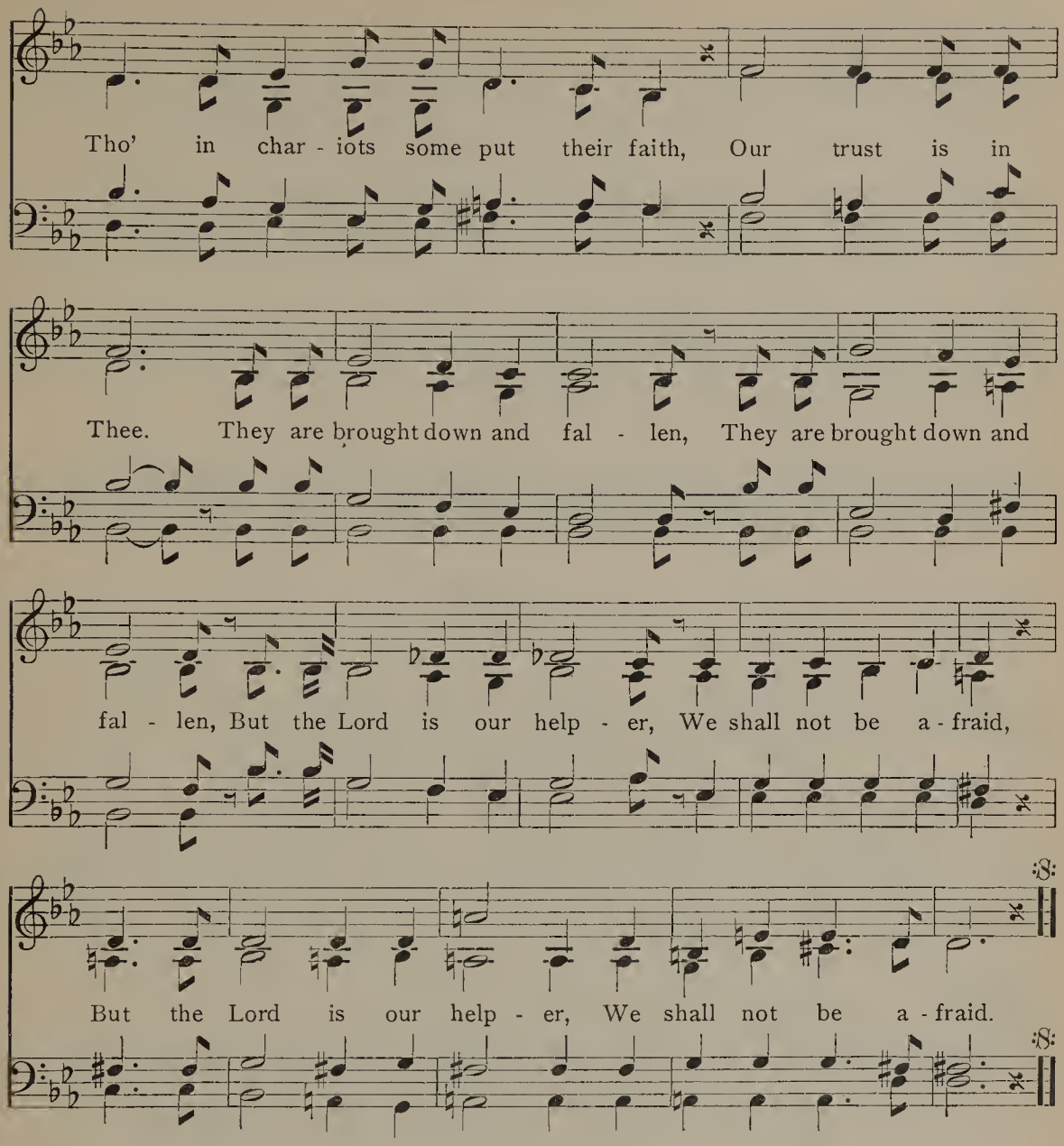
cres. *f* *rit.* *dim.* *p*


p 2d time
fff
ppp Adagio
FINE
ho - ly hill, Send out Thy light, O Lord our God. .
p
fff
ppp
On the harp we will
Tempo 1 mo.
ff
p
O God, then will I go un - to Thy al - tar, ...
praise Thee, O Lord our God!
ff
prais - ing Thee, Lord our God! O God, . then will I go un - to Thy al - tar,
p
cres.
molto.
ff
And we will praise Thee, And we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp,
p
cres.
molto.
ff
ff
fff
O our God! on the harp, O our God, on the harp, O our God!
ff
fff

SEND OUT THY LIGHT




And my tongue yet shall praise Him, And my tongue yet shall praise Him,
And my tongue yet shall praise Him, who hath plead - ed my cause!
Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them
bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord our God!
Lord our God!
Thou wilt save Thine a - noint - ed, Thou wilt hear us from heav - en;

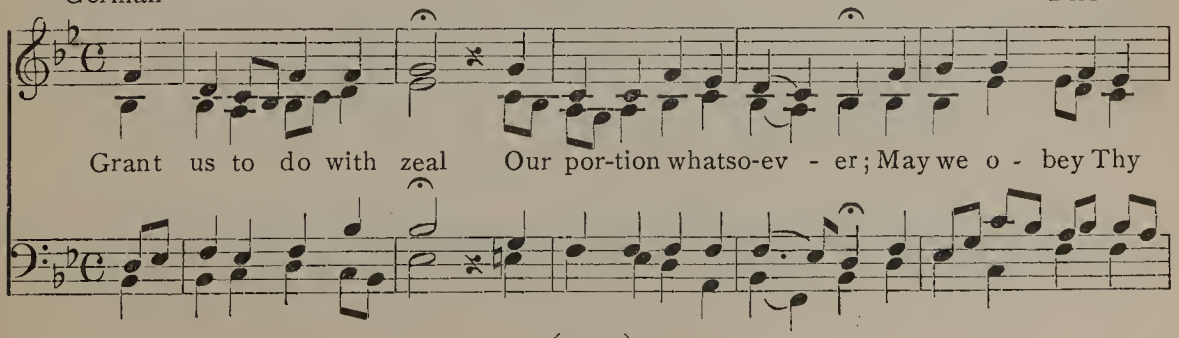


No. 71

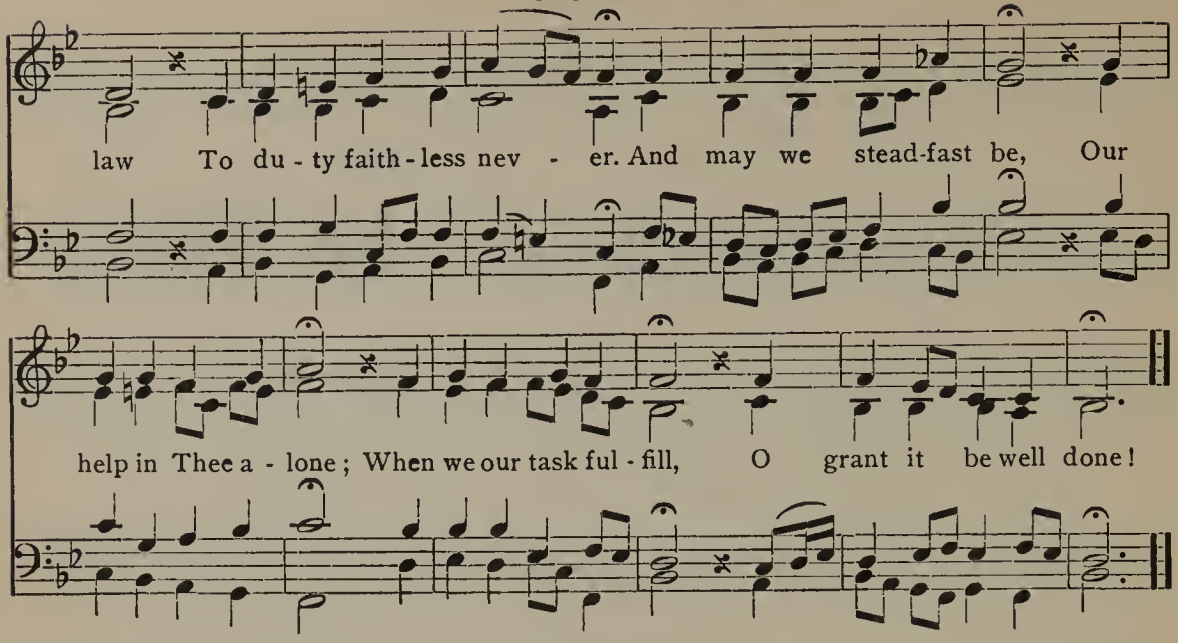
CHORAL

German

BACH



CHORAL

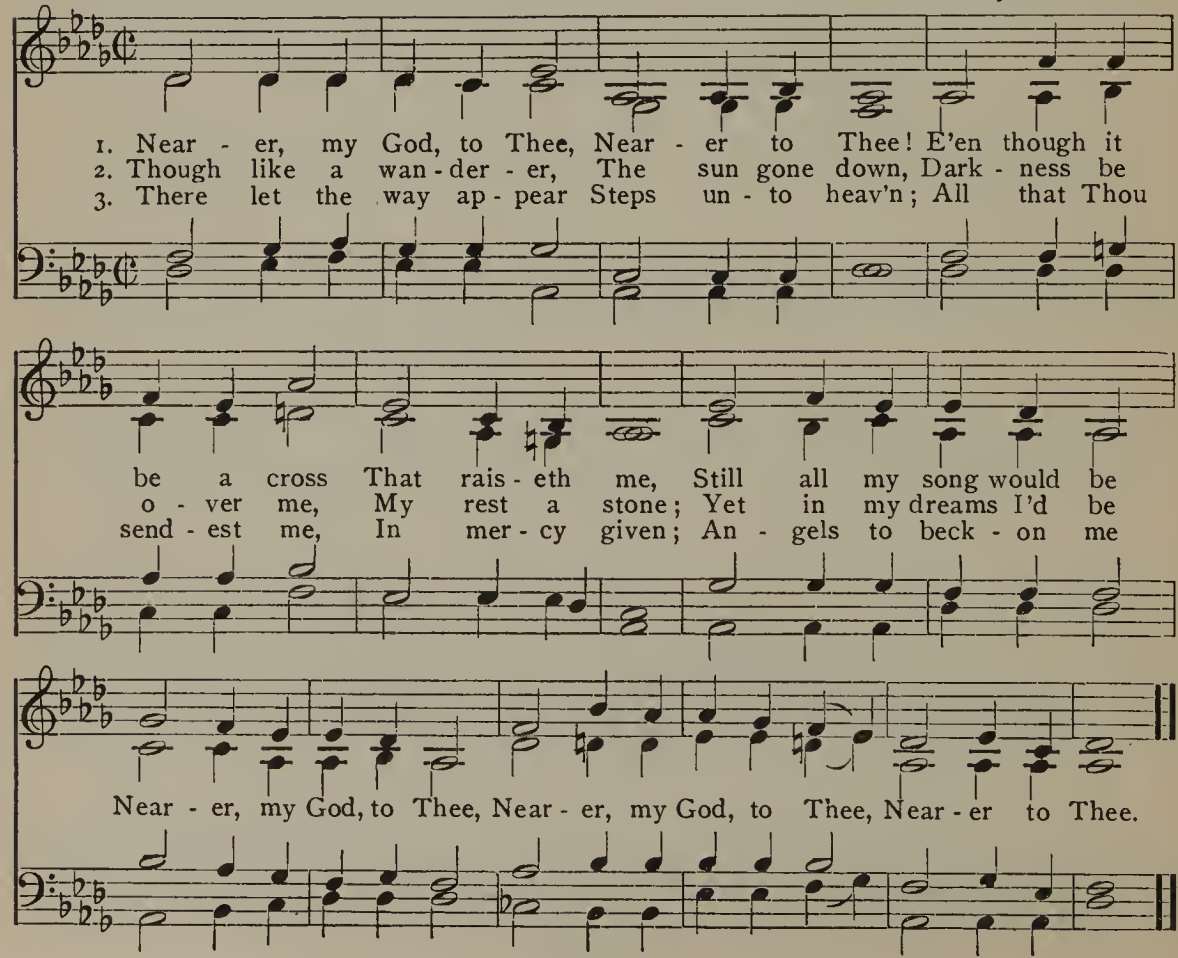


No. 72

ST. EDMUND

SARAH F. ADAMS

A. S. SULLIVAN
Arr. by F. E. C.



No. 73 THANKSGIVING

MARTIN RINKART
Slow and stately
TENOR I, II

JOHN CRÜGER
Arranged



No. 74

SALVATION

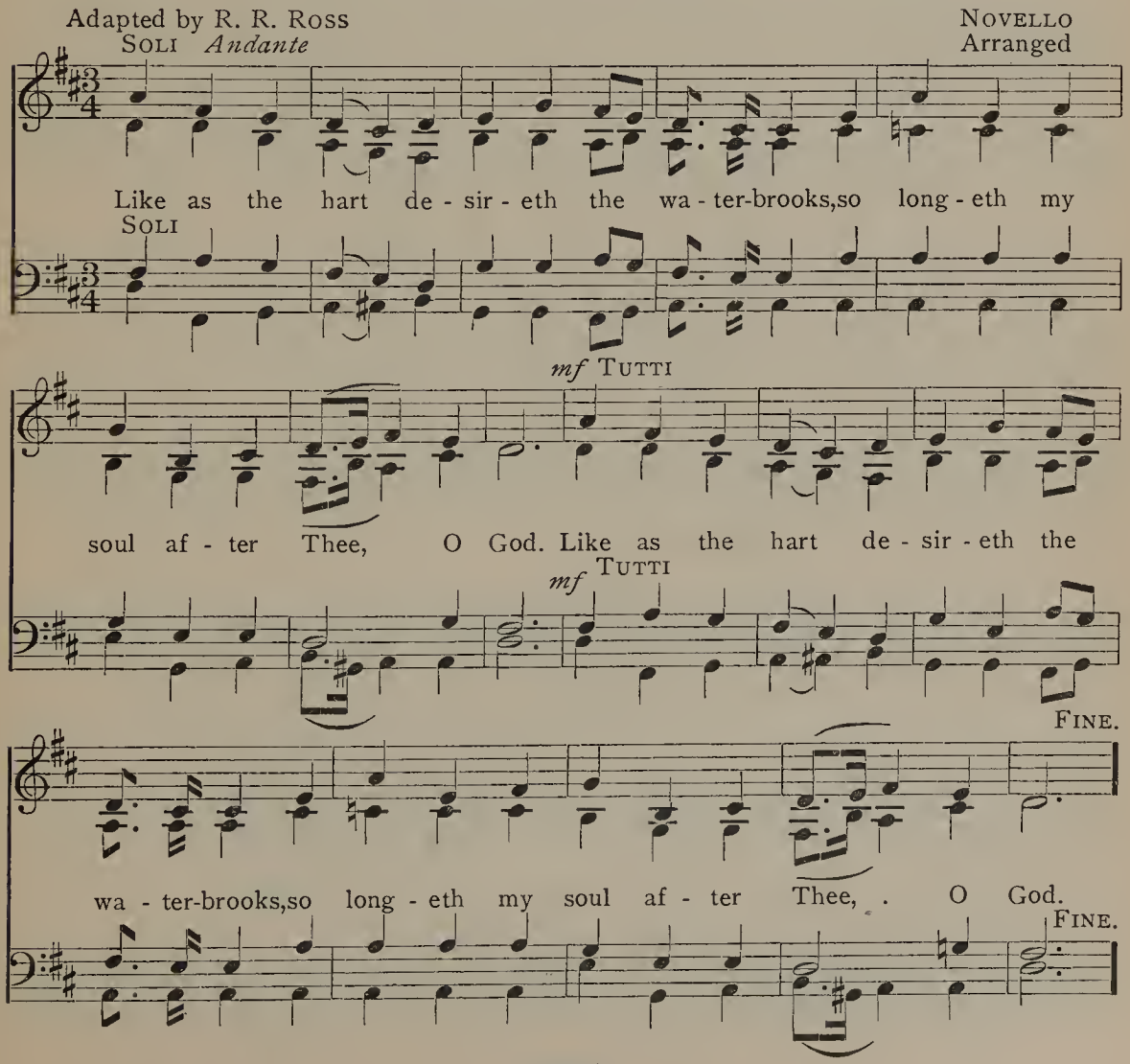
JAMES MONTGOMERY
TENOR I, II

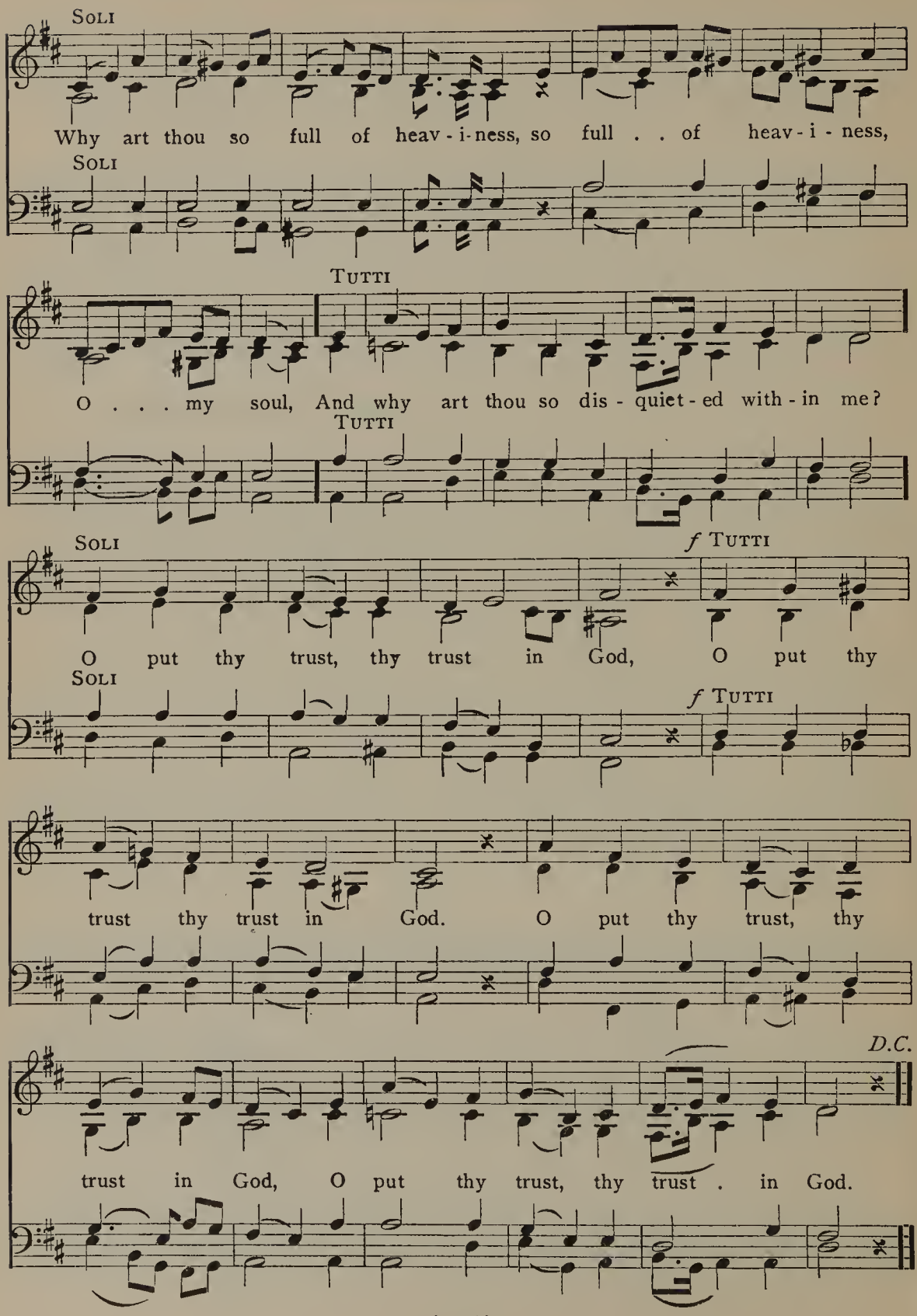
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN
Arranged





No. 75 LIKE AS THE HART DESIRETH THE WATERBROOKS

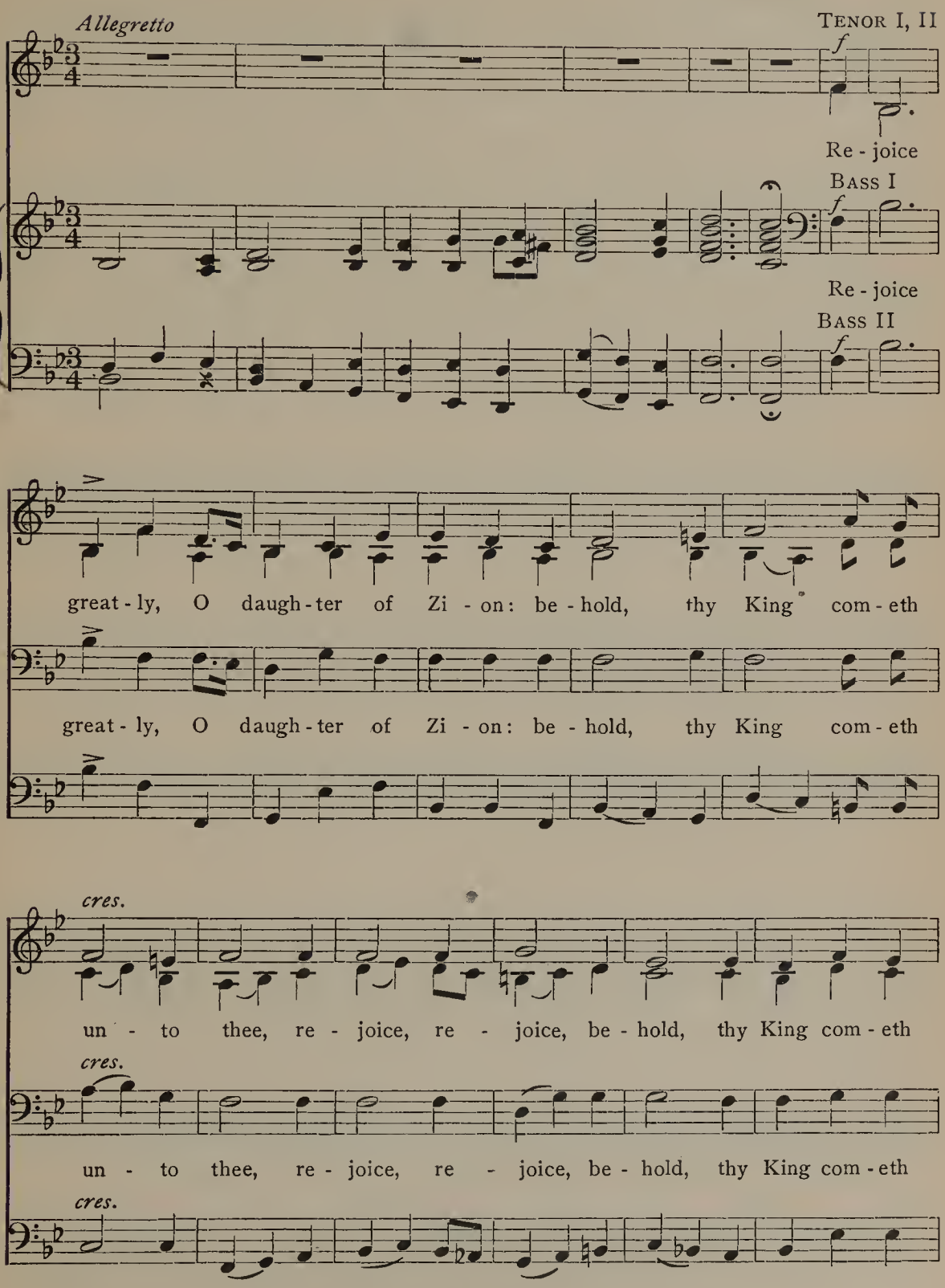


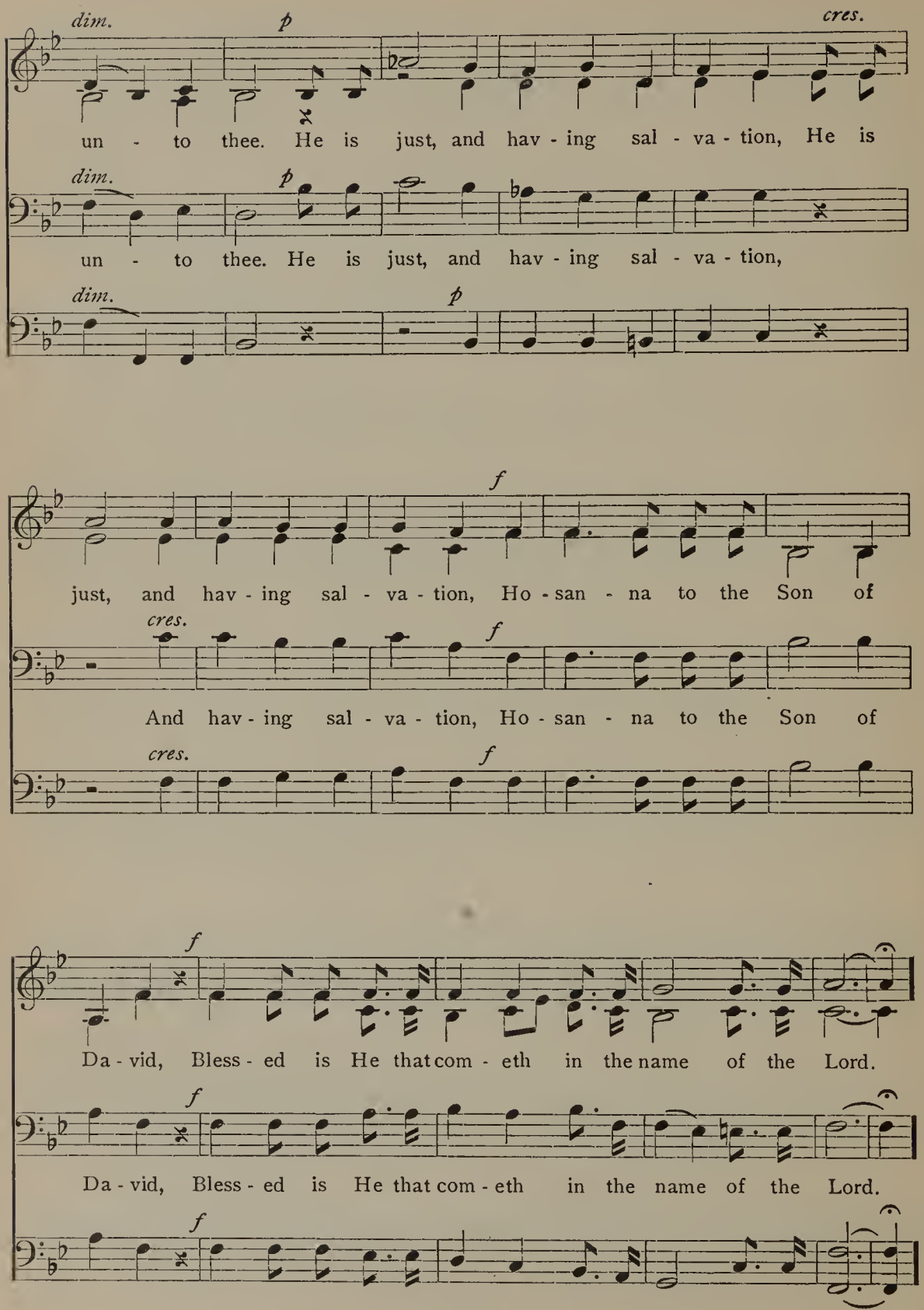

Soli
Why art thou so full of heav - i - ness, so full . . of heav - i - ness,
Soli
Tutti
O . . . my soul, And why art thou so dis - quiet - ed with - in me?
Tutti
Soli
f Tutti
O put thy trust, thy trust in God, O put thy
Soli
f Tutti
trust thy trust in God. O put thy trust, thy
D.C.
trust in God, O put thy trust, thy trust . in God.

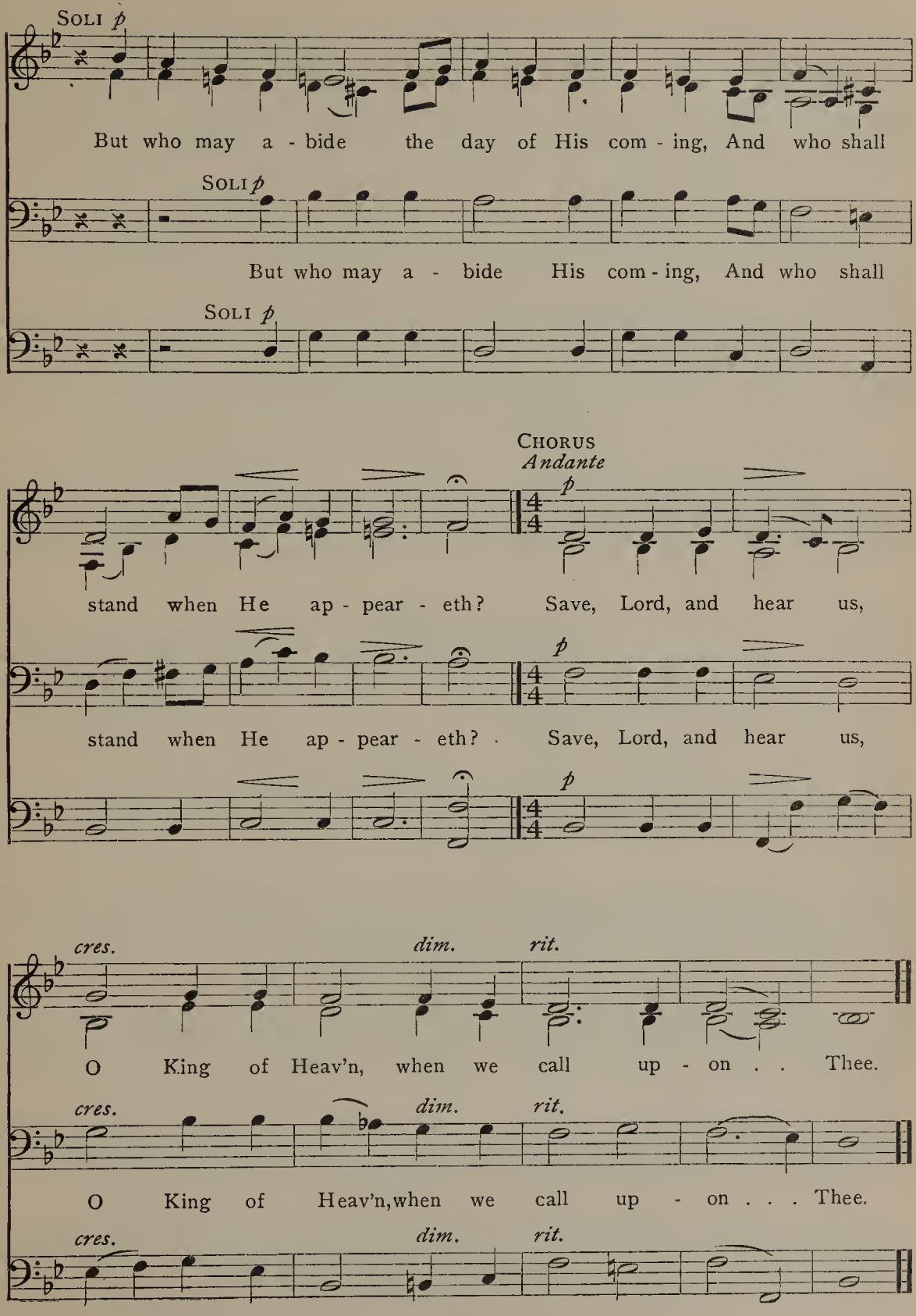
No. 76

REJOICE GREATLY

H. W. Woodward, Mus. Bach.
Arr. by C. E. W.




dim.
p
cres.
un - to thee. He is just, and hav - ing sal - va - tion, He is
dim.
p
un - to thee. He is just, and hav - ing sal - va - tion,
dim.
p
f
just, and hav - ing sal - va - tion, Ho - san - na to the Son of
cres.
f
And hav - ing sal - va - tion, Ho - san - na to the Son of
cres.
f
f
Da - vid, Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the name of the Lord.
f
Da - vid, Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the name of the Lord.
f

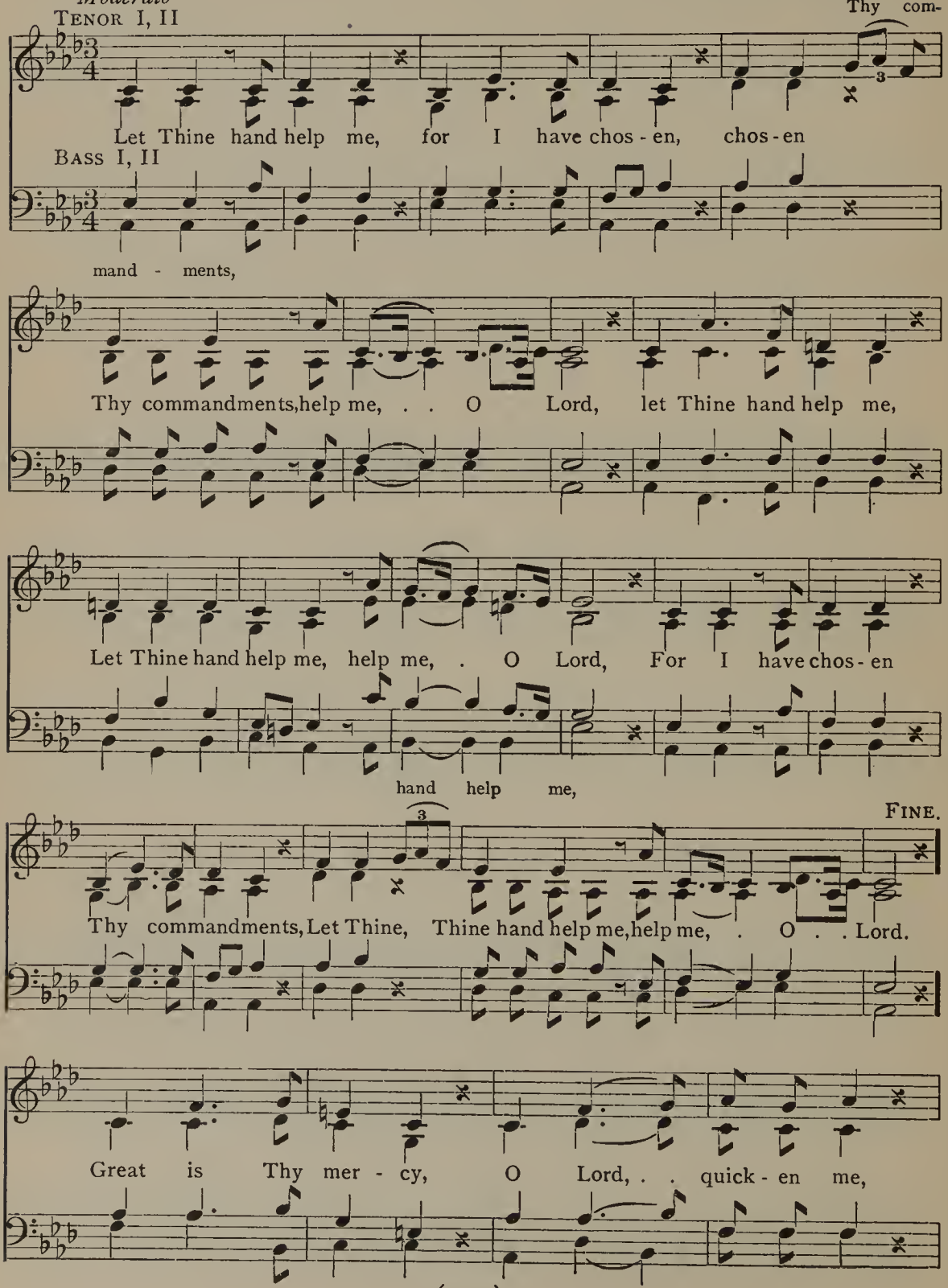

Soli p
But who may a - bide the day of His com - ing, And who shall
Soli p
But who may a - bide His com - ing, And who shall
Soli p
Chorus
Andante
p
stand when He ap - pear - eth? Save, Lord, and hear us,
p
stand when He ap - pear - eth? Save, Lord, and hear us,
p
cres.
dim.
rit.
O King of Heav'n, when we call up - on . . Thee.
cres.
dim.
rit.
O King of Heav'n, when we call up - on . . . Thee.
cres.
dim.
rit.

No. 77

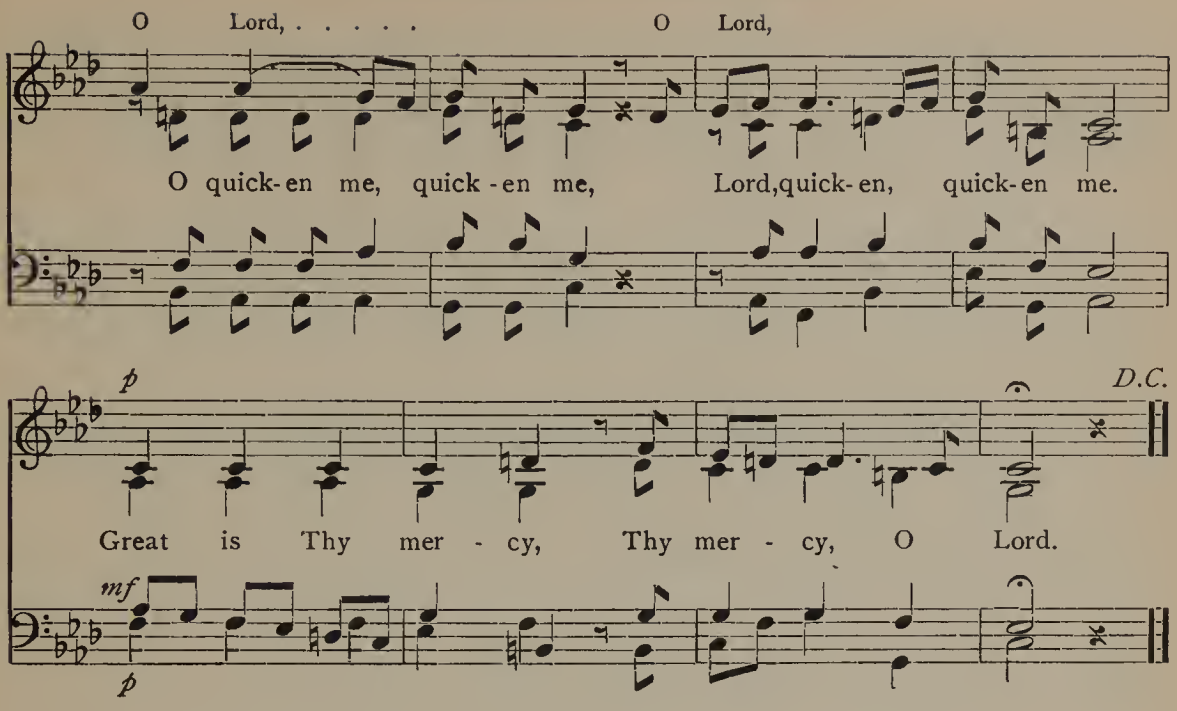
LET THINE HAND HELP ME

(PSALTER)

From "Rinaldo," HÄNDEL
Arr. by F. E. C.



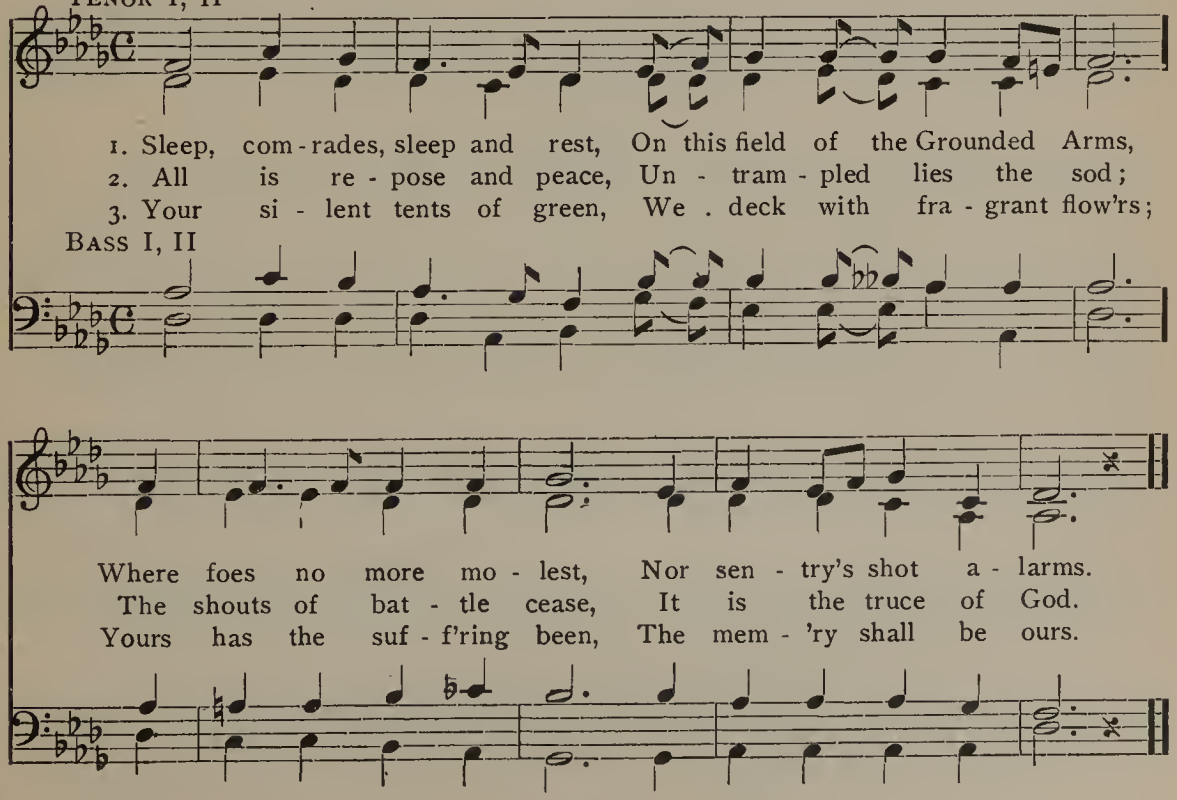
LET THINE HAND HELP ME



No. 78 DECORATION DAY

LONGFELLOW F. E. C.

TENOR I, II

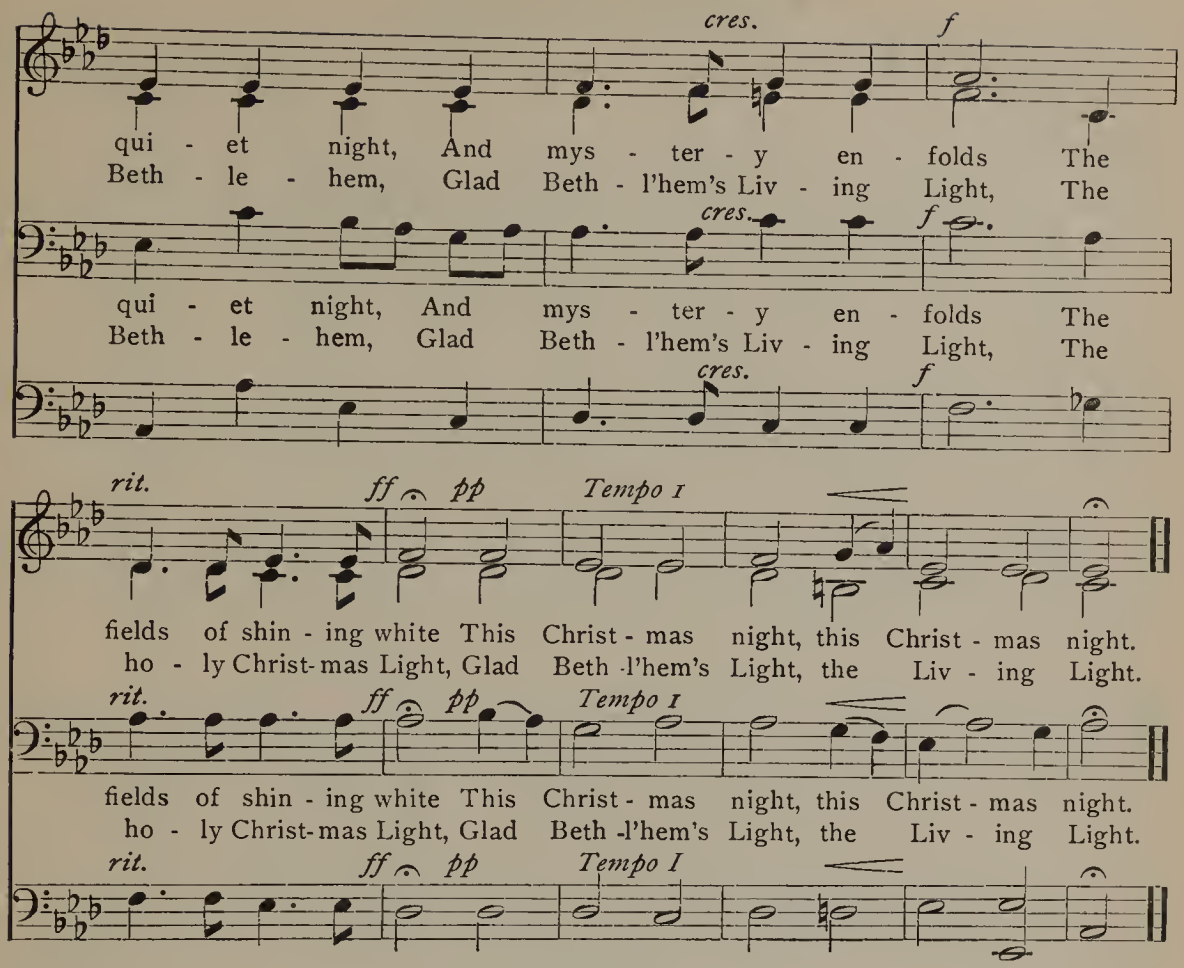


THE LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM

Rev. JOHN B. TABB

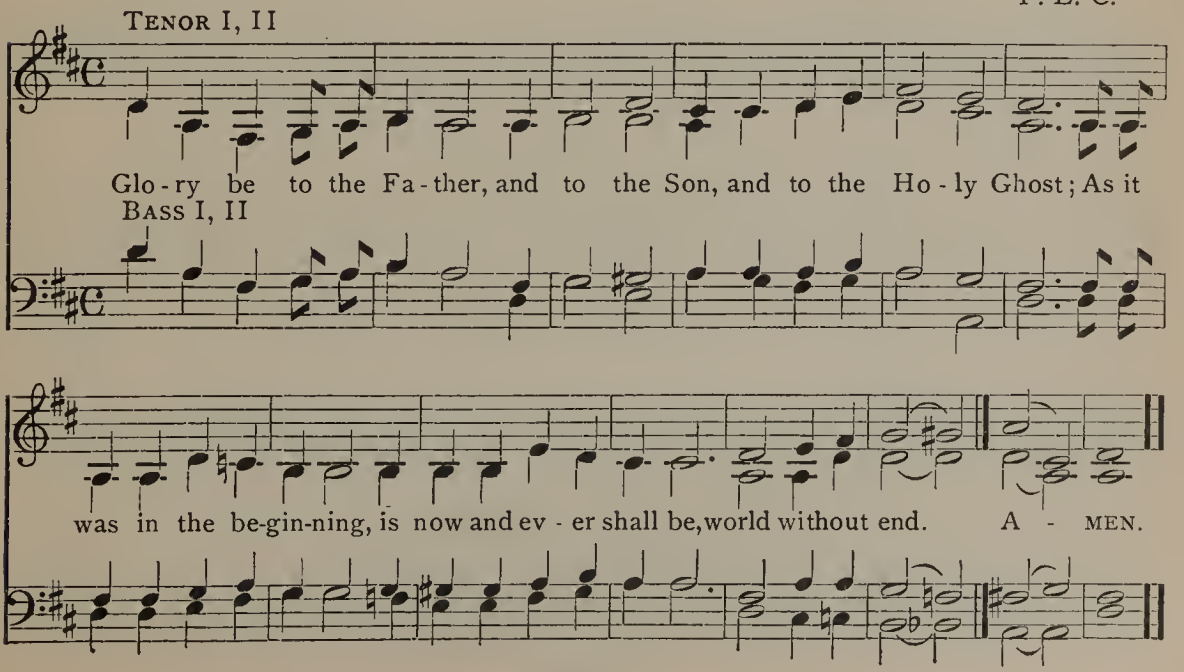
FRANZ ABT





No. 80 GLORIA

F. E. C.



No. 81

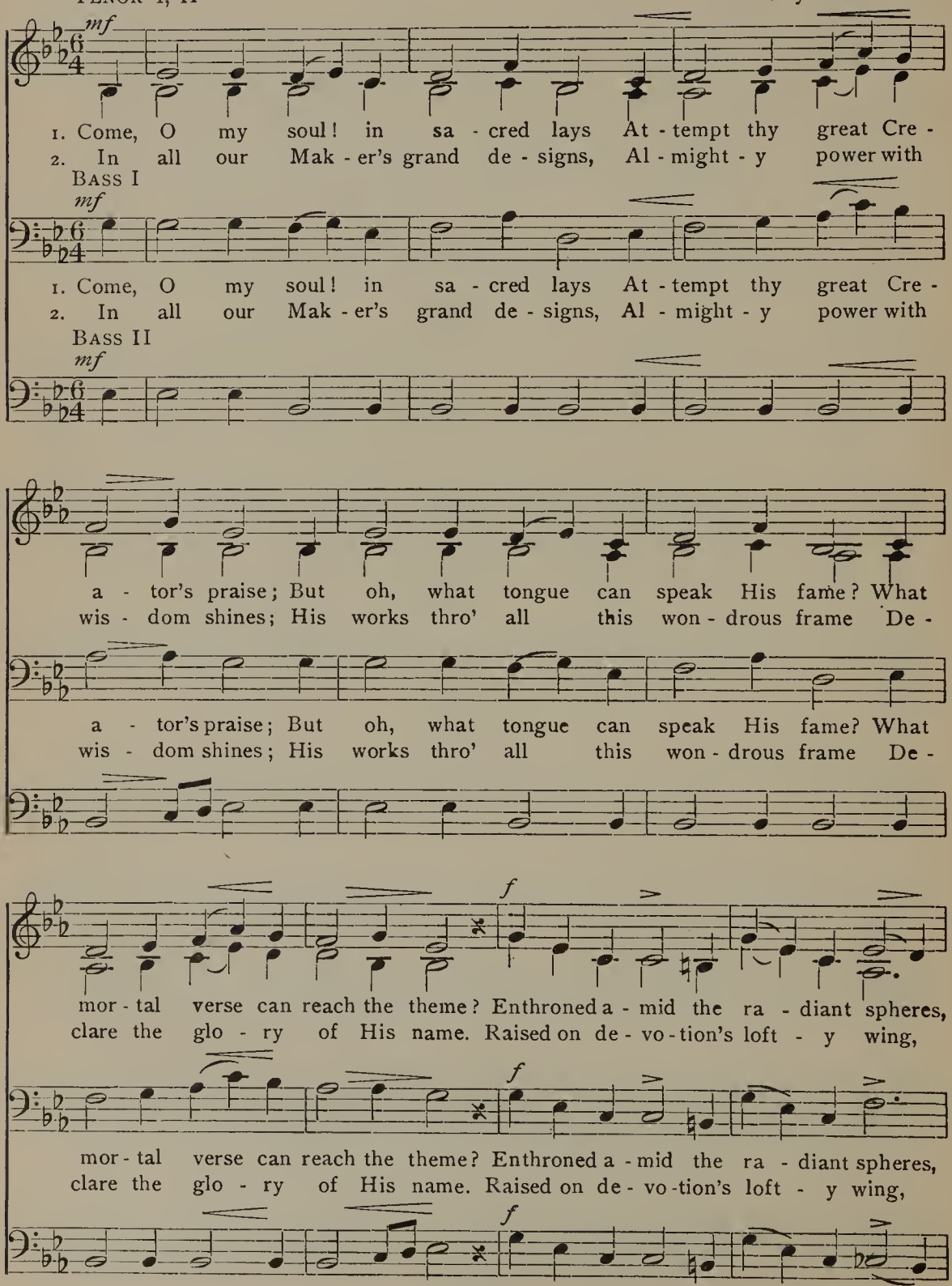
COME, O MY SOUL

(SHORT HYMN ANTHEM)

Moderato

TENOR I, II

FESCA
Arr. by C. E. W.



COME, O MY SOUL



No. 82 THE CREATION HYMN

Maestoso BEETHOVEN



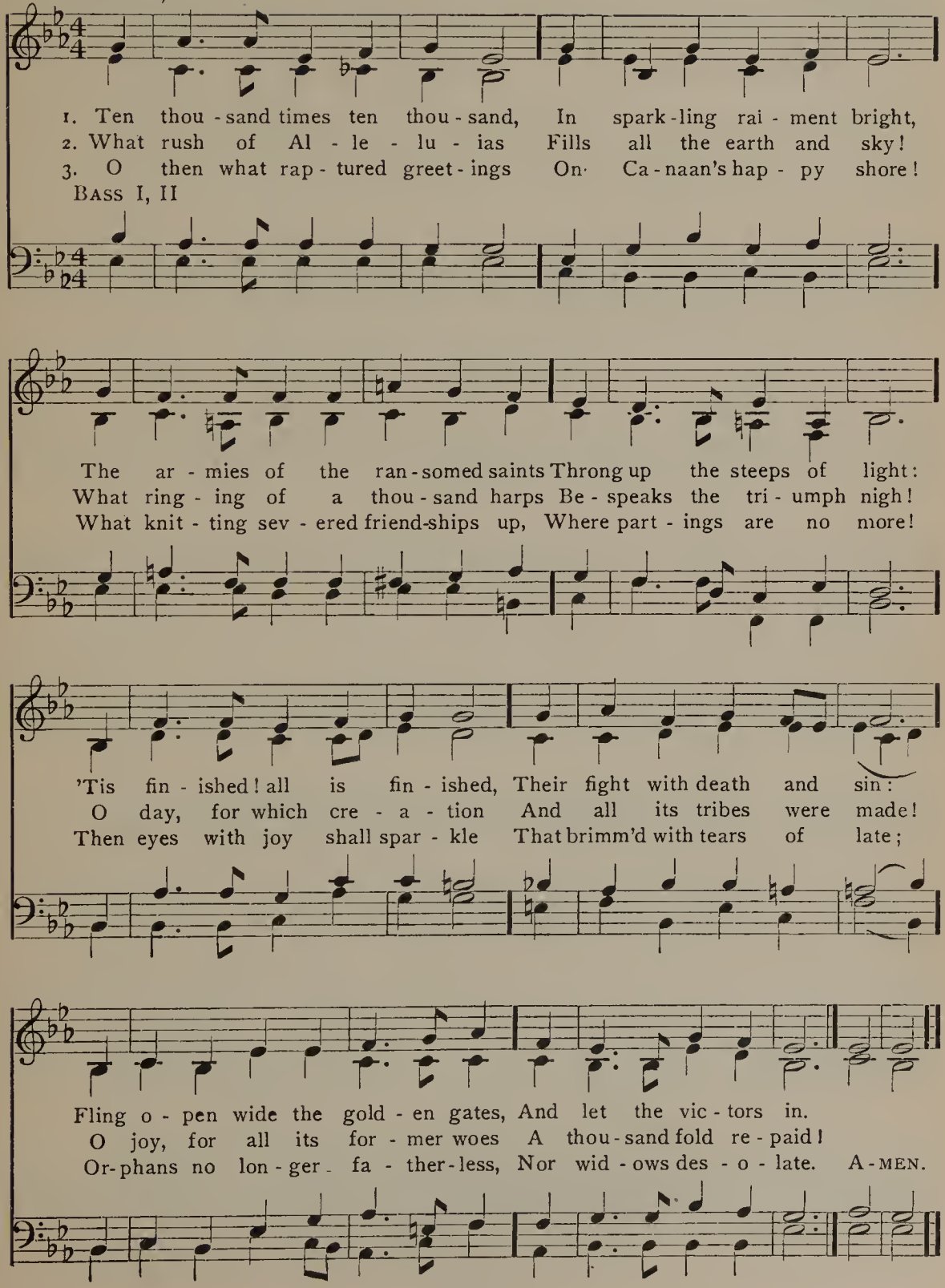

o - cean,
o - cean, Re - ceive, O man, their sa - cred word! Who holds the
Who holds,
Who holds . . .
Who holds the stars
stars, ... who holds the stars in the fir - ma-ment glow-ing,
who holds the stars, ... Who
. . . . . the stars in the fir - ma - ment so glow - ing,
Who leads the sun in splen - dor on?
Who leads the sun, who leads the sun in splen - dor on? It
leads the sun in splen - dor on?
Who leads the sun in splen - dor on?
comes all smil - ing, its light o'er us throw - ing, And he - ro - like its
course it runs, its course it runs, And he - ro - like its course it runs.

No. 83

ALFORD

HENRY ALFORD

J. B. DYKES
Arranged

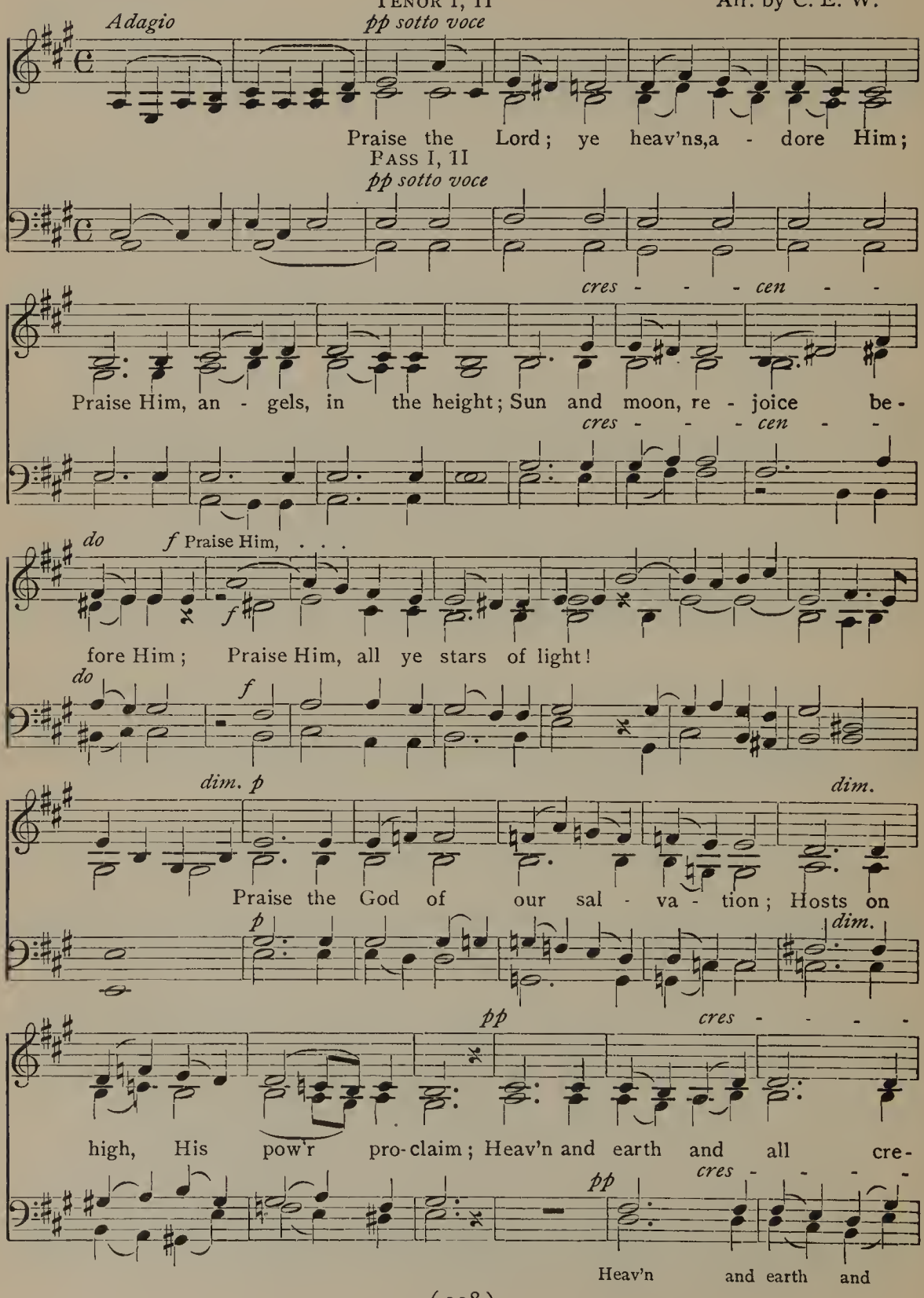


No. 84

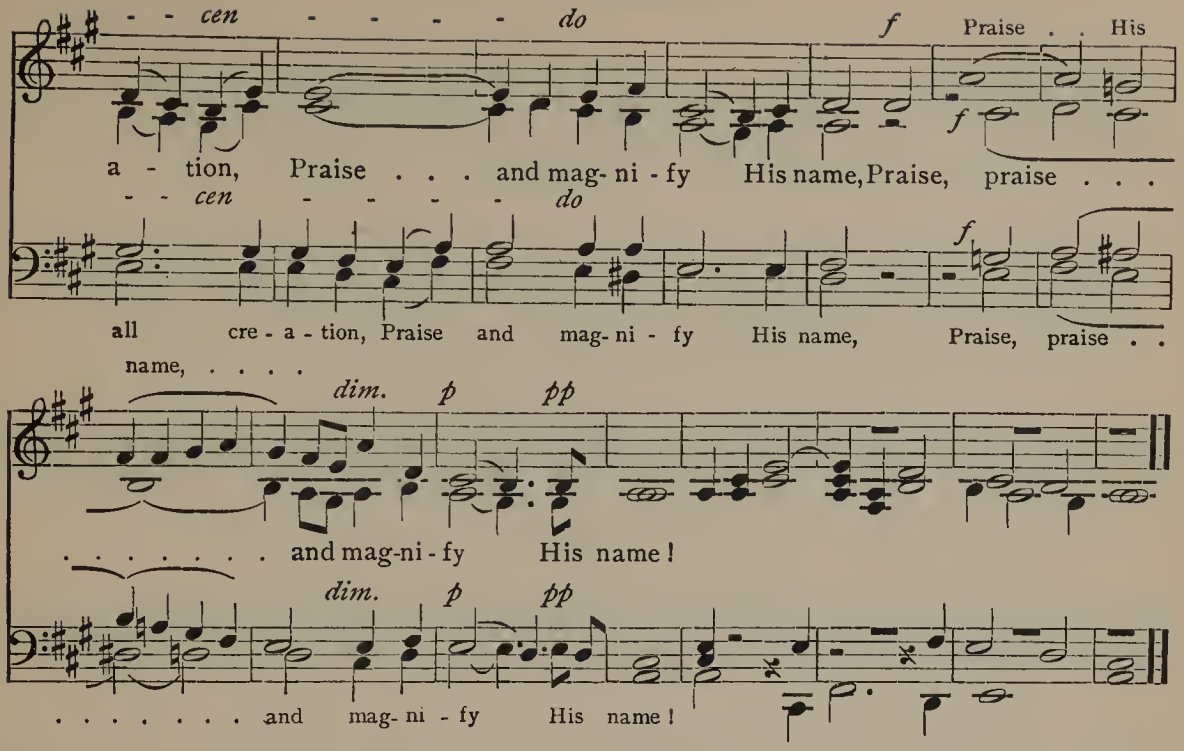
AVE VERUM

JOHN KEMPTHORNE

MOZART
Arr. by C. E. W.



AVE VERUM



No. 85 CONFIDENCE



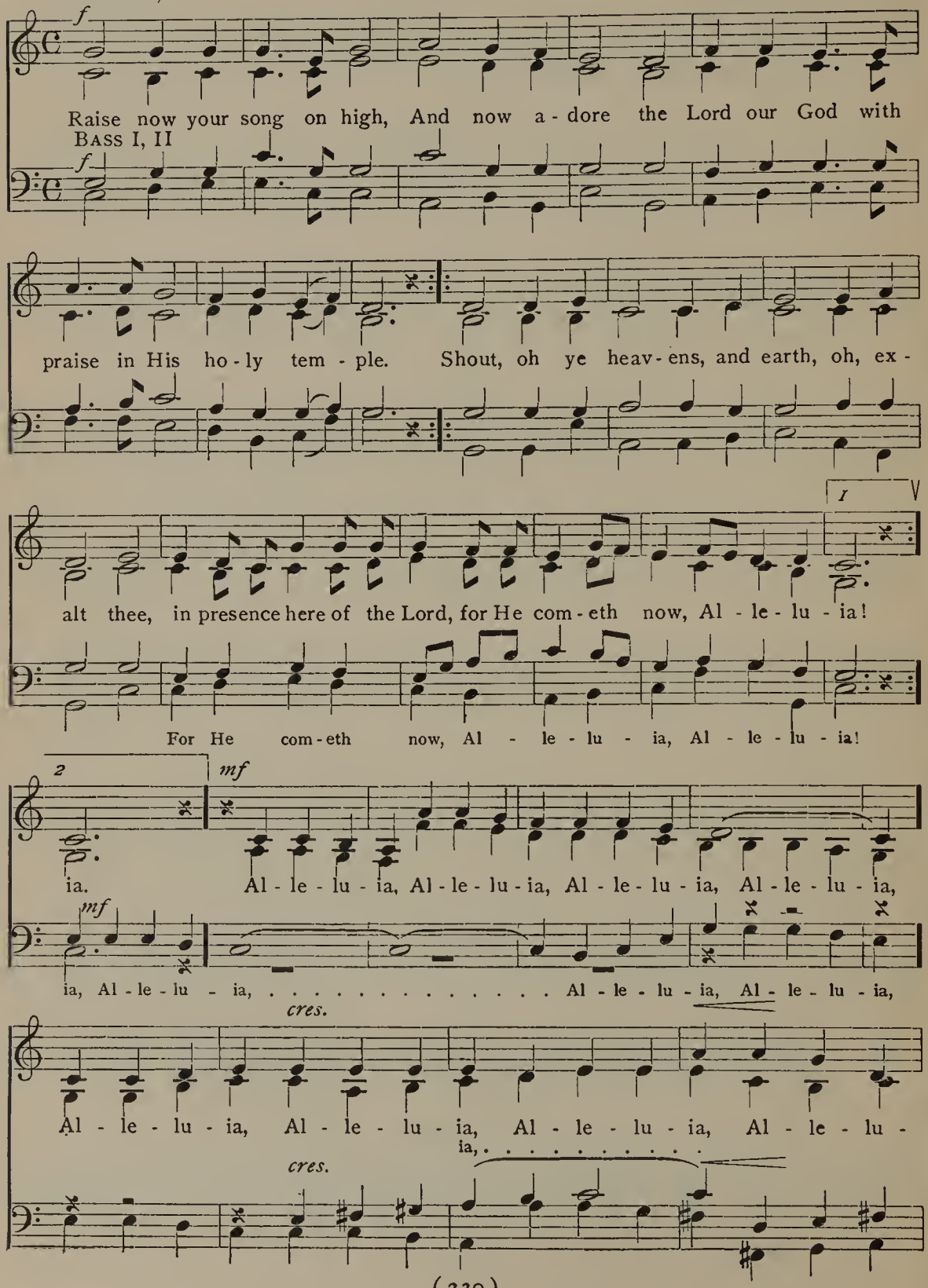
No. 86

RAISE NOW ON HIGH

Maestoso

TENOR I, II

SAINT SAËNS
Arr. by C. E. W.



RAISE NOW ON HIGH

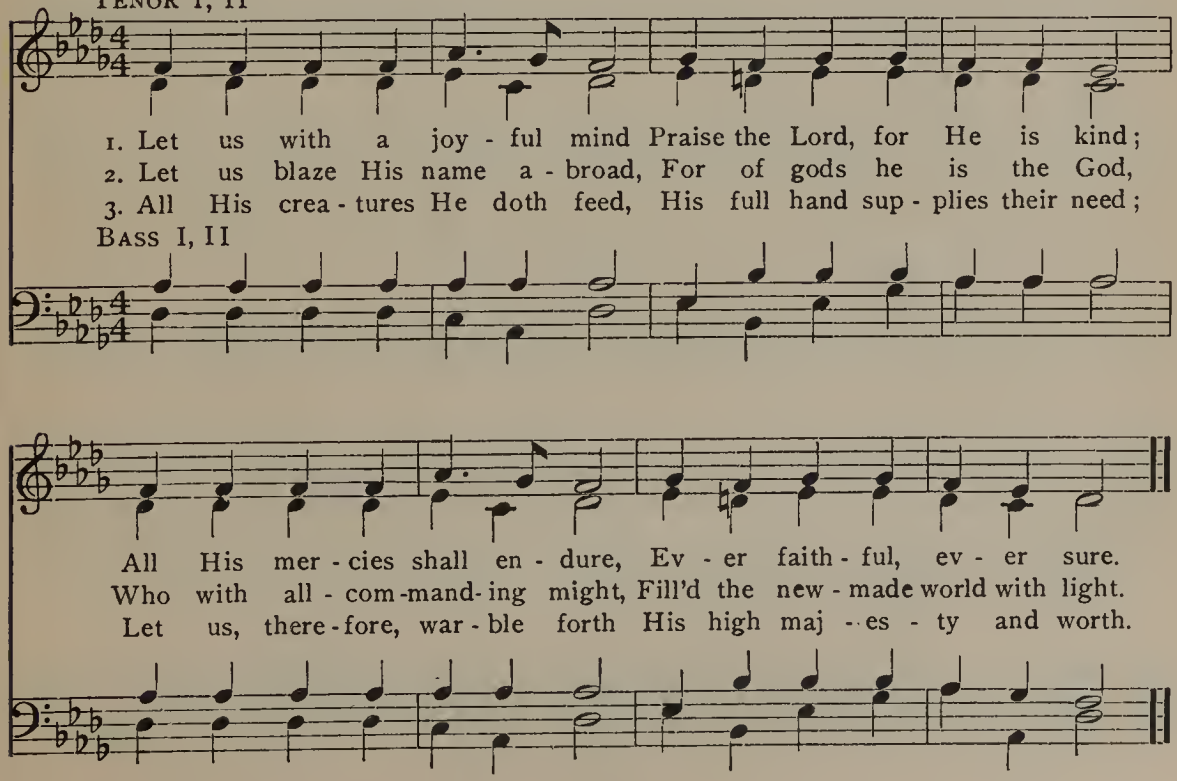


No. 87 PRAISE

JOHN MILTON

TENOR I, II

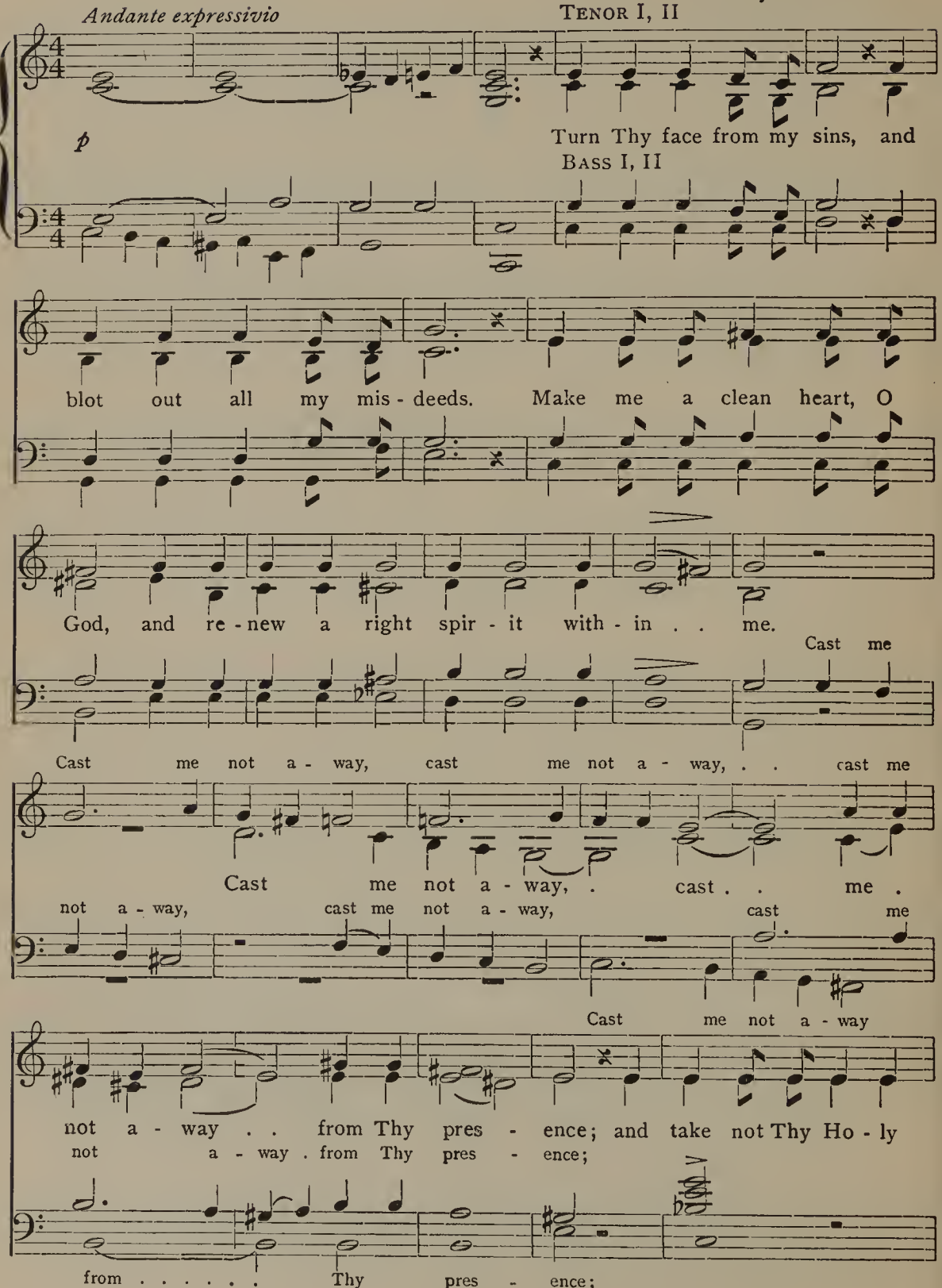
MOZART

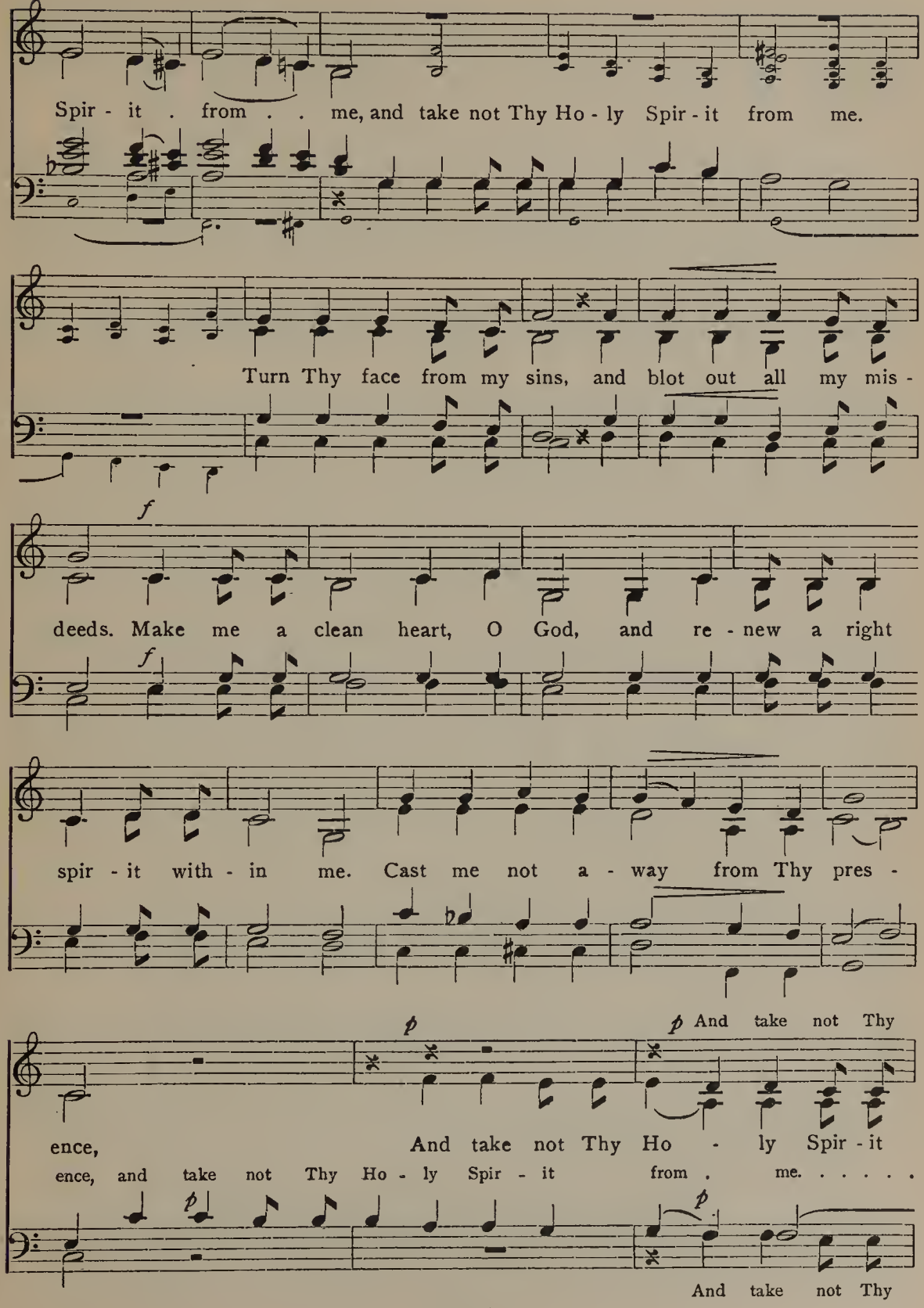


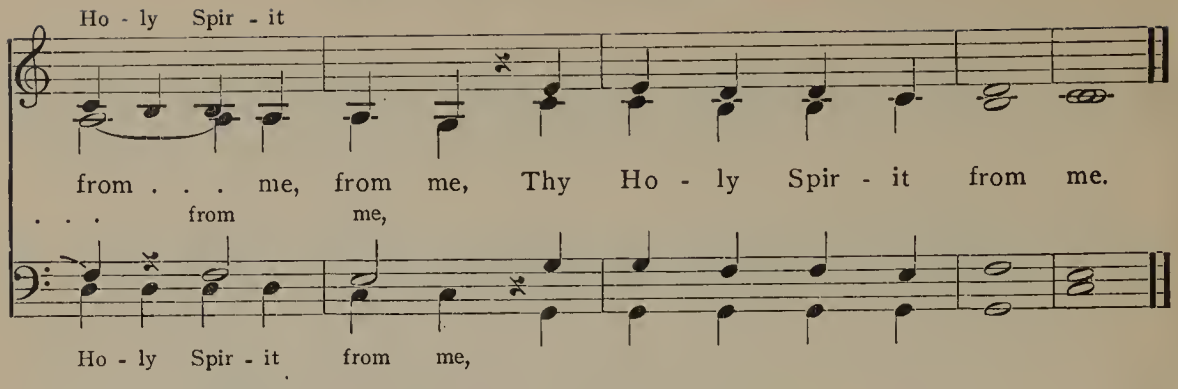
No. 88

TURN THY FACE FROM MY SINS

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN
Arr. by C. E. W.




Spir - it . from . . me, and take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it from me.
Turn Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my mis -
f
deeds. Make me a clean heart, O God, and re - new a right
f
spir - it with - in me. Cast me not a - way from Thy pres -
p
p And take not Thy
ence, And take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it
ence, and take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it from . me. . . . . .
p
And take not Thy



No. 89 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

(NICÆA)

R. HEBER — J. B. DYKES, Arr. by F. E. C.



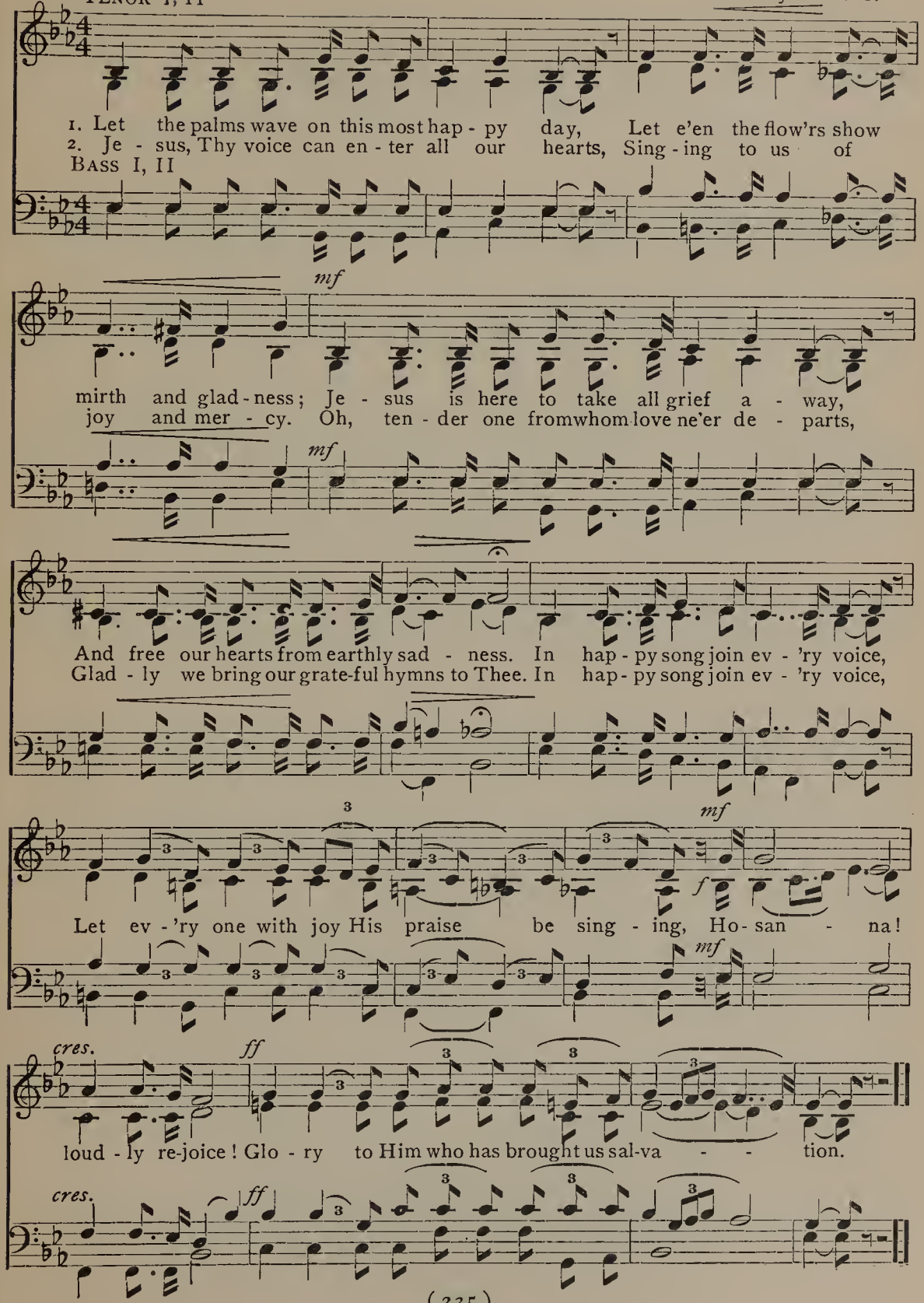
No. 90

THE PALMS

Andante

TENOR I, II

J. FAURE
Arr. by F. E. C.



No. 91 THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

(Including the " Peace Stanza ")

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH



" Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting.
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's louder call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
And the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, all God's children to save!"

No. 92 COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

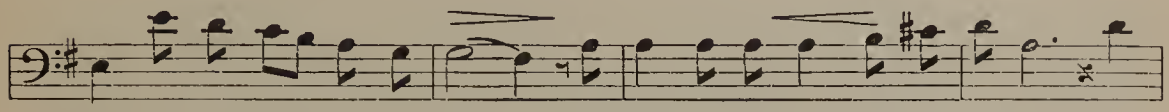
DAVID T. SHAW

Con spirito

DAVID T. SHAW



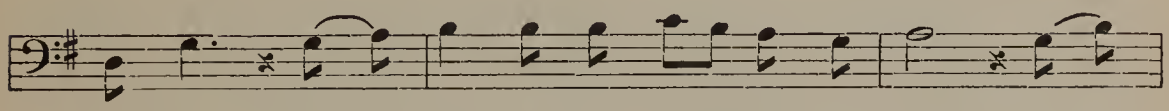
1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And



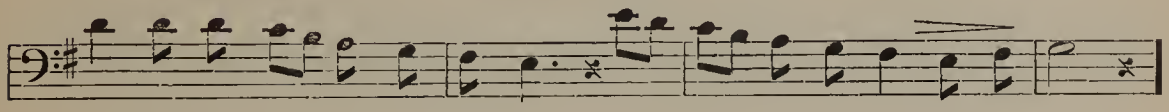
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo-tion, A
threat-ened the land to de - form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co -



world of - fers hom - age to thee! Thy man-dates make he - roes as -
lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -



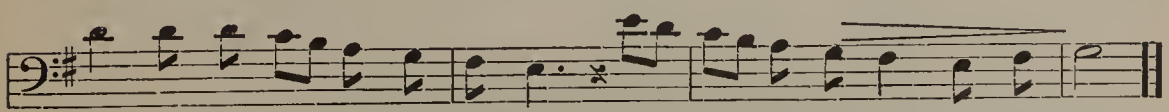
sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her



ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red,white,and blue.
flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red,white,and blue.



When borne by the red,white,and blue, When borne by the red,white,and blue, Thy
The boast of the red,white,and blue, The boast of the red,white,and blue, With her



ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag proud - ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.

No. 93

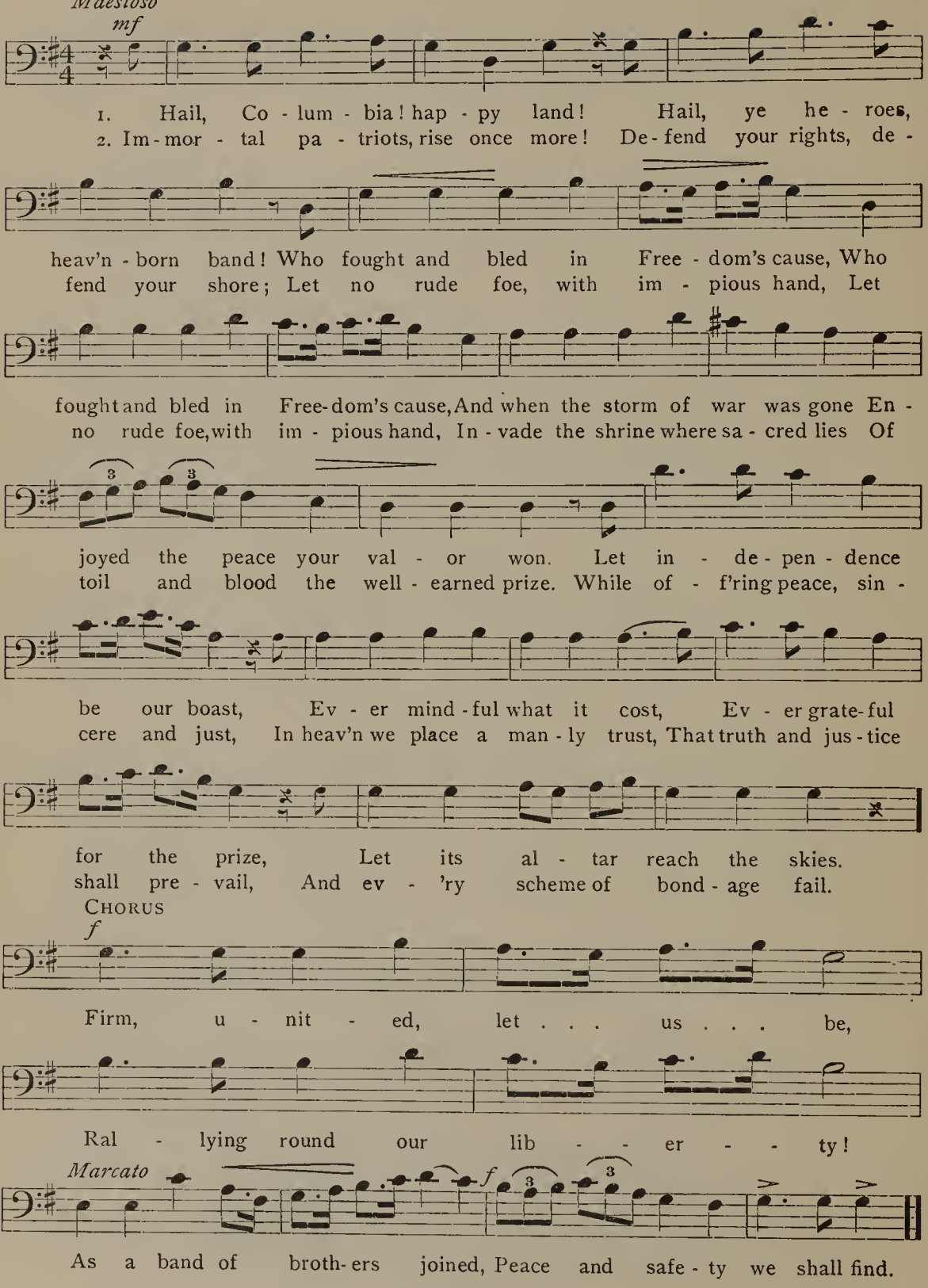
HAIL, COLUMBIA

JOSEPH HOPKINS

FYLES

Maestoso

mf



THE MARSEILLAISE

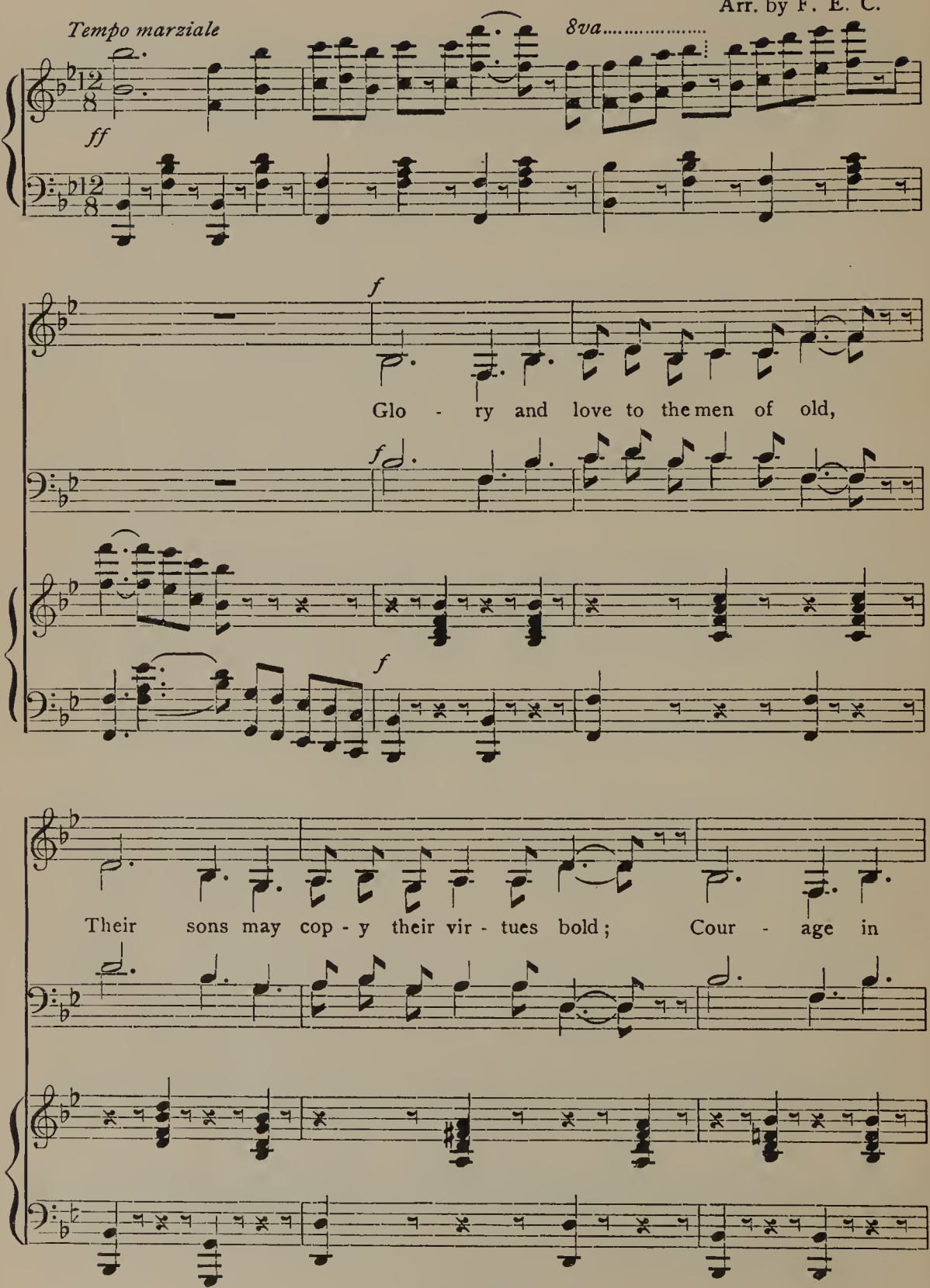
Allegro marziale

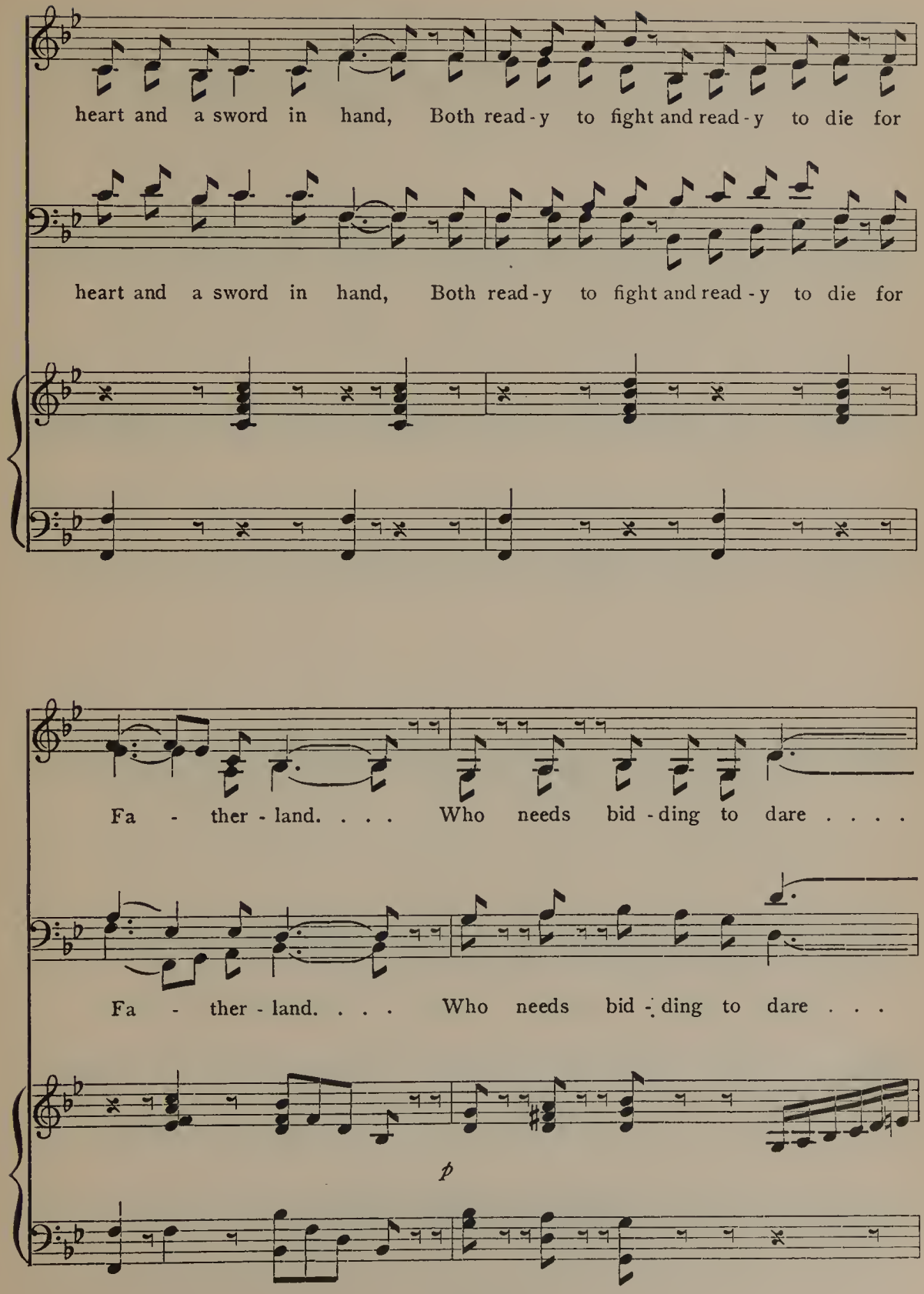
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

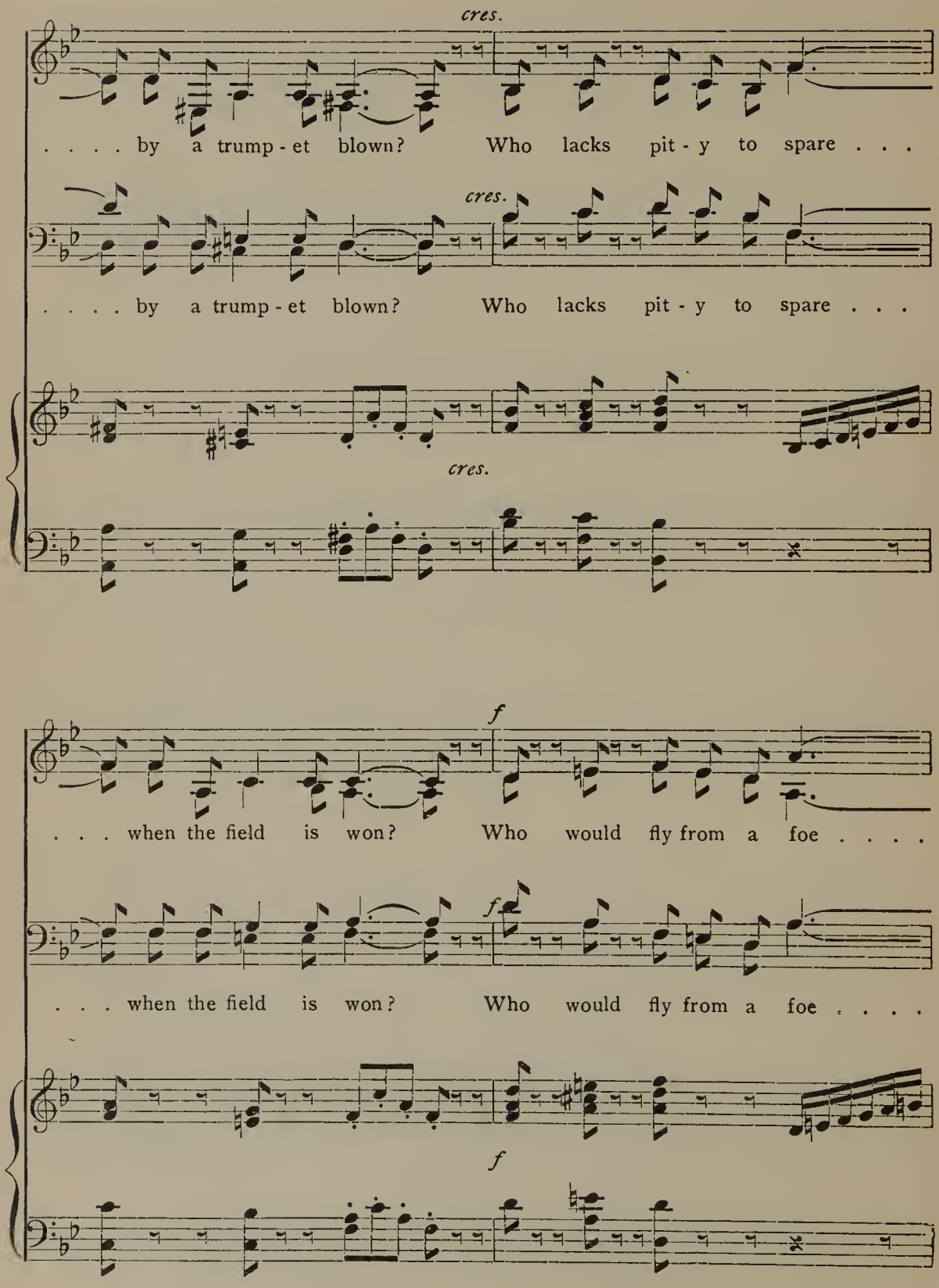


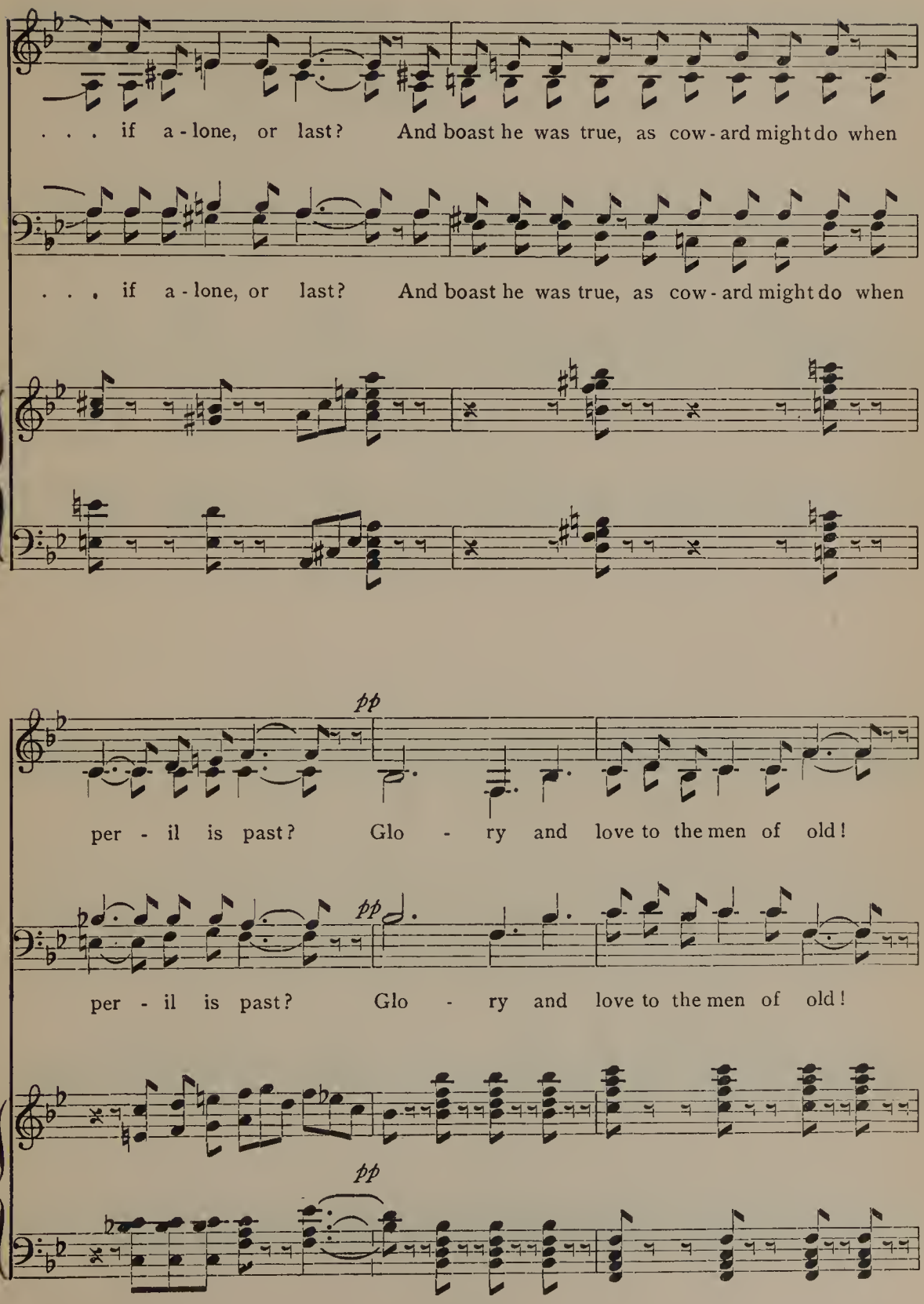
SOLDIERS' CHORUS

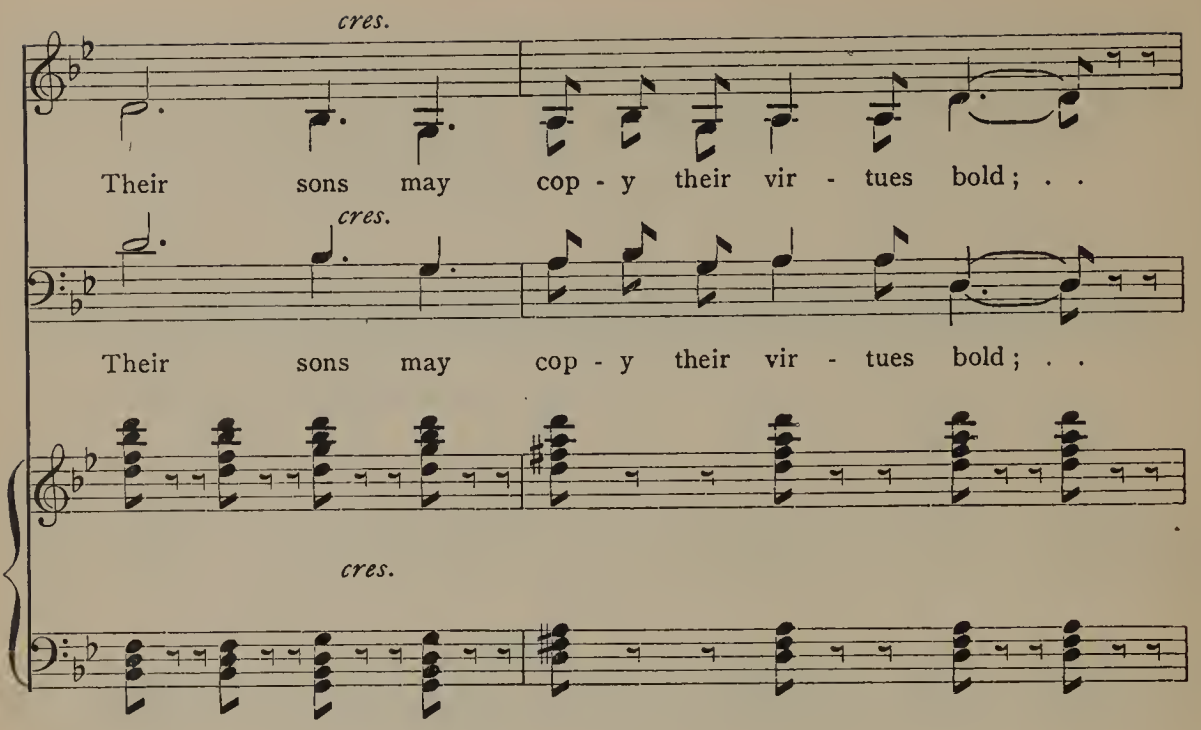
GOUNOD
Arr. by F. E. C.



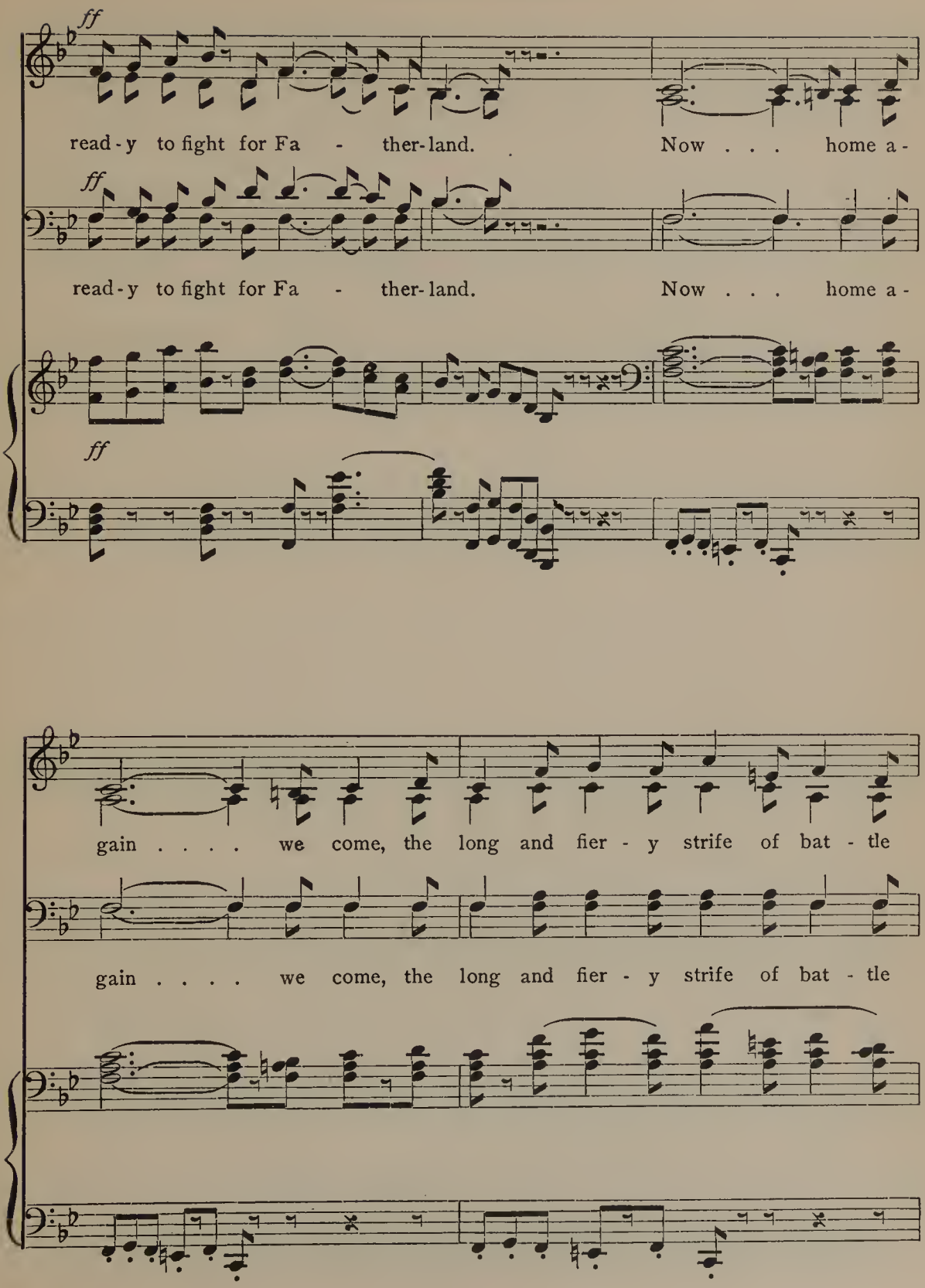

heart and a sword in hand, Both read-y to fight and read-y to die for
heart and a sword in hand, Both read-y to fight and read-y to die for
Fa - ther-land. . . . Who needs bid-ding to dare . . . .
Fa - ther-land. . . . Who needs bid-ding to dare . . .
p

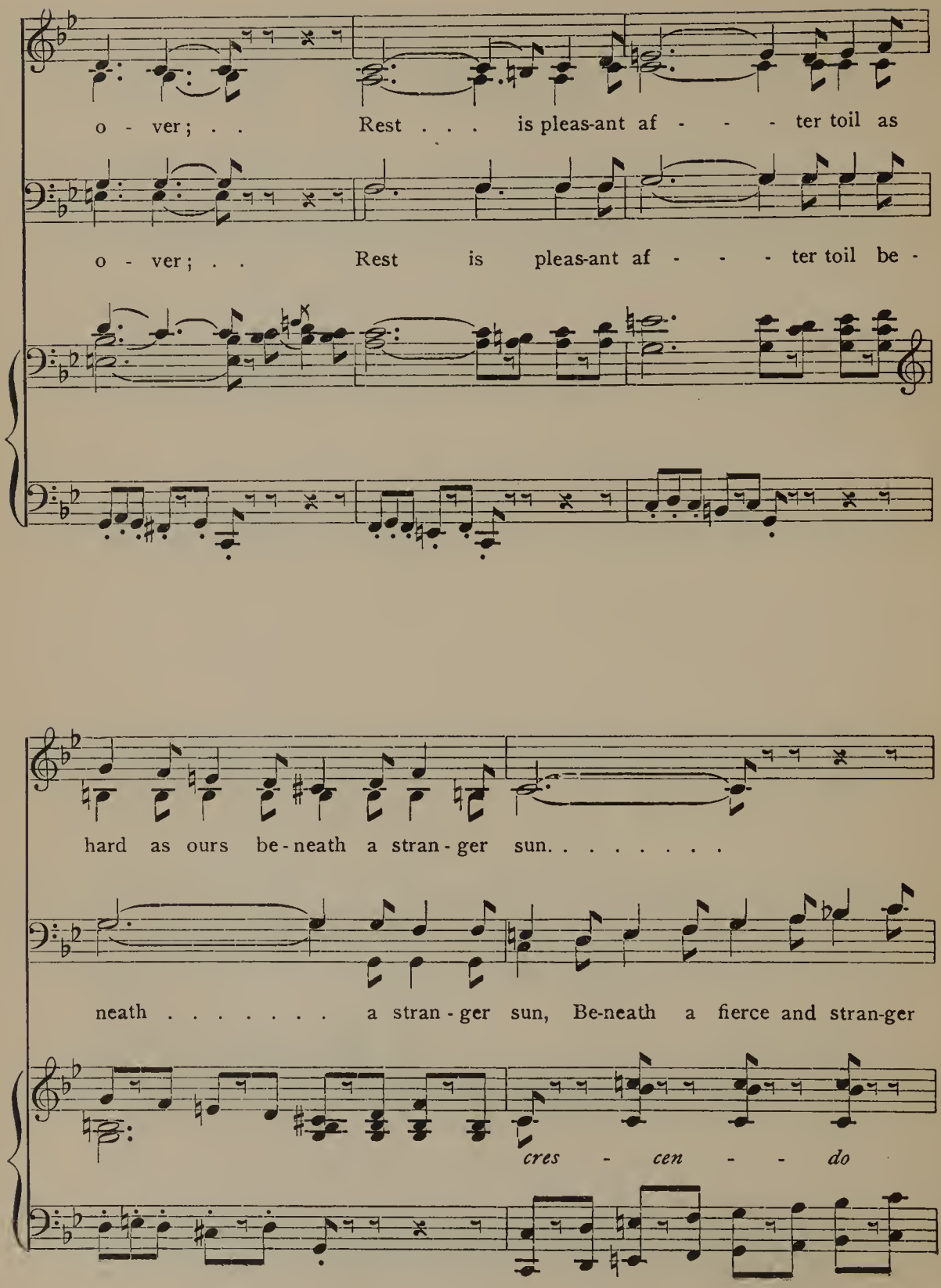

cres.
. . . . by a trump - et blown? Who lacks pit - y to spare . . .
cres.
. . . . by a trump - et blown? Who lacks pit - y to spare . . .
cres.
f
. . . when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe . . . .
f
. . . when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe . . . .
f

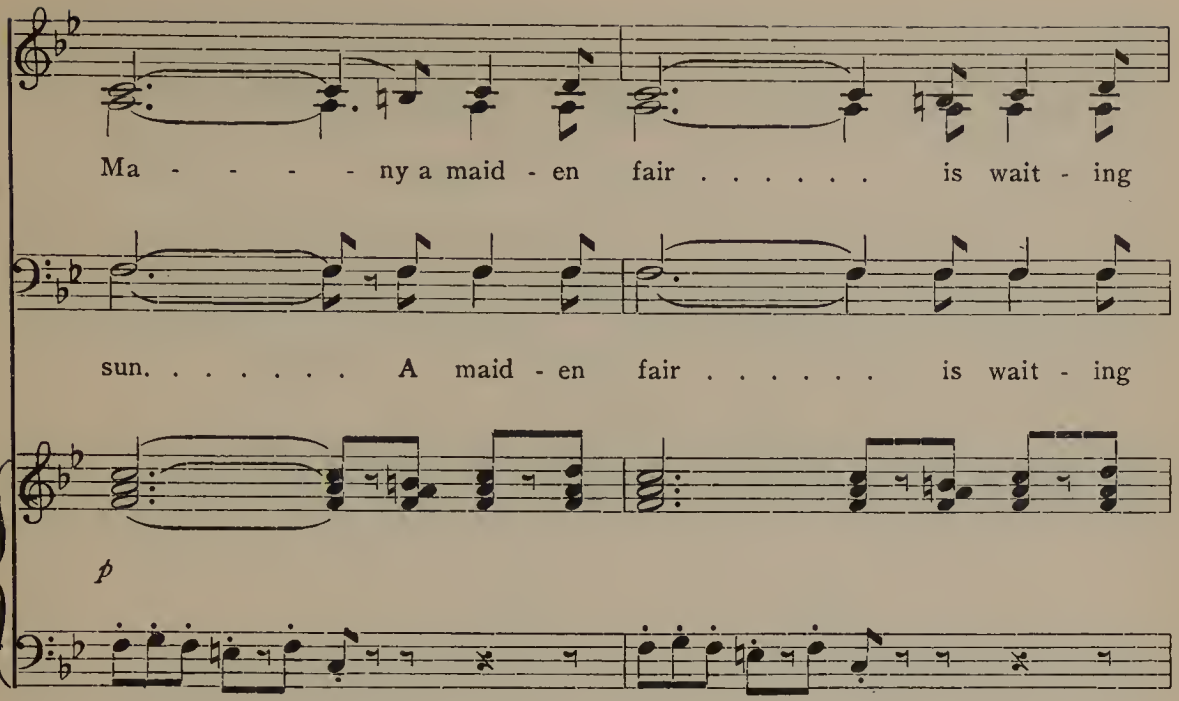

. . . if a - lone, or last? And boast he was true, as cow - ard might do when
. . . if a - lone, or last? And boast he was true, as cow - ard might do when
pp
per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old!
pp
per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old!
pp

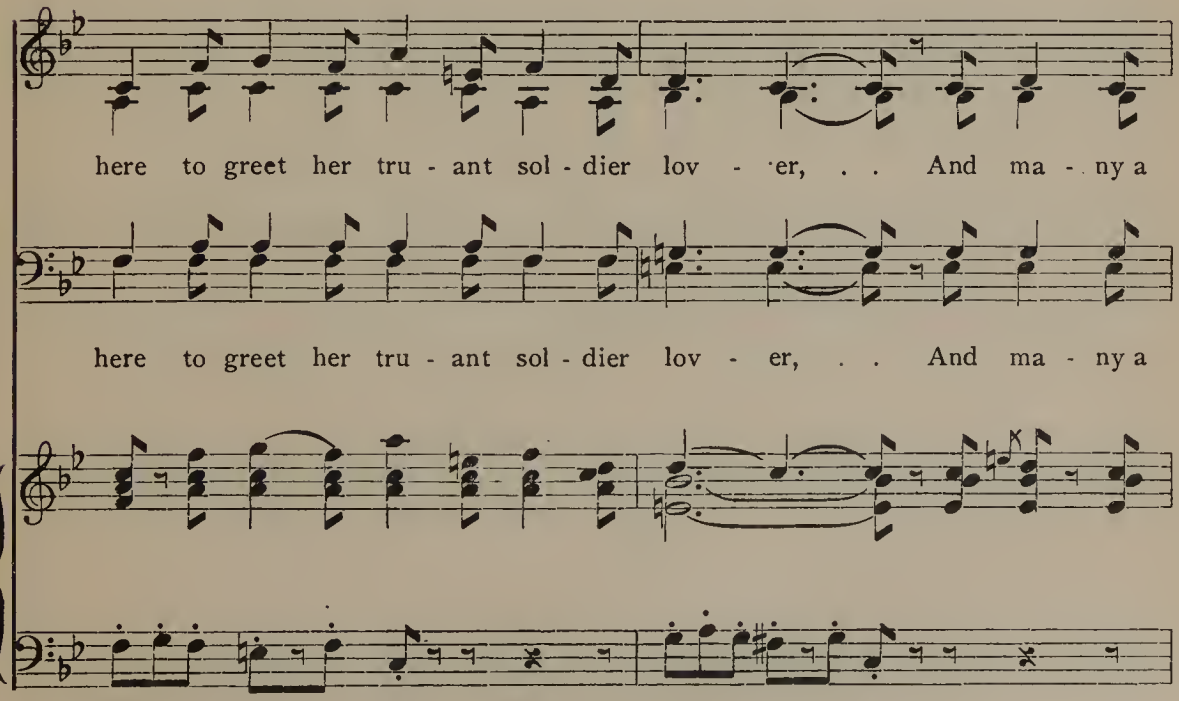

cres.
Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold; . .
cres.
Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold; . .
cres.

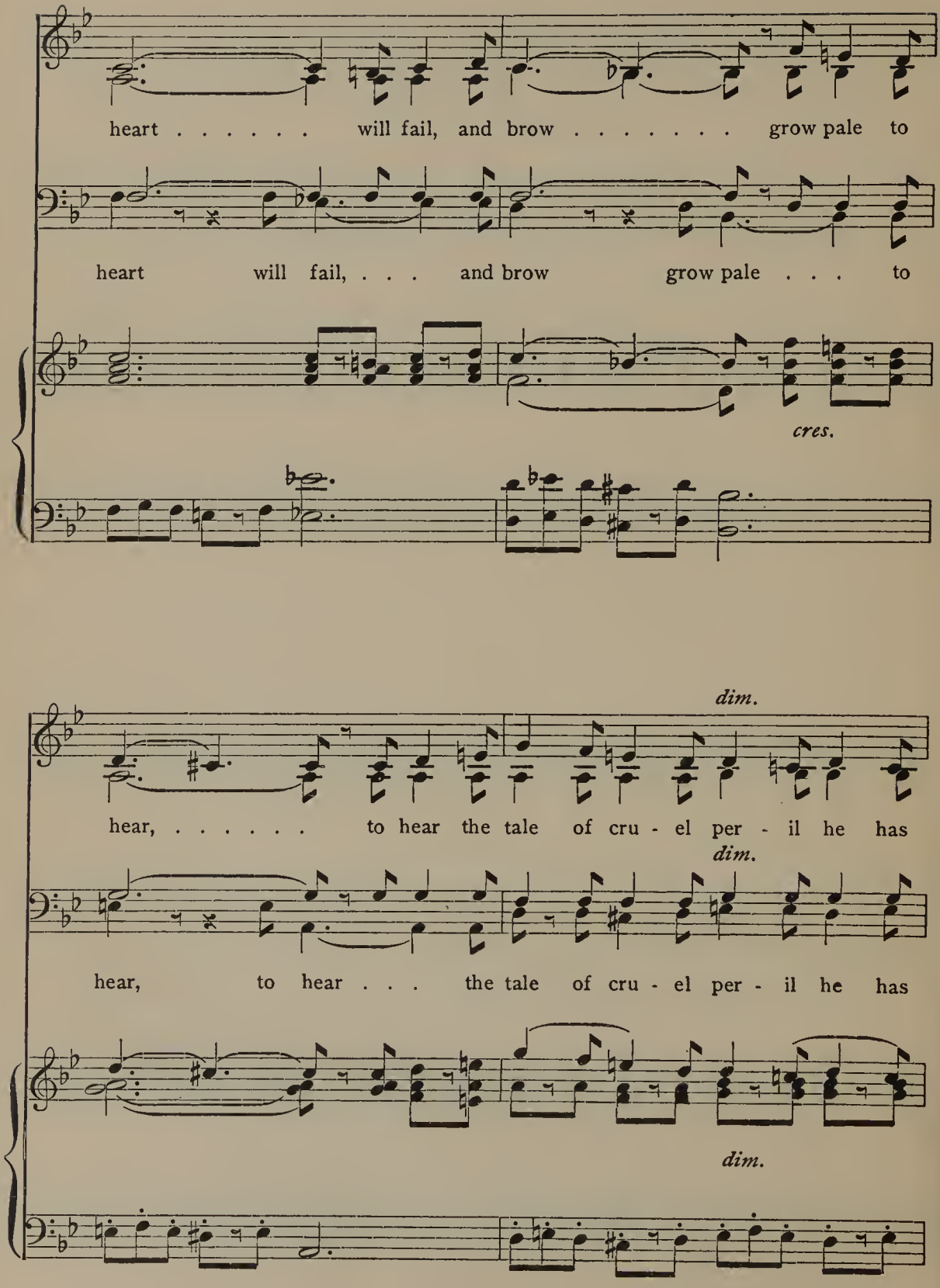

molto
Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand, . . All
Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand, . . All
molto

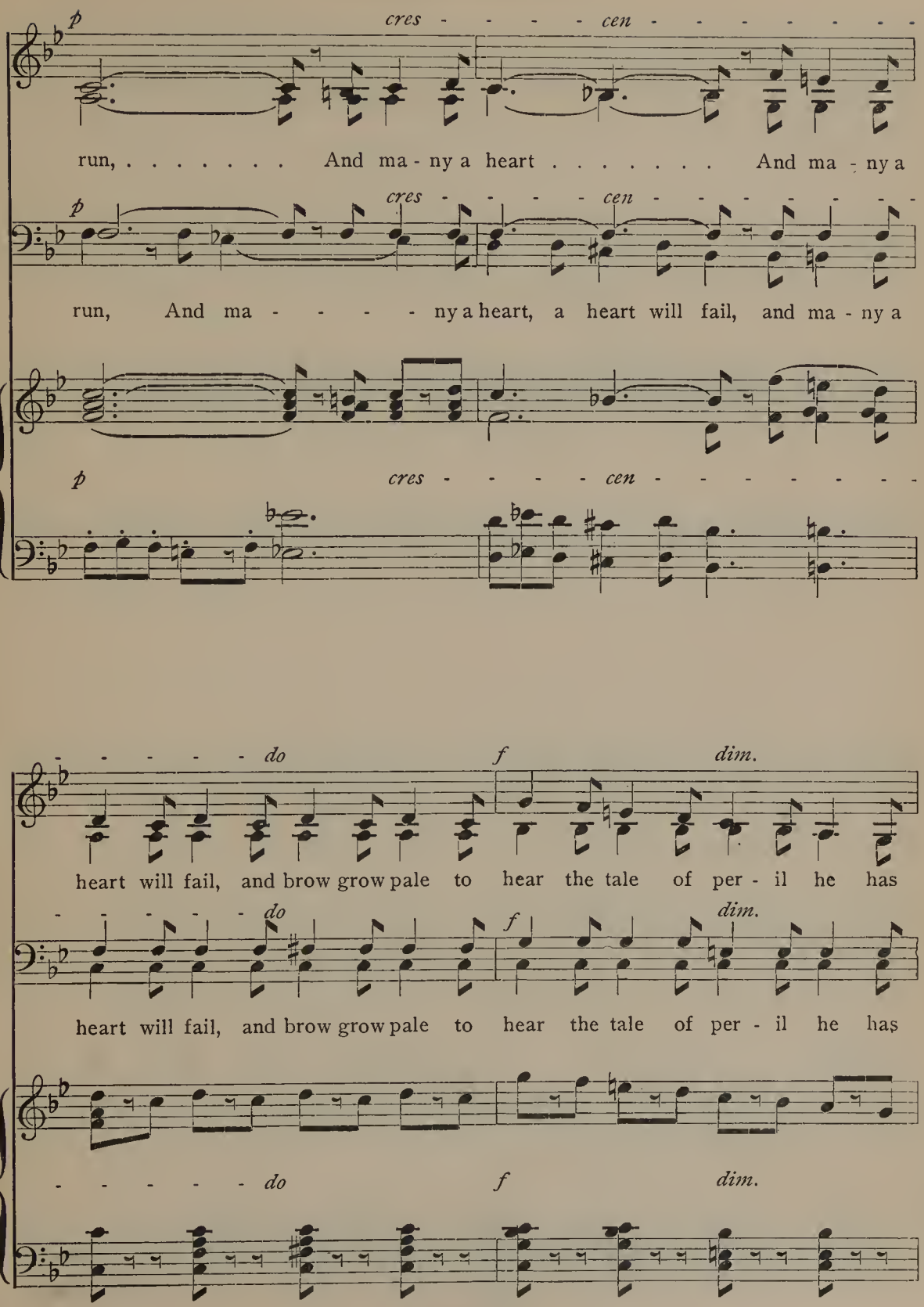

ff
read-y to fight for Fa - ther-land. Now . . . home a-
ff
read-y to fight for Fa - ther-land. Now . . . home a-
ff
gain . . . . we come, the long and fier - y strife of bat - tle
gain . . . . we come, the long and fier - y strife of bat - tle

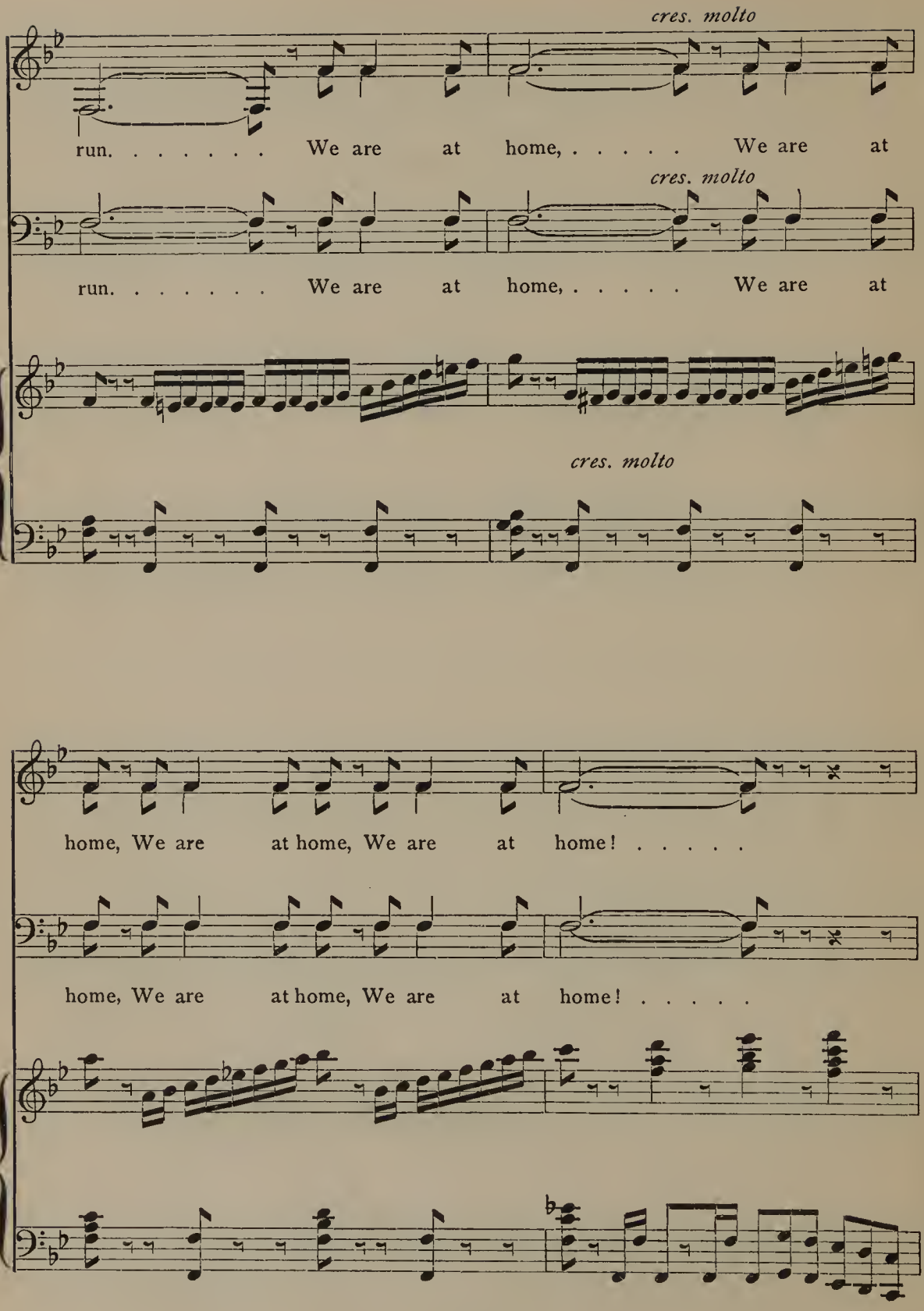

o - ver; . . Rest . . . is pleas-ant af - - - ter toil as
o - ver; . . Rest is pleas-ant af - - - ter toil be -
hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun. . . . . .
neath . . . . . a stran-ger sun, Be-neath a fierce and stran-ger
cres - cen - - do

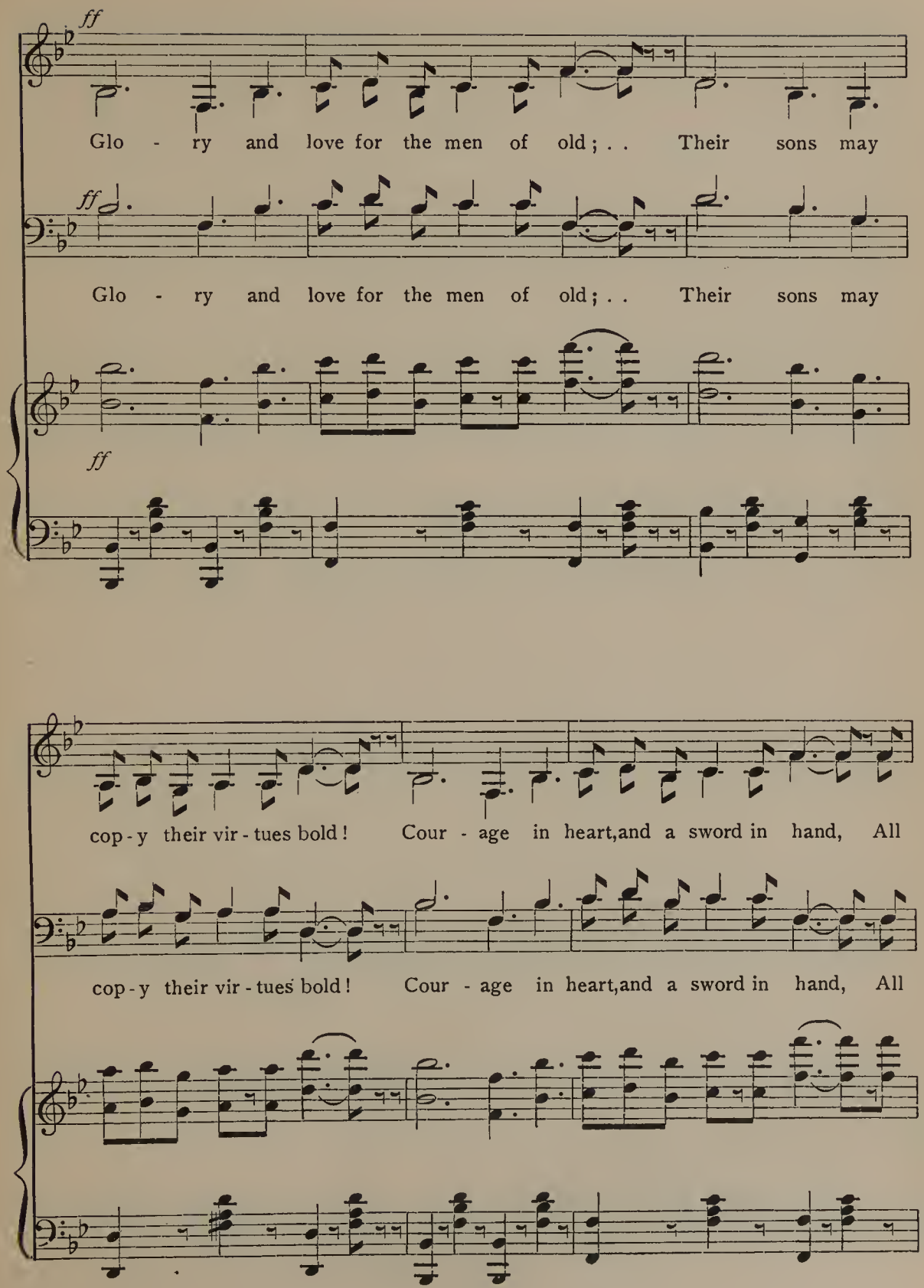

Ma - - - - ny a maid - en fair . . . . . is wait - ing
sun. . . . . A maid - en fair . . . . . is wait - ing
p

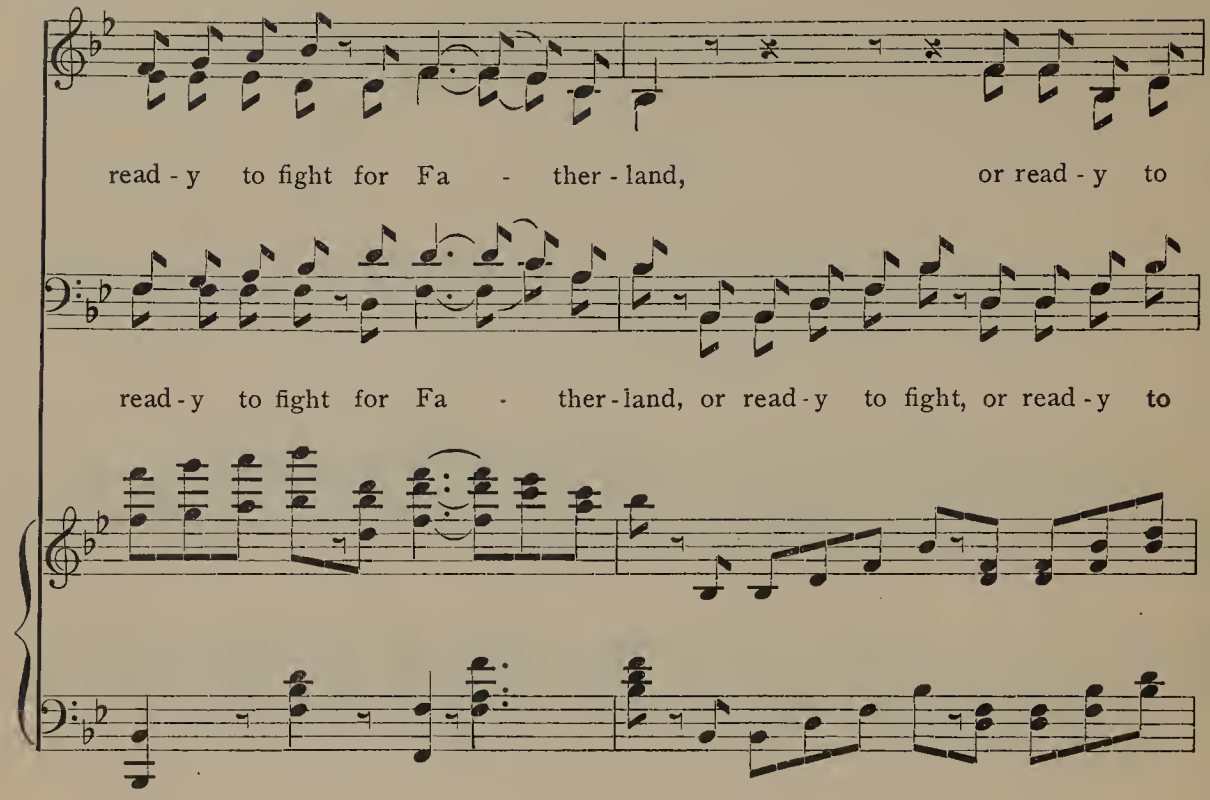

here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier lov - er, . . And ma - ny a
here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier lov - er, . . And ma - ny a

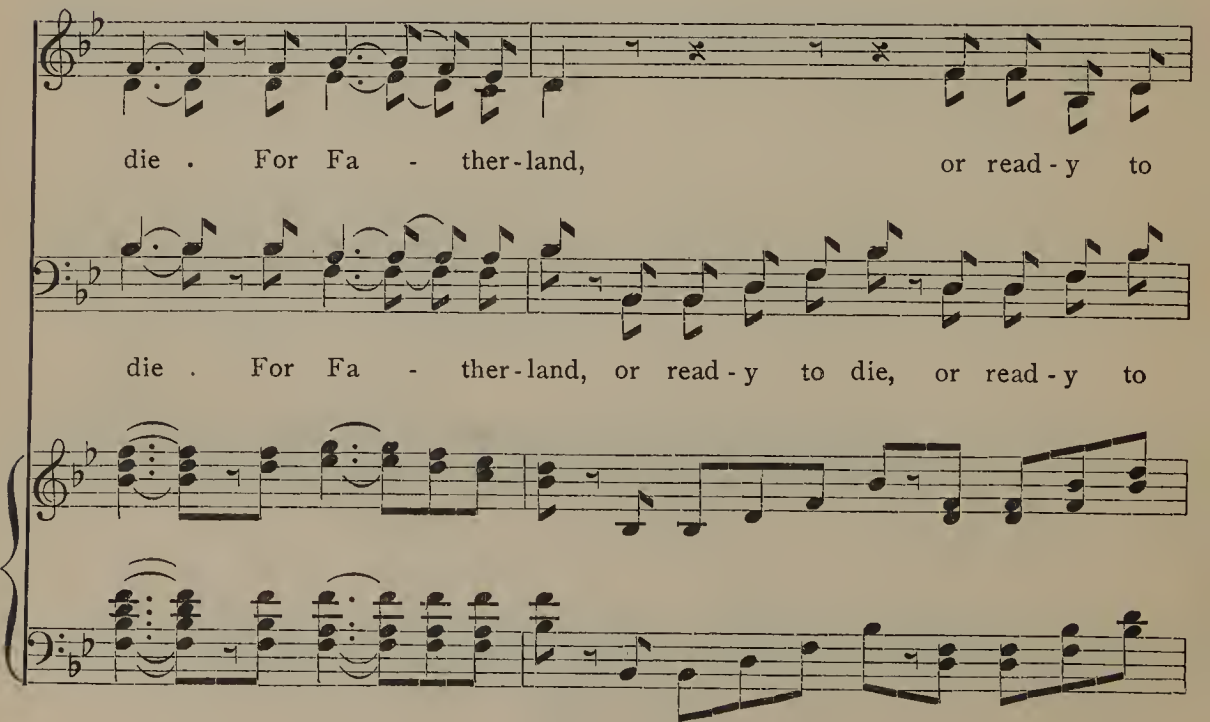

heart . . . . . will fail, and brow . . . . . grow pale to
heart will fail, . . . and brow grow pale . . . to
cres.
dim.
hear, ... to hear the tale of cru - el per - il he has
dim.
hear, to hear . . . the tale of cru - el per - il he has
dim.

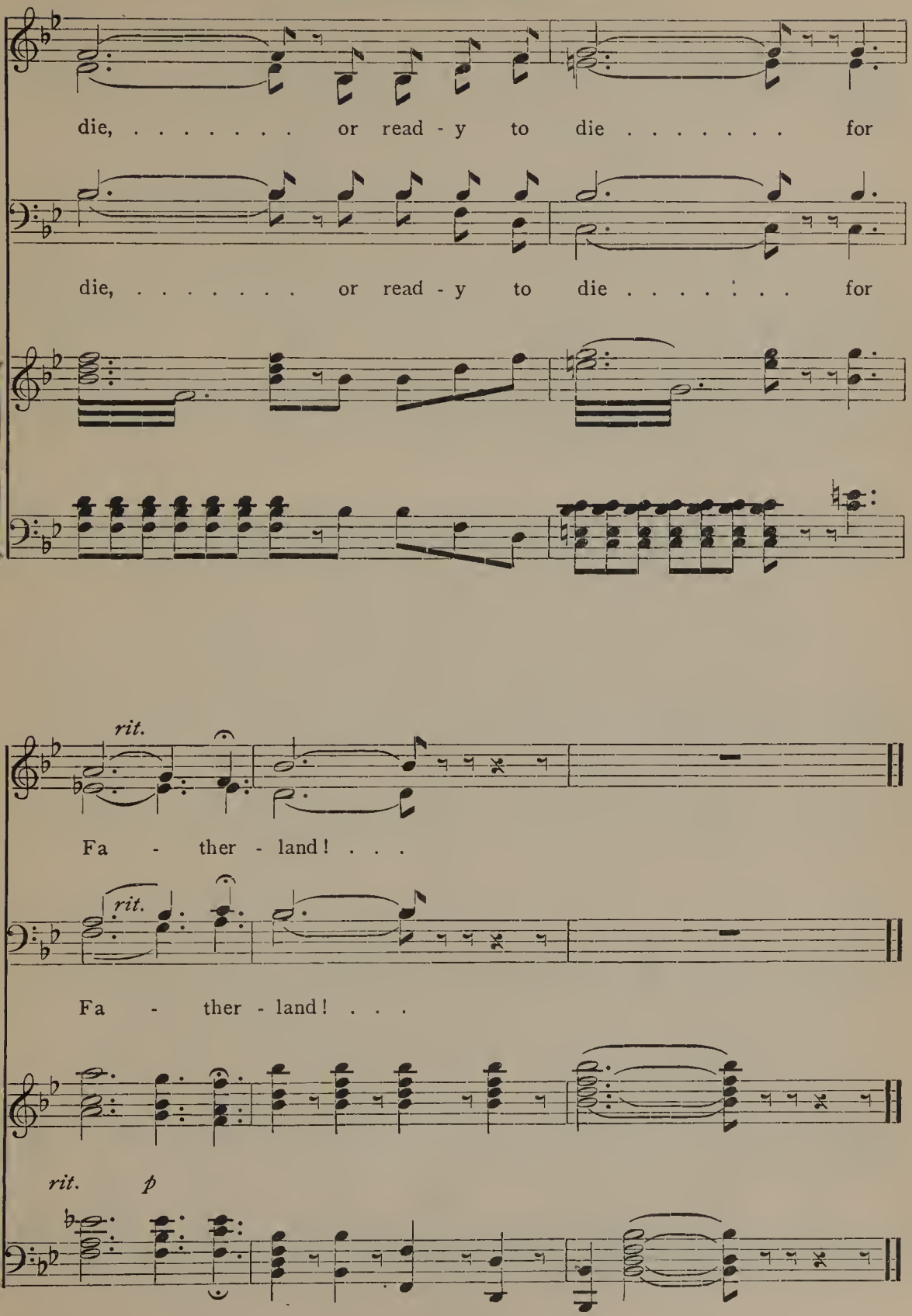

p
cres - - - - cen - - - - - - - -
run, ... And ma - ny a heart . . . . . And ma - ny a
p
cres - - - - cen - - - - - - - -
run, And ma - - - - - ny a heart, a heart will fail, and ma - ny a
p
cres - - - - cen - - - - - - - -
- - - - - do
f
dim.
heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has
- - - - - do
f
dim.
heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has
- - - - - do
f
dim.


cres. molto
run. . . . . We are at home, ... We are at
cres. molto
run. . . . . We are at home, ... We are at
cres. molto
home, We are at home, We are at home! . . . . .
home, We are at home, We are at home! . . . . .


ff
Glo - ry and love for the men of old; . . Their sons may
ff
Glo - ry and love for the men of old; . . Their sons may
ff
cop - y their vir - tues bold! Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand, All
cop - y their vir - tues bold! Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand, All


read - y to fight for Fa - ther - land, or read - y to
read - y to fight for Fa - ther - land, or read - y to fight, or read - y to


die . For Fa - ther - land, or read - y to
die . For Fa - ther - land, or read - y to die, or read - y to


die, ... or read - y to die . . . . . for
die, ... or read - y to die . . . . . for
rit.
Fa - ther - land! . . .
rit.
Fa - ther - land! . . .
rit.
p

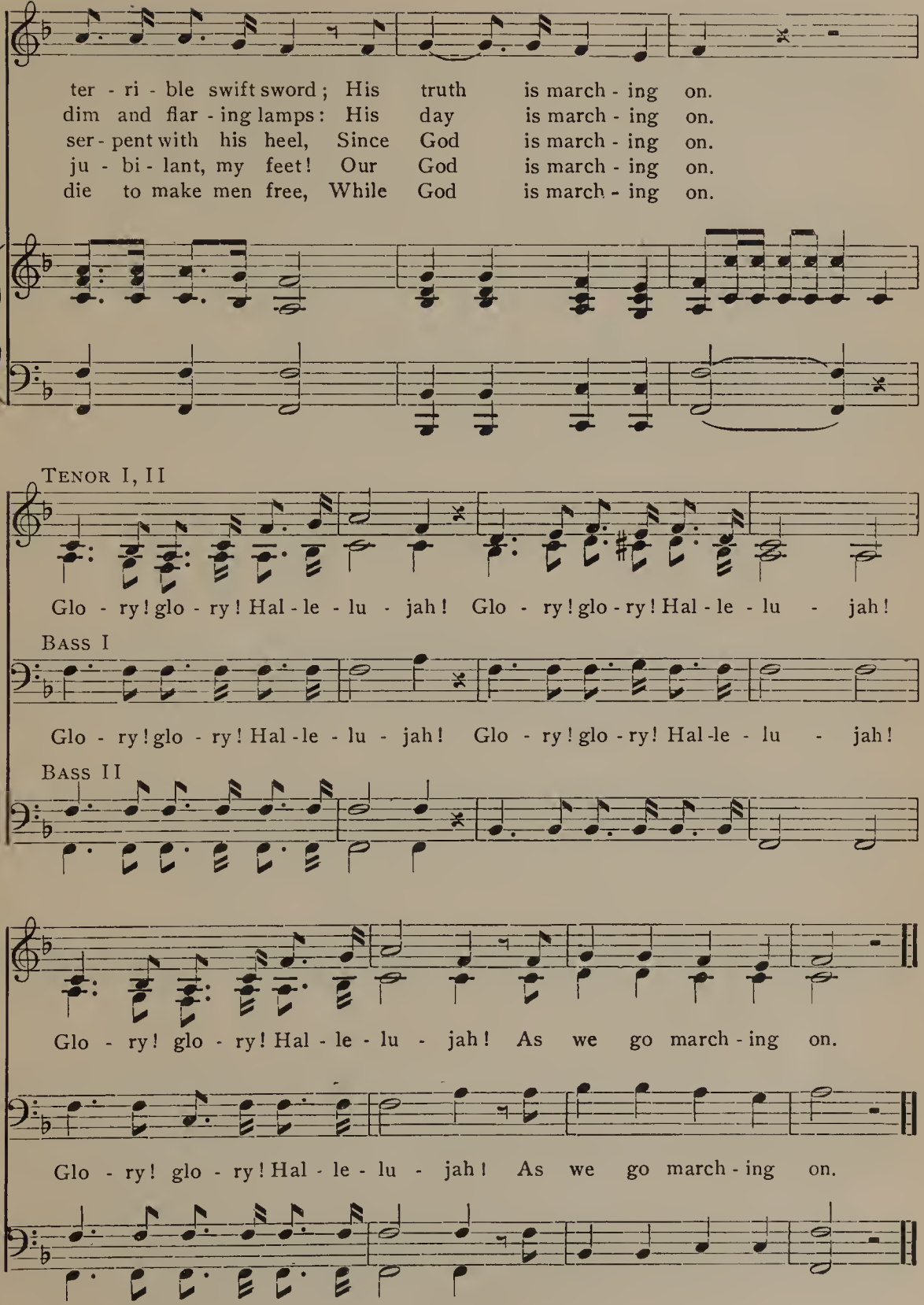
No. 96

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS)

JULIA WARD HOWE



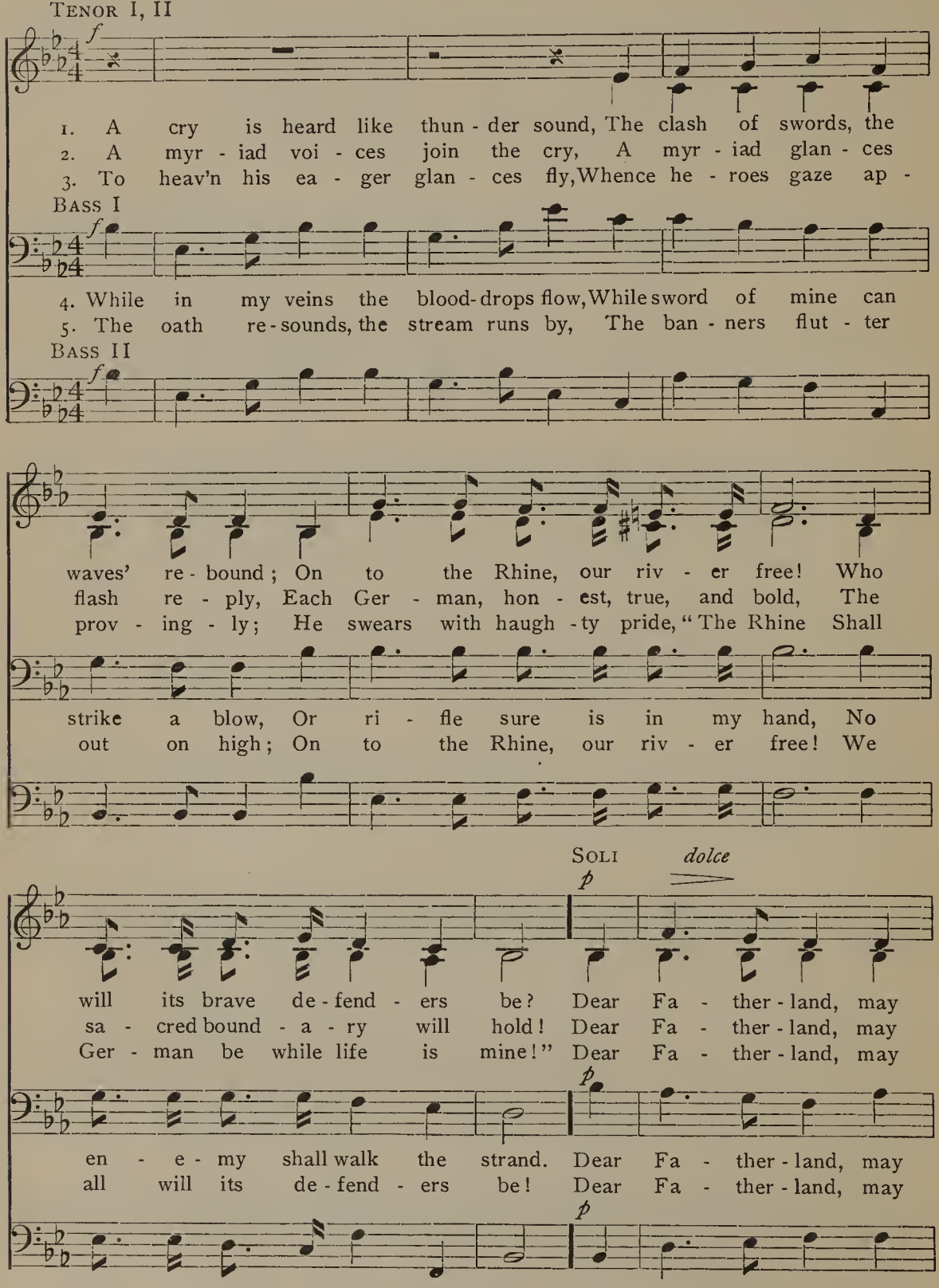

ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.
Tenor I, II
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Bass I
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Bass II
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! As we go march - ing on.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! As we go march - ing on.

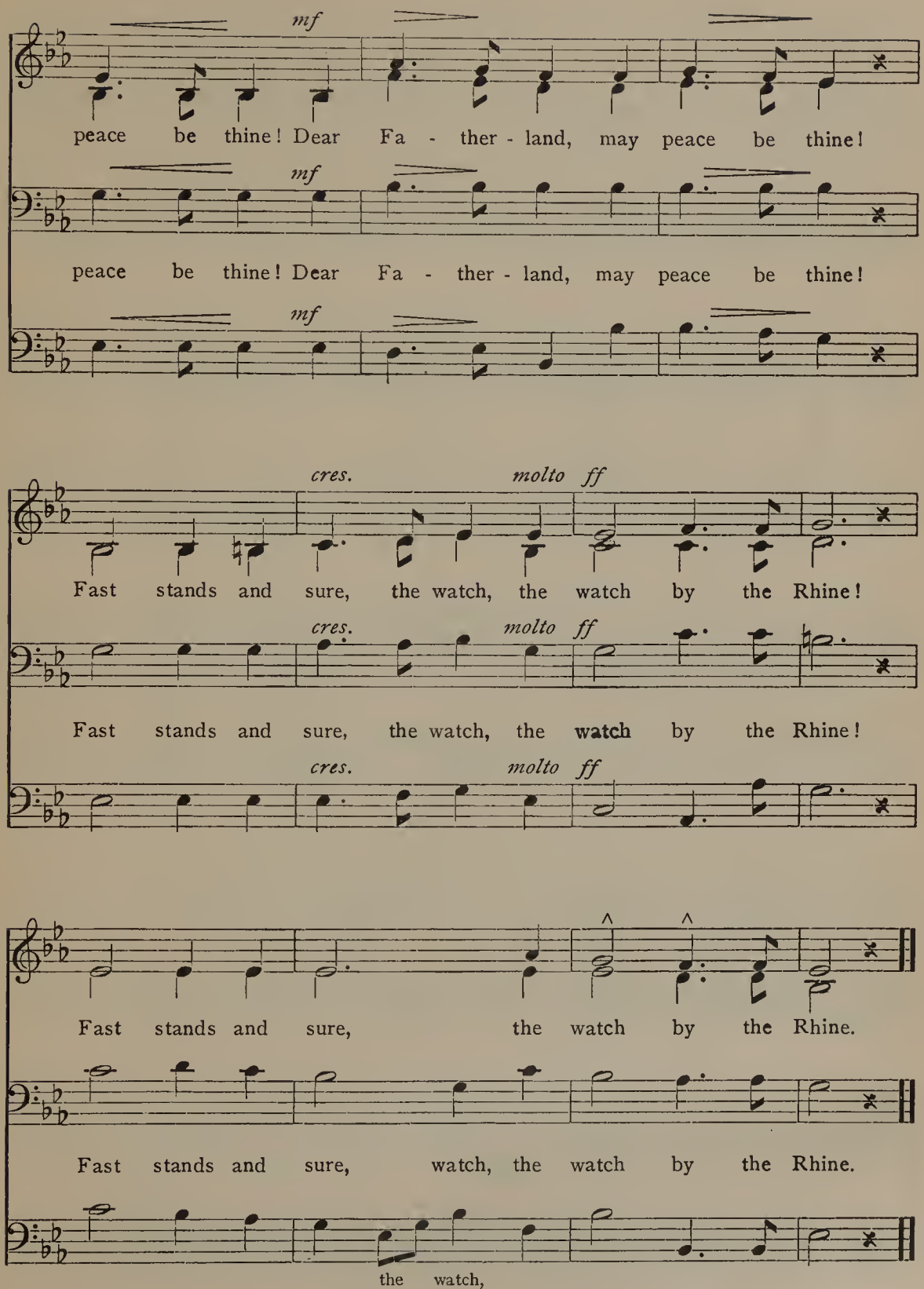
No. 97

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

SCHNECKENBURGER

CARL WILHELM
Arranged



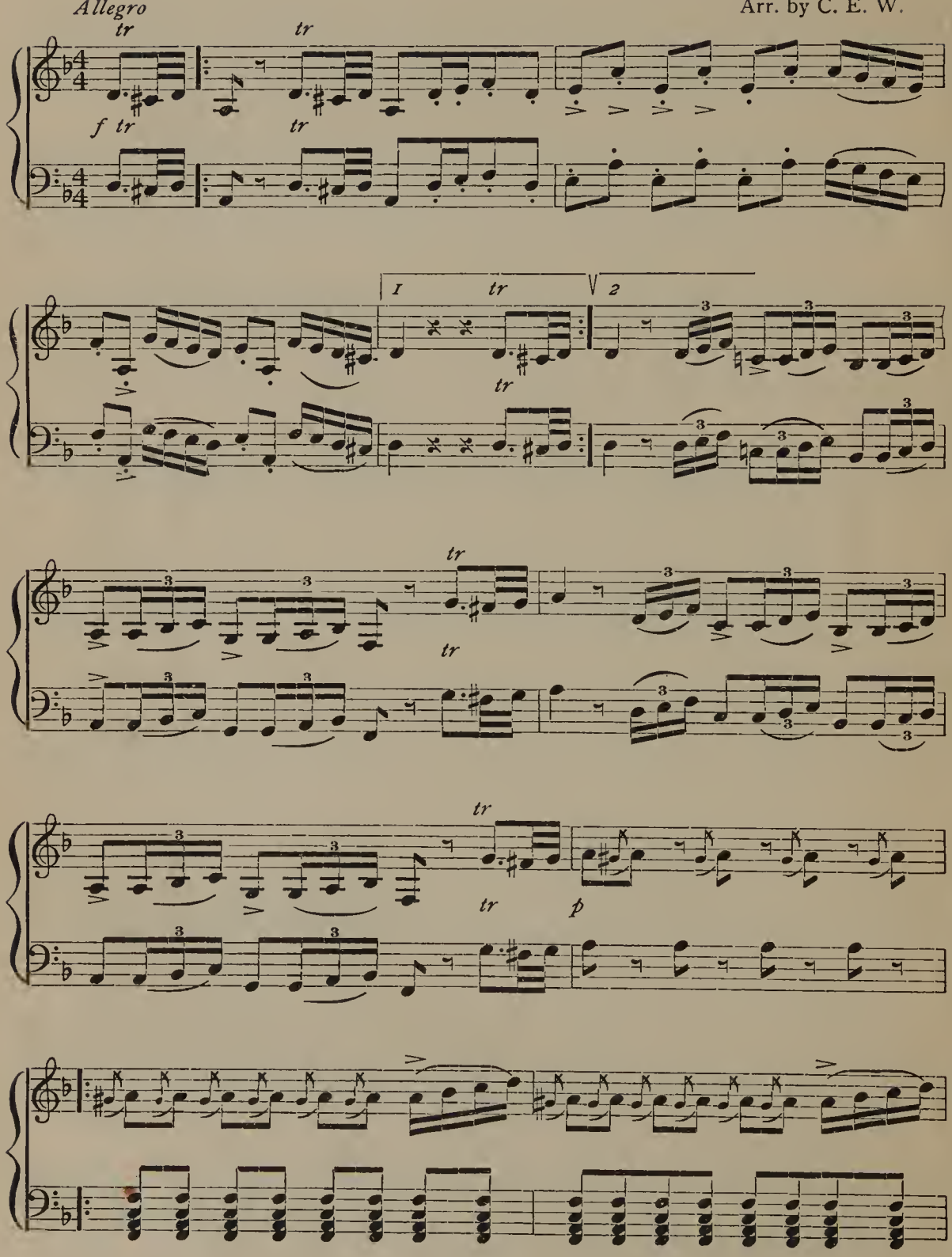

mf
peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther - land, may peace be thine!
mf
peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther - land, may peace be thine!
mf
cres. molto ff
Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine!
cres. molto ff
Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine!
cres. molto ff
Fast stands and sure, the watch by the Rhine.
Fast stands and sure, watch, the watch by the Rhine.
the watch,

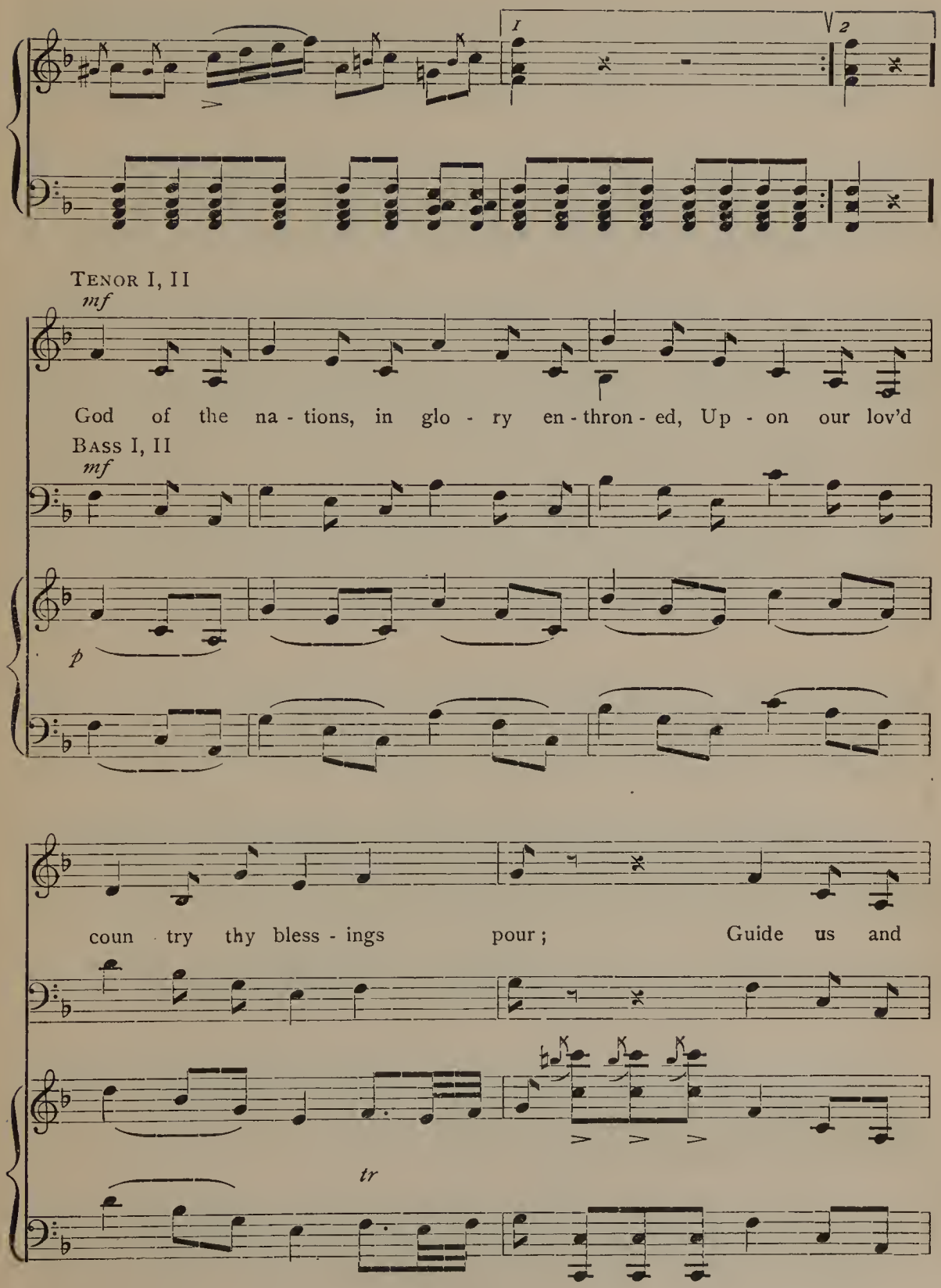
No. 98

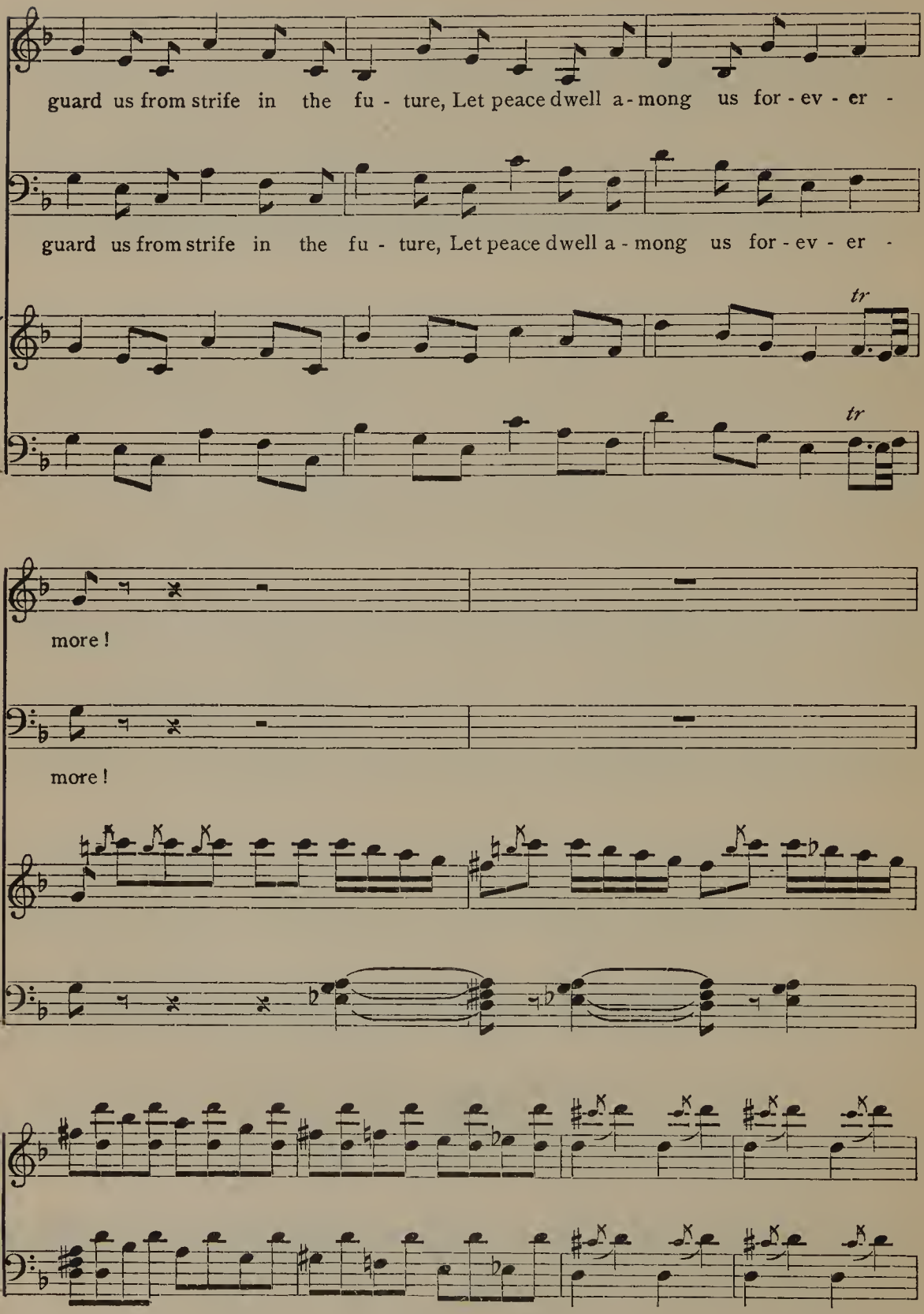
GOD OF THE NATIONS

ANVIL CHORUS FROM "IL TROVATORE"

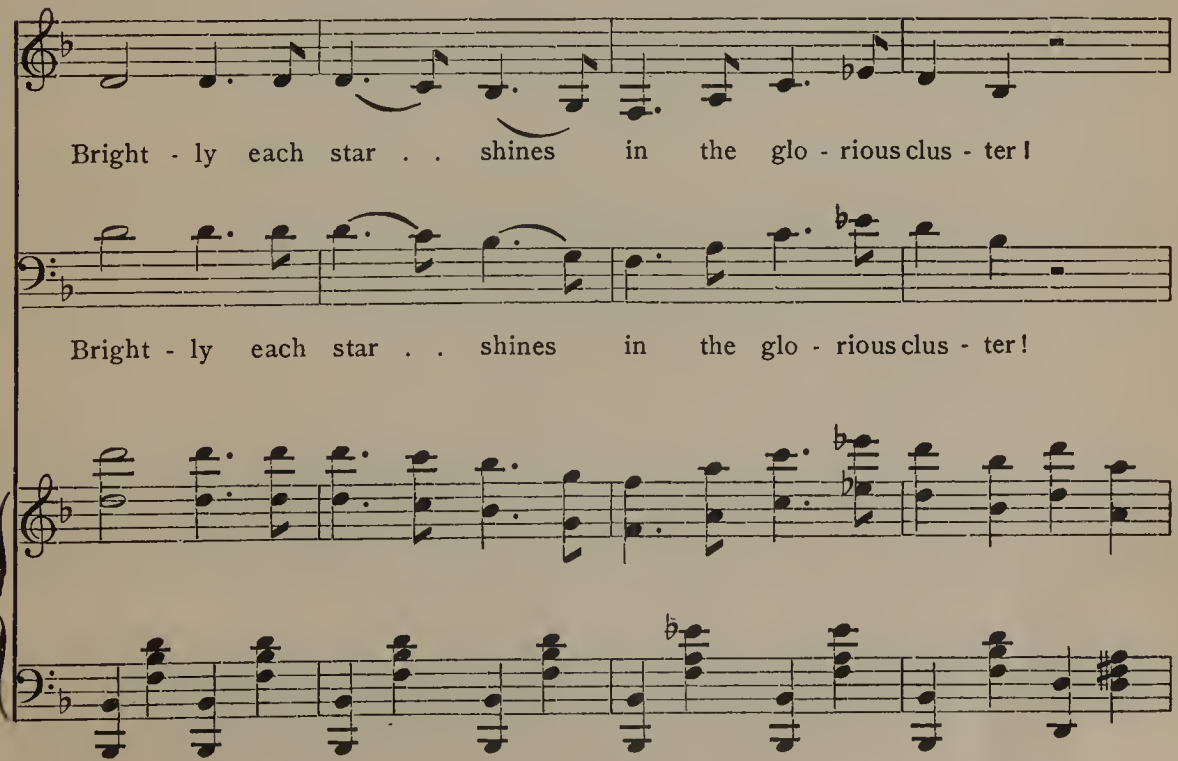
VERDI
Arr. by C. E. W.

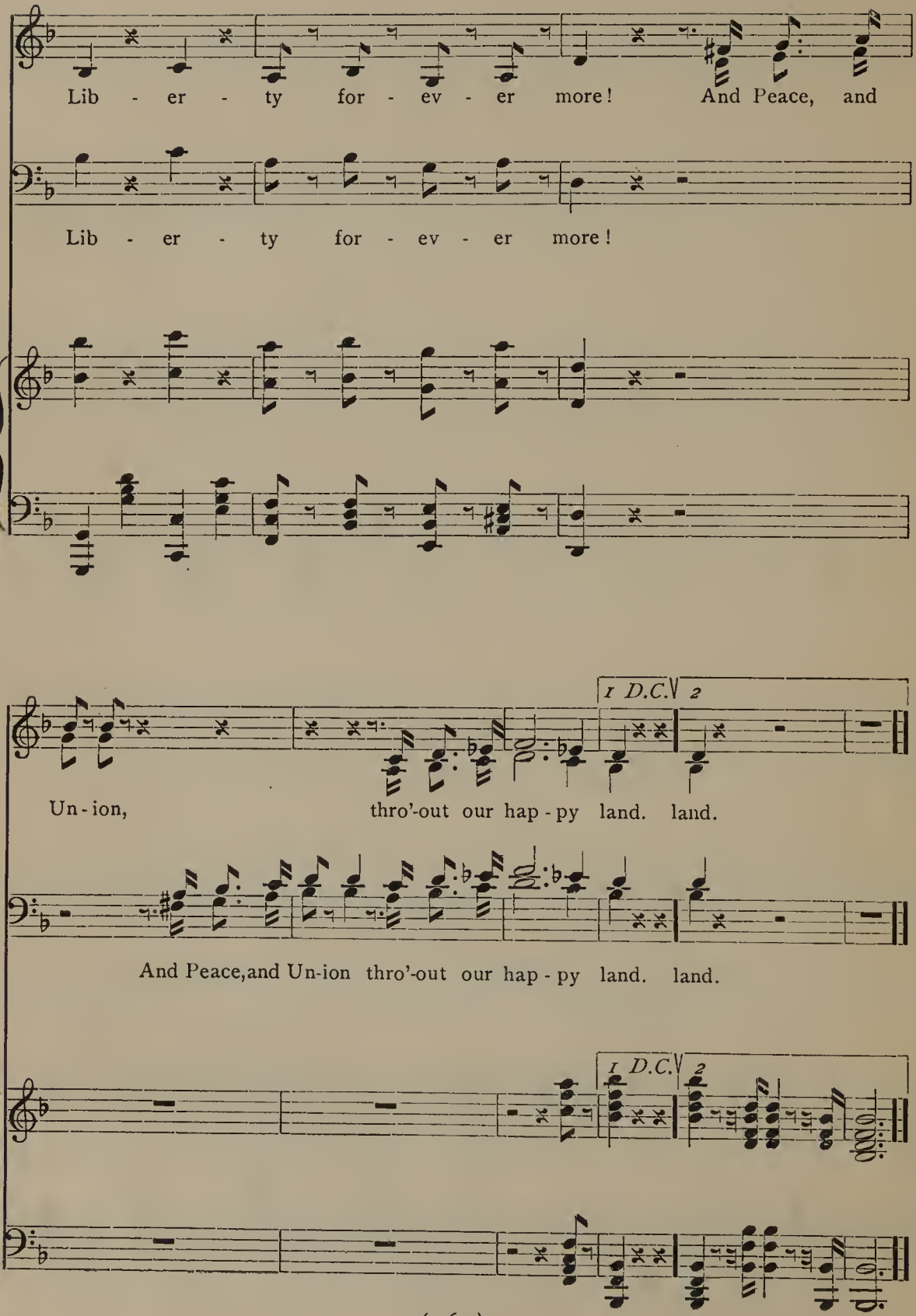



1
2
TENOR I, II
mf
God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en - thron - ed, Up - on our lov'd
BASS I, II
mf
p
coun try thy bless - ings pour; Guide us and
tr


guard us from strife in the fu - ture, Let peace dwell a - mong us for - ev - er -
guard us from strife in the fu - ture, Let peace dwell a - mong us for - ev - er -
tr
tr
more!
more!


Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - tre!
Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - tre!

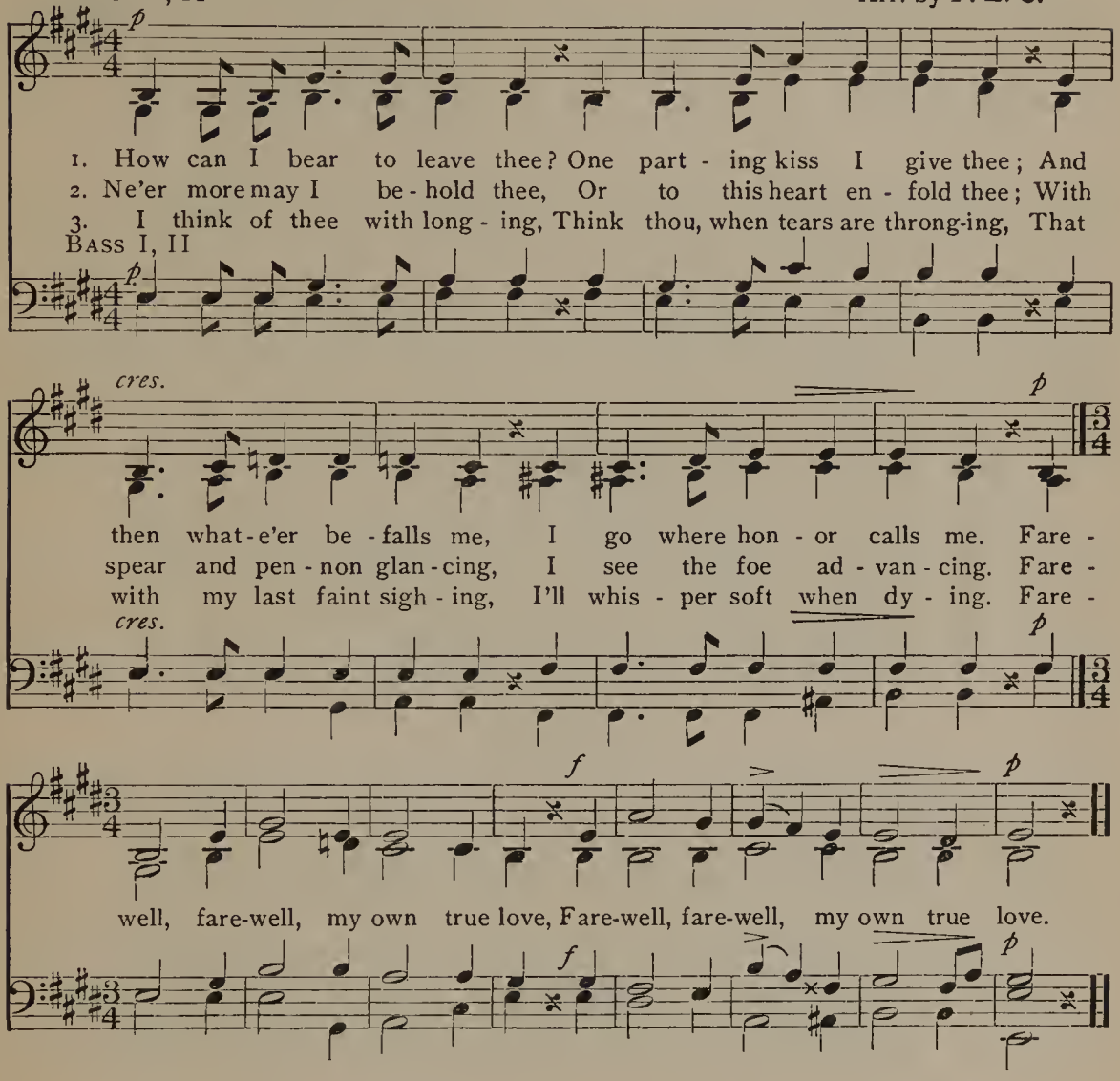

Bright - ly each star . . shines in the glo - rious clus - ter!
Bright - ly each star . . shines in the glo - rious clus - ter!


Lib - er - ty for - ev - er more! And Peace, and
Lib - er - ty for - ev - er more!
1 D.C. 2
Un - ion, thro'-out our hap - py land. land.
And Peace, and Un-ion thro'-out our hap - py land. land.
1 D.C. 2

No. 99 SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

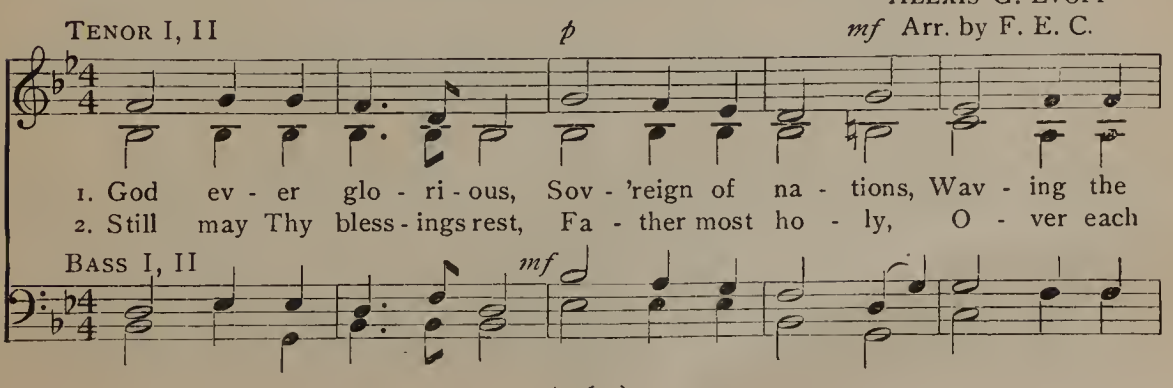
Translated from the German by L. C. Elson

Johanna Kinkel
Arr. by F. E. C.



No. 100 RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN

Alexis G. Lvoff
Arr. by F. E. C.



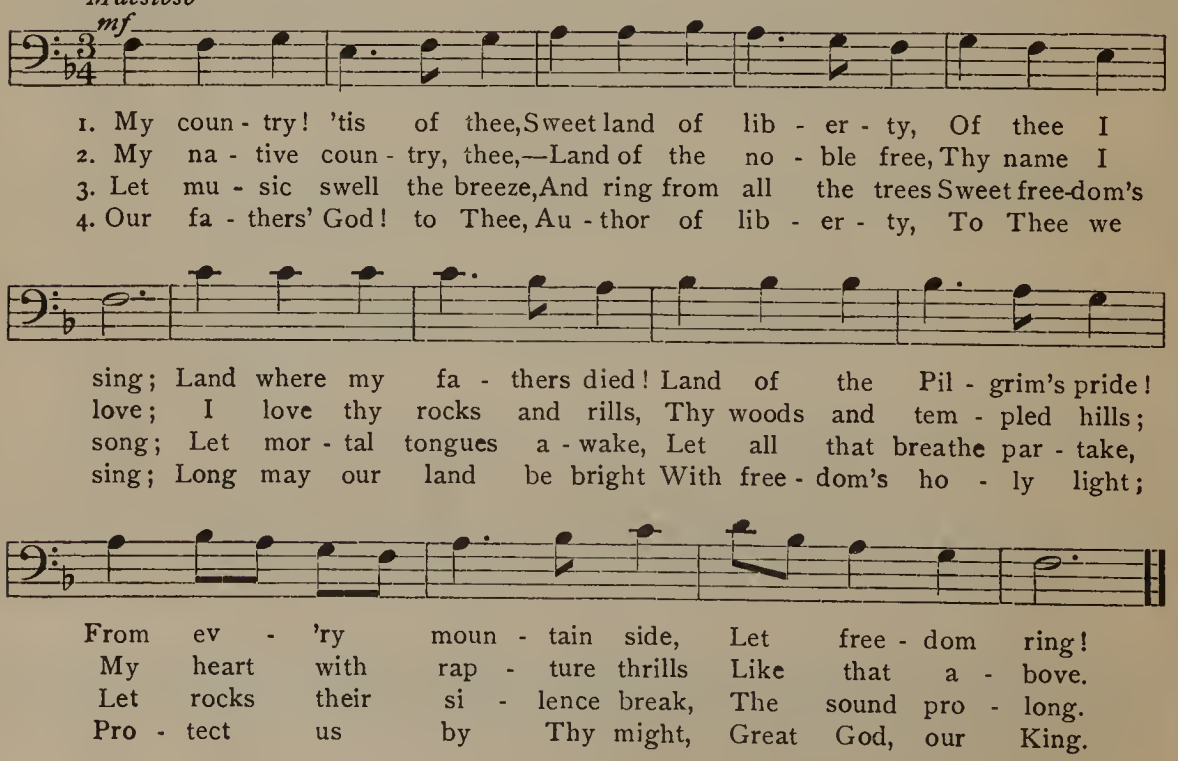
RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN



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